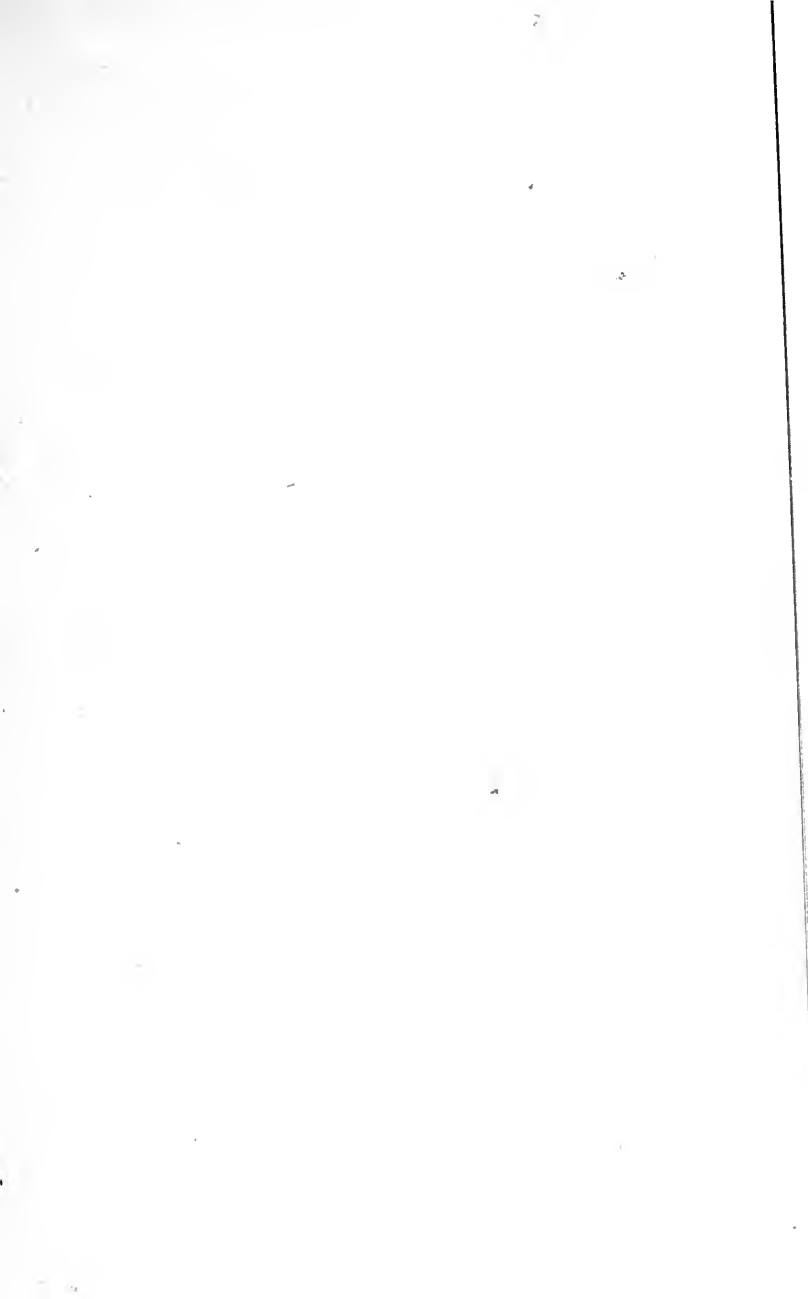


POEMS
BY
ROSE
TERRY
COOKE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS



POEMS

BY

ROSE TERRY COOKE

NEW YORK

WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER, PUBLISHER

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1888

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TO

* * *

HEART OF MY HEART! STATELY, AND FAIR, AND SWEET;
I LAY THESE GATHERED SHELLS BEFORE THY FEET.
LOST IS THEIR SPARKLE OF THE FOAM AND SAND
AND THE KEEN SUNSHINE GLITTERING ON THE STRAND;
YET STILL THEY HOLD THE MURMUR OF THEIR SEA:
THE DEEP, PURE OCEAN OF MY LOVE FOR THEE.

English Dept.

APR 16 '42

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PREFACE.

IN asking the kindly consideration of the public for this small book which is gathered from many years of literary work, I have to acknowledge various friendly expressions of feeling and encouragement, already accorded to these poems, in which I have obeyed the command — or the advice: “Look into thine own heart and write.” And having done so, I borrow the words, — somewhat changed to suit the situation, — of the world-known John Rogers, whose portrait amid curling flames, with his wife and ten very small children looking on tranquilly at his cremation at the stake, was full of awe and interest to my childhood, as to all well-brought-up New-England children. If there is more fact than fancy in the poem he left behind him, it is therefore the truer expression of my own thought:

“ I leave you here a little book
For you to look upon,
That you may see ‘ the author’s ’ face,
When ‘ she ’ is dead and gone.”

I wish to append here my acknowledgments to the publishers of *Harper’s Magazine*, the *Christian Union*, the *Independent*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Lippincott’s Magazine*, — and especially to the *Century* and the *Youth’s Companion*, who accompanied their answer to my request with kind and encouraging words, always so helpful and sweet to an author and a woman — for their permission to republish various poems from the periodicals and papers they own.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,
CHRISTMAS, 1887,

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POEMS



But I, dismayed as snows in Spring,
Cried out, "The lips that drink must sing ;
Ask thou from me some other thing !
If I see sorrow, and interpret it,
The rude world crieth shame that I should quit
The grief I feel and speak to ears unfit.

" If I speak pain, then I must be
Like her who rode through Coventry,
But shamed by eyes that peer and see.
I breathe the thoughts I gather in my soul,
And scorn and curious eyes the leaf unroll,
To find my life hid in that traitorous scroll.

" Better to die and pass away
From the wide eyes of mortal day,
Than be a lute for all to play.
Better to hide my lips in grass and mold,
Where the wild blossoms pour their cups of gold,
Than sing of tropics to this wintry cold."

But tranquilly the angel said :
" Thou livest not to die of dread
For any words the world hath said.
Thou art a cup held in another hand,
And if He pour thy life out on the sand,
Shall it not waste, if so He give command ?

" What if thy heart be bared to see —
If thy pain serves one misery
To patient hope, why let it be !

One whom thou darest not liken to thy dust
Groaned in his death with anguish and mistrust
For the whole world to hear ; art thou more just ?

“ He made his soul a sacrifice
To human pangs, and paid their price
In open day ; art thou more nice ?
If, from the millions born and dead in pain,
Thine inmost sacred sorrow wept one stain,
Couldst thou dare veil it, suffer it in vain ?

“ If this were Fame's immortal drink,
What instant wouldst thou pause and think
Before thy lips assailed the brink ?
But thy poor service is no longer thine,
If He shall use it for his ends divine
Who turned mere water into festal wine.

“ Arise, and put thy fears aside,
Obey, and let the end abide,
Thou hast a legion on thy side !”
So from the sand I rose and took the draught,
And while my lips the bitter bubbles quaffed,
Low at my feet the soft gray billows laughed.

OFFERINGS.

"O SUN!" said the rose,
 "Out of the snows,
 Out of the frost's black prison,
 I have arisen.
 Thy look, thy light,
 Brought me to life's delight:
 What shall I give to thee?
 The blood-red color of my breast,
 My tender blush, my creamy vest,
 My golden cup, lifted up?
 The beauty born of thee —
 In splendid mystery
 By thee, my God,
 Drawn upward from the sod —
 I offer this to thee."

"What shall I give to thee?"
 The heaven-blue violet said.
 "Take these soft odors shed
 Out of my dreaming heart
 For my sweet part
 Of gift and blessing,
 For thy caressing —
 My very breath, O Sun!

For this that thou hast done :
For life, for living,
For joy of giving,
I offer this to thee."

"And I — he bade me live ;
What can I give ?"
The green grass sighed
From far and wide :
"Not hues divine
Nor fragrance mine ;
No glory can I yield
Who clothe the common field
And feed the lowing herds,
Or nest the little birds,
Or, grown full tall and lithe,
Fall low before the scythe ;
Sweet breath nor splendid dress :
But my poor usefulness —
All that I have —
A grateful slave,
O Sun and Lord, to thee,
I offer joyfully !"

THE MAN WHO LOVED THE QUEEN.

How could he choose but love the Queen ?
 Her starry eyes were soft and bright,
 Her hair as dark as summer night ;
 Above her fairest forehead set,
 In braid on braid of gleaming jet,
 A native regal coronet.

How could he choose but love the Queen ?
 The scarlet sweetness of her mouth,
 Her cheek a lily of the South ;
 Her smile the sudden light of day,
 Calm as the sun's adoring ray
 Upon a saint who kneels to pray.

Yet not for this he loved the Queen ?
 For other maidens shone as fair,
 With radiant eyes and dusky hair.
 Her royal soul and gentle grace
 Shone through their beauteous dwelling-place,
 And set a glory on her face.

So mightily he loved the Queen,
 The ground on which her footsteps trod
 He guarded as a sacred sod.

Her gracious accents were to him
More holy than cathedral hymn,
More sweet than quiring cherubim.

So loyally he loved the Queen,
Out from before her face he fled,
Lest any idle word were said ;
Lest men defiled her spotless fame
With look profane or mortal name,
Or soiled her soul with trifling blame.

He wandered to the Sepulcher,
Jesu forgive ! for love of her.
Whatever loss, or shame, or woe
Assayed his life with traitorous blow,
His heart defied them, whispering low,
“ I am the man that loves the Queen.”

No terror stayed his valiant arm,
No creeping evil worked him harm,
He lived to conquer and endure,
One treasure, in his heart secure,
Guerdoned his life and kept it pure —
“ I am the man that loves the Queen.”

For her sweet sake he lived and died,
Stainless as she in royal pride ;
His locks grew white, his pulses cold,
But time nor chance can tarnish gold.
His dying lips the secret told —
“ I am the man who loves the Queen.”

O poet of the miracle !
 What use the ancient tale to tell ?
 In all the world that lives to-day
 Dare any man this part essay ?
 Dare any hapless woman say,
 " This is the man that loved the Queen ? "

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DARLINGS of the forest !
 Blossoming alone
 When Earth's grief is sorest
 For her jewels gone —
 Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have
 blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
 Like the morning sky,
 Or more pale and saintly,
 Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
 Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
 Hymns your solitude,
 And the rain comes sobbing
 Through the budding wood,
 While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more
 rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew :
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue —
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for
you ?

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of
Art !

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And live in the dear woods where my lost childhood
played.

ONCE BEFORE.

SOLE she sat beside her window,
 Hearing only rain-drops pour,
 Looking only at the shore,
 When, outside the little casement,
 Weeping in a feigned abasement,
 Love stood knocking —
 Knocking at her bolted door.

Slow she swung the little casement
 Where the Autumn roses glowed,
 Sweet and sad her deep eyes showed;
 And her voice, in gentlest measure,
 Said aloud — “Nor Love, nor Pleasure
 Can come in here any more —
 Never, any more!”

“But I am not Love nor Pleasure —
 I am but an orphan baby;
 Lost, my mother is, or maybe
 Dead she lies, while I am weeping,”
 Sobbed the child, his soft lie creeping
 Softly through the bolted door —
 Through the maiden’s door.

Low she said, in accents lonely :
 " Once I let him in before,
 Once I opened wide my door.
 Ever since my life is dreary,
 All my prayers are vague and weary ;
 Once I let him in before,
 Now I'll double-lock the door !"

In the rain he stands imploring ;
 Tears and kisses storm the door,
 Where she let him in before.
 Will she never know repenting ?
 Will she ever, late relenting,
 Let him in, as once before ?
 Will she double-lock the door ?



SAINT SYMPHORIEN.

(LED OUT TO MARTYRDOM: HIS MOTHER SPEAKING
 FROM THE WALL.)

SYMPHORIEN ! Symphorien !
 Look up ! the heavens are parting wide.
 He waits for thee — the Crucified.
 The pain is short, the palm is near.
 Look up ! O God ! he cannot hear,
 Symphorien ! Symphorien !
 Where is my voice ? my breath is gone :

Symphorien! my son, my son!
 Ah — look! — his clear eyes turn to me,
 His firm, sweet, smiling lips I see.
 God will be good to thee and me,
 Symphorien!

Dear Lord, how long I prayed for him,
 With trembling tongue, and vision dim:
 For baby hands about my breast,
 For baby kisses on it pressed!
 Thou heardest me: — this is the rest!

 Symphorien! Symphorien!
 My child! my boy! it is not much,
 Only a sharp and sudden touch,
 Think on the Master, — not on me:
 Remember His long agony.
 The lictors will be merciful,
 The headsman's axe will not be dull,
 Only one moment — then for thee
 The raptures of eternity,
 Symphorien!

My baby! oh, my baby boy!
 A miracle of life and joy:
 A rosy, careless, dimpled thing.
 And now Dear Lord, be comforting! —
 Martyr and saint. Let be! let be!
 He must not know this agony.
 Through my heart, too, the sword hath gone.
 Be silent lest he hear me groan —
 Symphorien! Symphorien!

One last long look : oh saint ! my child.
My boy ! my own ! — He turned and smiled.
And now behind the crowd of spears,
The whirling dust, — he disappears.
Symphorien !

Martyr and saint ? You think I care ?
Oh, fools and blind ! I am his mother.
What ! bless the Lord and turn to prayer ?
He is my child — I have no other.
No hands to clasp, no lips to kiss.
Who talks to me of heaven's bliss ?
Symphorien ! Symphorien !
Come back ! come back ! Deny the Lord !
Traitor ? — Who hissed that burning word ?
I did not say it. God ! be just
I did not keep him ; I am dust.
The flesh rebels. I am his mother.
Thou didst not give me any other.
Thine only Son ? — but I am human.
Art thou not God ? — I am a woman.
Symphorien ! Symphorien !
Come back !

BEYOND.

THE stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
 Before its awful mountain tops afraid, —
 Who yet, with patient toil, hath gained his stand,
 On the bare summit where all life is stayed,

Sees far, far down, beneath his blood-dimmed eyes,
 Another country, golden to the shore,
 Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
 Where Southern blooms unfold forevermore.

And I, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
 Think of another wanderer in the snows,
 And on more perilous mountain-tops I gaze,
 Than ever frowned above the vine and rose.

Yet courage, soul! nor hold thy strength in vain,
 In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee;
 For past the Alpine summits of great pain,
 Lieth thine Italy.

“IT IS MORE BLESSED.”

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven ;
 Give! as the waves when their channel is riven ;
 Give! as the free air and sunshine are given ;

Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
 Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing ;

Give as He gave thee, who gavè thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
 Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
 Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver ;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.

Scatter thy life as the Summer shower's pouring !
 What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring ?
 What if no blossom looks upward adoring ?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee !

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
 Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary ;
 Though from its pulses a faint miserere

Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
 Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion ;
 Smile at the song of its restless emotion ;
 'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean ;

Hear ! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
 Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses ?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes ?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
 Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over ;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover.
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave ?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking,
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking.
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
 Thou shalt know God and the gift that he gave.

SCHEMHAMMPHORASCH.

" This is the key which was given by the angel Michael to Pali, and by Pali to Moses. If 'thou canst read it, then shalt thou understand the words of men, * * the whistling of birds, the language of date-trees, the unity of hearts, * * * * nay, even the thoughts of the rains.' " — *Gleanings after the Talmud.*

AH! could I read Schemhammporasch,
 The wondrous keynote of the world,
 What voices could I always hear
 From tempests, with their black wings furled,
 That on the sudden west winds steer,
 And, muttering low their awful song,
 Or pealing through the mountains strong,
 Robe all the skies with sheeted fire ;
 That pour from heaven a rushing river,
 That bid the hill-tops bow and quiver,
 Mad with some fierce and wild desire.

The dreadful anthem of the wind,
 That sweeps through forests as a plow,
 That lays the greensward heaped below,
 Would chant its meaning to my mind,
 And I could tell the tale to man
 In words that burn and glow with splendor ;
 Then should the whole wide sky surrender
 Its hidden voice, its wondrous plan,
 Asleep since earliest time began ; .

And all my soul, most like a blaze
That burns the branches whence it springeth,
Should flame to heaven in mightier lays
Than any mortal poet singeth,
If I could read Schemhamphorasch.

If I could read Schemhamphorasch,
When little birds are softly singing,
Or twitter from their greenwood nests,
Where safe and still the mother rests ;
Or else, upon the glad wind springing,
Send up their tender morning song ;
Then should I know their secret blisses,
The thrill of life and love they feel
When summer's sun their bright heads kisses,
Or summer's winds about them steal.
Or, listening to the early blossoms
That are so fleeting and so fair,
With perfume sighing from their bosoms
Its incense on the gracious air,
I think that I should hear a prayer
So sweet, so patient, and so lowly,
That mortal words most pure and rare
Would scarce unveil its meaning holy.
From forests whence the murmurous leaves
Breathe their content in rustling quiver,
Or droop when any rain-wind grieves,
Or where some broad and brimming river
O'erflowing to the mighty sea,
Sings the proud joy of destiny,

The glad acclaim of life and breath ;
The courage of confronted death ;
Ah ! what a rapturous, glorious song
Should seize with bliss this earthly throng,
If I could read Schemhammphorasch !

If I could read Schemhammphorasch,
Then should I know the souls of men,
Too deep for any other ken ;
I could translate the silent speech
Of glittering eye and knotted brow,
Though still the wily tongue might teach
A different script with voice and vow.
The blood that runs in traitorous veins ;
The breath that gasps with hope or fear ;
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear ;
The death-pang of immortal pains,
That hide their mortal agony,
Would have their own low voice for me ;
Their tale of hate and misery,
Their sob of passion and despair,
Their sacred love, their frantic prayer.
My soul would be the listening priest
To hear confession far and near,
And woe and want from first to least
Would shriek its utterance in my ear.
Ah, could I bear to live and hear
These cries that heaven itself might flee,
These terrors heaven alone may see,
If I could read Schemhammphorasch ?

If I could read Schemhamphorasch,
My brain would burn with such a fire
As lights the awful cherubim ;
My heart would burst with woe and ire,
My flesh would shrivel and expire ;
Yea ! God himself grow far and dim.
I cannot hold the boundless sea
In one small chalice lent to me ;
I cannot grasp the starry sky
In one weak hand, and bid it lie
Where I would have a canopy ;
I cannot hate and love together ;
I cannot poise the heavy world,
Or hear its hiss through chaos hurled,
Or stay the falling of a feather.
No, not if Michael came once more,
Standing upon the sea and shore,
And held his right hand down to me,
That I that awful word might see,
And learn to read its lesson dread.
My soul in dust would bow her head,
Mine eyes would close, my lips would say,
“ Oh, Master ! take thy gift away :
Leave me to live my little day
In peace and trust while yet I may.
For could I live, or love, or pray,
If I could read Schemhamphorasch ?”

BLUE-BEARD'S CLOSET.

FASTEN the chamber!
 Hide the red key;
 Cover the portal,
 That eyes may not see.
 Get thee to market,
 To wedding and prayer;
 Labor or revel,
The chamber is there!

In comes a stranger —
 “Thy pictures how fine,
 Titian or Guido,
 Whose is the sign?”
 Looks he behind them?
 Ah! have a care!
 “Here is a finer.”
The chamber is there!

Fair spreads the banquet,
 Rich the array;
 See the bright torches
 Mimicking day;
 When harp and viol
 Thrill the soft air,
 Comes a light whisper:
The chamber is there!

Marble and painting,
Jasper and gold,
Purple from Tyrus,
Fold upon fold,
Blossoms and jewels,
Thy palace prepare :
Pale grows the monarch ;
The chamber is there !

Once it was open
As shore to the sea ;
White were the turrets,
Goodly to see ;
All through the casements
Flowed the sweet air ;
Now it is darkness ;
The chamber is there !

Silence and horror
Brood on the walls ;
Through every crevice
A little voice calls :
“ Quicken, mad footsteps,
On pavement and stair ;
Look not behind thee,
The chamber is there !”

Out of the gateway,
Through the wide world,
Into the tempest
Beaten and hurled,

Vain is thy wandering,
Sure thy despair,
Flying or staying,
The chamber is there!

SOLITAIRE.

PATIENCE? Yes, that's a woman's game;
The dull delight of solitude,
Where rank on rank she strives to frame,
And speech or laughter ne'er intrude.

Night after night, beside the fire,
When evening's lonely lamp is lit,
Oppressed with thought that vex and tire,
Among the cards her fingers flit.

The woman's game! On some poor king
The sequence of her play is built;
The queen comes after, hapless thing!
And next the knave with grinning guilt.

Then all her treasures, one by one,
Are thrown away to swell the pile,
The last and least: when that is done,
Begin again; the night beguile.

A woman's game ; to sit and wait ;
Build and rebuild, though fate destroy.
Shuffle the cards ; for soon or late
There comes an end to grief and joy.

A man may fight, or sow, or reap,
Divide the seas, or traverse earth ;
She can but drudge, or pray, or weep,
What are her life or loving worth ?

She sits there when the day is dead,
Lonely and listless. Do you dare
Deny, when all is done and said,
That woman's game is solitaire ?

THE LESSON.

FLUTTER thy new wings lightly,
Poor, fearful little bird !
Nor grasp thy bough so tightly ;
Hast thou not heard
That flood of loving song wherewith the leaves are
stirred ?

Still poised, afraid of flying !
What softer mother-call,

Through the warm sunshine crying,
 Could woo thee not to fall?
Doth not its sweetness say, — “Dear child, fear not
 at all?”

Now the cool wind shall aid thee;
 Spread thy new wings and fly!
The master-hand that made thee,
 Gave heart and wings to try.
The worst fate that befalls can only be to die.

Ah! from the light branch springing,
 My little darling flies,
And that low, tender singing
 In tenderer silence dies,
While with adventurous plume her nestling tempts
 the skies.

His new-discovered pinions
 Shall bear thy bird away,
Into those far dominions,
 Beyond the dawning day,
And thou, poor mother-heart, in solitude shalt stay.

Yet some most weary proving
 Taught him to spread the wing,
And some most lonely loving
 Taught thee such notes to sing.
God keep both song and strength to decorate His
 Spring!

AFLOAT.

THE south wind wanders through the noon,
Half coolness and half fire ;
Plays in the tree a rustling tune,
Then, seeming to expire,
Leaves all the burning noonday heat
Upon my drowsy brain to beat.

In sunny meadows lies the hay,
And sends a fragrant breath
Across its heaps of misty gray —
The plaintive sweets of death.
No vernal odors come to me
From summer days that fade and flee.

Far down the blue and gleaming lake
Aerial shadows glide ;
The little waves forever break
Along its grassy side :
A lulling murmur of repose,
A monotone no music knows.

Sweet, sweeter than all sweetnesses
Of May-time or of June,
Is this cool shadow's quietness,
This lapping water's tune ;

The soft green light of wave and shore,
The scent of woods, the dripping oar.

Then up through heaven the mighty stars
 March all their glittering host ;
The low horizon's sunset bars
 Are faded out and lost.
Those sparks that crowd the solemn sky
Are fragments of eternity.

Afloat between the dark and light,
 What gracious peace and rest
Fills all the dusk and dewy night,
 The broad earth's tranquil breast.
The fret and fever of the day
In this sweet silence dies away.

Beyond all mortal faith or fear,
 Like some unbodied soul
I glide, and dream, and idle here,
 A speck on Titan's bowl ;
Nor care if, in his haste to sup,
The thirsty giant drink me up !

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
 Lieth a village white and still ;
 All around it the forest-trees
 Shiver and whisper in the breeze ;
 Over it sailing shadows go
 Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
 And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
 Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
 Another village lieth still ;
 There I see in the cloudy night
 Twinkling stars of household light,
 Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
 Mists that curl on the river-shore ;
 And in the roads no grasses grow,
 For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
 Never is sound of smithy or mill ;
 The houses are thatched with grass and flowers ;
 Never a clock to toll the hours ;
 The marble doors are always shut,
 You cannot enter in hall or hut ;

All the villagers lie asleep ;
Never a grain to sow or reap ;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh ;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below ;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall :
“ Patience ! that village shall hold ye all ! ”

MY HOUSE.

I AM looking up and down,
Up and down, through the town,
For a little house to dwell in,
A shelter and a nest :
But though the buds are swelling,
And the springs from earth are welling,
I cannot find a place for my rest.

There are no walls to hold us,
Not a home to enfold us.
Not a hearth for a fire,
Not a chamber for our sleep ;
In vain my quest I keep,
None answer my desire,
Up and down,
Through the town.

Then suddenly I hear
A whisper in my ear—
“ Turn aside from thy seeking,
Listen to my speaking :
There is a house for thee !
There are trees to shade the summer,
There is room for every comer,
And broad the gateways be
To this home that waits for thee.

“ Up and down,
Through the town,
Thou needest not to wander ;
Thy house is ready yonder.
The roof is smooth and green,
And the chamber is so still
Thou canst slumber there thy fill.
And thy house shall no man borrow
To-day nor to-morrow,
Nor vexed with joy or sorrow,
Is that dwelling-place serene.

“ There is no price to pay,
No need to move away,
No evil eye can harm thee,
Nor man, nor beast alarm thee ;
Thy flowers grow very fair
In the summer-scented air,
And the snows lie still and soft,
Up aloft.

“ Thy house is ready here,
Ready this many a year :
 Seek no more,
 For the door
Is opening to thy feet,
And the wide and silent street
Is ready for thy tread
In the city of the dead.
Seek no longer! here is rest for heart and head,
 Come in here.”

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

O SHEPHERD, all divine,
 Thou that dost guide thy wayward, wandering sheep
 Through quiet pastures, and their pathway keep
 Where the fresh grass springs, and the waters pine
 Through pleasant meadows; where the blossoms sleep
 Till dawn awakes them, and the dew-beads shine;
 Is there within thy fold yet room? May I be thine?

Thou through the sultry day
 Keepest the tender guidance of thy flock;
 And in the shadow of some towering rock,
 When the cool morning freshness dies away,
 Hid'st them, till twilight's shadowy gates unlock,
 And stars shine out upon their onward way,
 And the tired, bleating lambs upon thy heart dost lay.

When the red sun is gone,
 And on the mountain-crest the streaks of light
 Have vanished from the watcher's straining sight,
 And in the tree-tops fitful breezes moan:
 Through all the fearful sounds that haunt the night,
 Thou leav'st them not in darkness, and alone,
 But with thy soothing voice still comfortest thine own.

There till the dawn they lie
Clustered about thee, helpless but secure ;
Since thou who didst for them so long endure
To walk the rugged hilly ways, and try
With bleeding feet their track, to prove it sure,
Though now unseen for darkness, still art nigh ;
They fear not any foes beneath thy watchful eye.

Oh that I too were there !
Trembling and weak, safe folded in thy breast :
With thee to wander and beside thee rest,
Drinking at those clear springs and rivers fair :
In thy dear love and light forever blest,
O patient Shepherd ! take me to thy care !
From thy forgiving heart cast not away my prayer.

ALL SAINTS' EVE.

TO-NIGHT, if true the legend tells,
All parted souls return :
When softly toll the midnight bells
And red the hearth-fires burn,
The wistful sprites come back again
From grassy grave and urn.

O legend sweet, come true to-night,
If never true before!
Bring back to me the eyes of light,
The lips that smiled of yore;
Bring back the fair and pallid face
I thought to see no more!

Thou liest in thy lonely grave
Among the silent hills;
The long gray grass thy woeful weed,
Thy requiem dropping rills.
My heart alone in all the earth
Thy tender memory thrills.

Without one parting lock or word,
Not even by death distressed,
With tears unshed and cries unheard,
I saw thee seek thy rest;
Careless of all the love and grief
That round thy pillow pressed.

Behold! I light my sparkling fire,
The feast with flowers is spread;
Come, yield my heart its one desire.
Too long its depths have bled.
Come back for one forgiving kiss, —
Come back, my precious dead!

Still, still and sad the dark shuts down,
No fierce winds rock the tree;

Yet welcome night, and wind, and storm,
So I thy face might see.
What spell of power in earth or air
Shall bring it back to me ?

By all the strength of kindred blood,
By vanished peace and pain,
By all we shared of ill or good,
I call thee back again !
Alas ! thy sleep is still and deep,
My agony is vain.

In vain I watch, in vain I wait.
O God ! what mortal spells
Can open that relentless gate
Where death's dread silence dwells ?
Go out, my fire ; be still, my heart ;
Toll on, ye midnight bells !

A NEW VOICE.

THE south-wind blows a wakeful blast,
The hot noon sunshine beams at last,
And something says, — “the past is past.”

Come, crocus, from the trodden clay!
Forgotten there for many a day,
Put on thy shining, gold array.

There is no life for death and pain;
There is a new life for the brain
That hears the whispers of the rain.

Dream, crocus, in thy bed of mould;
Feel dimly for thy crown of gold!
The fairy-tale shall yet be told.

What if thy lips are cold with fear,
Thy white lids blanched with many a tear?
Awake! an echo wandereth here.

Awake, awake! I hear those calls,
Soft as the desert dew that falls
To stir the acacia's yellow balls.

Love, there is love! For thee too, Spring
Shall a new promise-anthem bring;
Thou art not a forgotten thing.

The shadow of thy bridal veil,
The anguish of the nightingale,
Heaven's passion-fever, makes thee pale;

Though not about thy blue-veined brows
They weave Sicilian orange-boughs;
For thine are all immortal vows.

The Spirit, sun-winged and divine,
That fills the earth-veins full of wine,
And shoots to heaven the bacchant vine, —

The Spirit of all growth and power,
Whose breath informs the sleeping flower,
And speeds the Spring's triumphant hour, —

Creative, jubilant, serene,
Wearing to man a various mien,
Yet true as midnight's crescent queen, —

Unknown of men, yet known to thee, —
Beyond a dim and dawn-lit sea,
That living Spirit stays for thee.

Awake! arise! thy wings begin
To stir their slumberous plumes within:
Hark! — hear'st the bride-song stealing in?

THE DRAGON.

ALL lovely lies the valley,
 Green and smooth and still,
 A river in its bosom
 That takes its quiet will,
 And, when the rain comes down amain,
 Spreads lake-like to the hill.

Across the sleeping meadow,
 With crests of flame and gold,
 The mountains rise to meet the sky,
 The woods lie fold on fold,
 And shut my verdant valley in
 Full late from wintry cold.

Ah! fresh and velvet meadow,
 So full of noonday light;
 Can any trouble enter thee,
 Or any mad delight?
 Or aught unblest disturb thy rest
 Though tempests tear the night?

Alas! across my valley
 The dragon's pathway lies;
 I see him in the frosty dawn
 Salute my startled eyes,
 With flying plume of foamy white,
 Unfolding as he flies.

Through all the tranquil twilight
He shrieks his summons dire ;
The sons of men stand by aghast
To meet his eye of fire ;
For some men know he bringeth woe,
And some their heart's desire.

Deep in the purple noon of night
His fiery cross I see
Go kindling all the slumbering hills
Whence sleep and silence flee,
Till, snorting sparks and breathing smoke,
He pants beside the sea.

He bears the dead man to his dead,
He takes the blushing bride,
The mother from her crying babe,
The lover from his pride ;
With revelry of Summer glee
Sometimes he laugheth wide.

Sometimes his head is decked with bloom,
Sometimes with blackest woe ;
With crushed and burned and bleeding shapes
He runneth to and fro ;
The tortured victims of his sport
The spoil he layeth low.

O dragon ! what have I to do
To call thee evil names ?

I hold thee still in grateful grace,
For all thy freaks or flames ;
I call thee friend, unto mine end,
Though any other blames.

Yea! though thou bring me into death,
My soul records the day
Thou didst bring more than life to me
Along thy shining way ;
The shapes my sad heart fainted for,
The gift I dared not pray.

Therefore my blessing go with thee .
By mountain or by shore ;
Like some sweet sound of psalm or hymn
I hear thy shrieking roar ;
Thy good to me shall light on thee
In praise forever more.

WITHIN.

OPEN the door, dear heart, and see
What lies beyond its lock and key :
Within the house, when thou art come,
Sit down and rest, for here is home.
What if it be a little place !
Its furnishings are gifts of grace,
Not on the wall or on the floor,
But filling it for evermore ;
For here is Peace, with lilies white,
That shed their perfume day and night ;
In moon or starlight, storm or sun,
Her ministry is never done.
As in some lone and quiet cave,
Whose base eternal oceans lave,
The castaway forgets the roar
That beats upon the cruel shore,
And breathes alone the odorous breath
Of that wild sea that threatened death ;—
So sleep, while Peace keeps watch and ward,
The threshold of thy home to guard.

Here Love abideth every day.
Wingless, he cannot fly away.
The little god we used to know,
With stinging arrows in his bow,

And pinions fluttering in the sun,
 Sulks out of sight, his mischief done.
 For here a calmer angel dwells,
 Whose song a sweeter story tells;
 Whose tender lips can smile or sigh
 As cloud or sunshine wanders by.
 If guilt or sorrow, want or shame,
 Assail thy life or dim thy name,
 Here all these troubles are unknown,
 For here remaineth Love alone,
 Intent to rescue and to bless
 In every tempest of distress.
 Awake to hear thy faintest sigh,
 To watch the tell-tale in thine eye,
 To fold thee safe in such repose
 As only Love's beloved knows;
 To die — ah, far more dread! to live,
 So long as life can blessing give.

Here Patience, like a Quaker maid,
 Sits in her sober garb arrayed.
 Where she abides no bitter word,
 No cold and cruel taunt is heard:
 The soft lips utter softer speech,
 Her voice the troubled soul can reach,
 And feed its hunger fierce and wild,
 As some sweet mother feeds her child.
 The hurried misery of to-day
 With slow caress she charms away;

The dread of what to-morrow brings
She hushes under brooding wings ;
Her silent prayer, like fragrant balm,
On fevered spirits pours its calm ;
Her lingering kisses still the brain,
And bring its vernal strength again.
A daily blessing, like the air
That comes without our thought or prayer.
Rest! while her gracious dew shall shed
Their benediction on thy head.

Not every palace holds the three
That keep thy quiet home for thee ;
Not every hut or humble cell
Affords a place for these to dwell.
In sadness long they slowly grew
Like plants of rosemary and rue,
Those herbs of grace that know no bloom,
But flourish oftenest by a tomb.
But if they come to live with thee,
Dear heart, entreat them tenderly !
Affright them not with faithlessness,
Thy worldly longings all repress,
Pine not for power nor treasures more,
Nor yet an adverse fate deplore :
For he to whom the Lord hath lent
These visitants must have content,
The clasping grace to hold them fast
'Gainst any outer tempest blast ;

Nor entertain as unaware
The angels who his dwelling share.
Make such a gracious atmosphere,
That all thy guests shall linger here,
Till to thy house at length shall come
The message of a dearer home,
And summon thee with this sweet word,
"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!"

BELL-SONGS.

I.

"Funera plango."

TOLL, toll, toll! soar, thou passing bell,
Over meadows green and quiet,
Over towns where life runs riot;
Do thine errand well!
Sing thy message, sad and calm,
Cold and holy as a psalm,
Hush us with thy knell!

Toll, toll, toll! over wind and wave:
Through the sunshine's sudden fading,
Through the pine-tree's voice upraiding,
Where the wild seas rave.

Snow-drifts for the Summer wait ;
Slumber for the desolate ;
Silence in the grave.

Toll, toll, toll ! through the quivering sky ;
Chime thy song of wintry weather ;
Cruel, through this rapturous ether,
Call the bride to die.
Chill, with thy relentless tongue,
Eyes that smiled and lips that sung ;
Bid delight good-bye.

Toll, toll, toll ! heaven is in the sound !
Sad alone to souls unready.
They whose lamps were trimmed and steady
Christ rejoicing found.
On thy rolling waves of tone
Float I to the Master's throne.
Life and love abound.

BELL-SONGS.

II.

"Fulgora frango."

SWINGING slowly through the thunder
 Thrill the vivid bolts asunder,
 Make the storm-wind quail.
 Hurl thy challenge, stern defender,
 Fierce against the tempest's splendor,
 Past the hissing hail.

Leaping through affrighted heaven,
 Swift the wrathful flames are driven,
 Flashing death and fear.
 Speak, thou bell! with sullen clangor
 Overcry the tempest's anger,
 Force the storm to hear.

Unrelenting, burning, streaming,
 Red o'er livid oceans gleaming,
 Lightnings rend the sky.
 Break the thunder's fearful chorus,
 Lift thy peal of triumph o'er us,
 Floating strong and high.

Tell the soul thy signal story,
How its own inherent glory
 Nature's might shall quell.
Ring a pæan for the spirit
Fire nor flood shall disinherit.
 Praise thy makers, bell!

BELL-SONGS.

III.

“Sabbata pango.”

CALMLY dawns the golden day,
Over mountains pale and gray.
Man, forsake thy sleep and pray.
 Come, come, come!

Swinging through the silent air,
Lo! the call itself is prayer.
Fence thy soul from sin and care.
 Come, come, come!

Like a dream, serene and slow,
Through the dawn's aërial glow,
Hear the restful cadence flow:
 Come, come, come!

Think that in my pleading tongue,
Through the dewy branches swung,
Christ himself this word hath sung:
Come, come, come!

Toil and battle rest in peace,
In the holy light's increase,
Weary heart, from labor cease;
Come, come, come!

Lo! up-rising from the dead,
God's own glory on His head,
His pure lips thy prayers have sped.
Come, come, come!

THE ICONOCLAST.

A THOUSAND years shall come and go,
A thousand years of night and day,
And man, through all their changing show,
His tragic drama still shall play.

Ruled by some fond ideal's power,
Cheated by passion or despair,
Still shall he waste life's trembling hour,
In worship vain, and useless prayer.

Ah! where are they who rose in might,
Who fired the temple and the shrine,
And hurled, through earth's chaotic night,
The helpless gods it deemed divine?

Cease, longing soul, thy vain desire!
What idol, in its stainless prime,
But falls, untouched of axe or fire,
Before the steady eyes of Time.

He looks, and lo! our altars fall,
The shrine reveals its gilded clay,
With decent hands we spread the pall,
And, cold with wisdom, glide away.

Oh! where were courage, faith, and truth,
If man went wandering all his day
In golden clouds of love and youth,
Nor knew that both his steps betray?

Come, Time, while here we sit and wait,
Be faithful, spoiler, to thy trust!
No death can further desolate
The soul that knows its god was dust.

“ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE.”

I HEAR the distant city-bells
 Clang their loud summons to Thy throne,
 Along the wind their music swells,
 And I am here — alone.

The glory of Thy faithful Spring
 Makes for my heart an ardent prayer,
 And for my psalm of fervor sing
 The choristers of air.

If any sermonist they need
 Who read Thy word with faithful eyes,
 Expositors my spirit feed,
 Inspired from earth and skies.

The life that pours through nature's veins
 Its visible and genial tide,
 Thy tender robing of the plains,
 The forest's stately pride ;

The blossom only known to Thee,
 A silent smile that gleams and dies,
 The labor-anthem of the bee,
 Whose rest in duty lies ;

The solemn chorus of the wind
That breathes thy power's triumphant tone, —
All frame Thy temple in my mind ;
I am not here alone!

A COMPLAINT.

A HOT noon filled the Autumn sky
So still, the pines forgot to sigh,
But breathed out odors graciously
Along the slumbering air :
Sweet scents of harvest-gathered grain,
And heavy fruit that wasps profane,
With dead leaves drying on the plain,
Made silence soft and rare.

There, underneath an evergreen,
Whose boughs against a hill-side lean,
I lingered, wrapt in thoughts serene,
Half bordering on sleep.
When gently on mine idleness
Stole a low murmur, not distress,
But monotoned to plaintiveness,
Nor sad enough to weep.

And without thought I had a sense
Of flowers that live in innocence,
Set in the desert's shadow dense,
 But die, ah me! alone.

Their pale lips breathed, for perfume, song;
Confiding unto speech their wrong,
And, for that I had loved them long,
 To me they made their moan.

A purple orchis by a brook
Began, — "I see not from my nook
Aught but the summer skies, that look
 Alike on bud and flower.
Now I am fading, who will know,
With grief that from the earth I go?
Who loved me? still the ripples flow
 And laugh from hour to hour."

Then a wild-rose complains of death,
That chills the sweetness of her breath,
And more that no clear echo saith
 To clearer tones, — "Farewell!"
And all the blossoms joined her plaint,
Till the first murmur, sad and faint,
Made in my ear a loud complaint,
 Yet sweet as chimes a bell.

Then I made answer, — "Beauty grows
For beauty's sake, though no man knows
The hidden place of its repose,
 It is not vain nor waste.

Dear flowers, for you the wild-birds sing,
Shy fawns behold your blossoming,
And poets, dreaming, at your spring
Of visioned sweetness taste.

“And Love that bent the arching sky
Your fair creations satisfy.”
Then, sliding into daylight, I
Turned my awakened eyes,
And lo! the voice was silent, flowers
Stood round me smiling as the hours,
Content enough with sun and showers,
Who mocked me with their cries?

JUSTICE.

NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

WHY, who is this comes down the street
With flashing eyes and flaming sword;
With shoes of swiftness on her feet,
And on her lips a swifter word?

The balance in her hand she bears
Is swayed no more by every wind;
The bandage from her eyes she tears,
For Justice is no longer blind.

“ Listen,” she cries, “ ye sons of men !
Too long I stood upon your towers,
While you, too far beneath my ken,
Defied and mocked my awful powers.

“ Now here I come to see and slay ;
I come to hold the sword of might,
To make for truth a level sway,
To trample wrong and succor right.

“ The fillet of my slavery
I tread beneath my steady feet :
'Tis time that Justice learned to see ;
'Tis time I stood on every street.

“ Cringe as ye will, ye fawning poor,
And fawning rich, on either hand ;
My glance is keen, my stroke is sure ;
I come to rule the seething land !”

Ah, friend, so long to man denied,
Prolong thy reign, forever stay !
Fear not the crowd on every side
That hate or dread thy righteous sway.

If earth be not thy dwelling-place,
Yet strive to tarry here a while,
And smite this foul and evil race
With the stern splendor of thy smile !

Sweep clean the land on every hand ;
Its reeking millions die for thee ! —
She turned on mine her eyes divine :
“ Canst thou abide my victory ? ”

TO-NIGHT.

THROUGH level fields of silent snow,
Through all the darkening eve,
Where black and sullen rivers flow,
Through banks of drifted white below,
And idly fret or grieve ;

Where crowding woods on either hand
Leafless and vague and gray,
The saddest ghosts of summer stand,
And shadow all the frozen land
About our onward way ;

Where everlasting fortresses
Hang high above the path,
Grim wardens of the wilderness
With summits as barren as distress
And pitiless as wrath.

With glare and gleam on rock and tree,
With clatter and with roar,
In curdling mists a mystery
A dragon creature dread to see,
We speed from shore to shore.

A shriek, a clashing, now we pause,
A hurry and a light ;
Far off the village street withdraws,
And still as God's eternal laws
Shuts down the dreary night.

Oh ! weary eye, look out no more !
Thou canst not see the pane,
With little faces smiling o'er
The snow-lit waste ; thy heart is sore,
Thy soul is torn in vain.

Go home, and hide thy wasted tears,
Conceal thy mortal grief ;
Go, stifle all thy hopes and fears,
Crush out the lingering love of years,
Thank God that life is brief.

Rekindle in thy fainting breast
Its courage and its pride,
Be every coward pang repressed,
Bear all thou canst, forget the rest.
Is slaying or is suffering best ?
The dead not all have died.

SEMELE.

“For there bee none of those pagan fables in whiche there lyeth not a more subtle meanyng than the extern expression thereof should att once signifye.”—*Marriages of ye Deade.*

SPIRIT of light divine!
 Quick breath of power,
 Breathe on these lips of mine,
 Persuade the bud to flower;
 Cleave thy dull swathe of cloud! no longer waits
 the hour.

Exulting, rapturous flame,
 Dispel the night!
 I dare not breathe thy name,
 I tremble at thy light,
 Yet come! in fatal strength, — come, in all matchless
 might.

Burn, as the leaping fire
 A martyr's shroud;
 Burn, like an Indian pyre,
 With music fierce and loud.
 Come, Power! Love calls thee, — come, with all the
 god endowed!

Immortal life in death,
On these rapt eyes,
On this quick, failing breath,
In dread and glory rise.
The altar waits thy torch, — come, touch the sacrifice!

Come! not with gifts of life,
Not for my good;
My soul hath kept her strife
In fear and solitude;
More blest the inverted torch, the horror-curdled blood.

Better in light to die
Than silent live;
Rend from these lips one cry,
One death-born utterance give,
Then, clay, in fire depart! then, soul in heaven survive!

AN ANSWER.

You ask me if I love you still
With such a fervor and good will
As clung to you in years before.
My little saint ! I love you more.

You light your candle at the flame
That warms your hearth — 'tis still the same,
A thousand tapers share its light,
But leave the radiance just as bright.

For love with loving is not spent,
Not such is love's divine intent ;
What year on year the sun shall dim ;
What worship tire the seraphim ?

Like some sweet bloomless plant that grows
Beside the red and lavish rose,
That sees those blossoms blaze and die,
Brief darlings of the summer sky,

But holds its own most odorous leaves
To every hand that plucks their sheaves,
And where one branch for guerdon goes
Another and another grows ;

So, darling, though my heart be filled
With newer love, it is not stilled,
But daily prays for daily bread,
Forever hungering, ever fed.

As in the dew-drop stars may shine,
So love itself, august, divine,
Kindles our finite lives with fire
That can not smoulder nor expire ;

Elates our souls with boundless strength,
Till loves are lost in Love at length,
Our mortal lights grow far and dim
And love and loving merge in Him.

“ THOU SHALT NOT KILL.”

ALAS, what hast thou done to me ?
A shot had been more merciful ;
A plunge in some deep silent pool
That let my life out peacefully.
Then had I slept 'neath wave or sod,
And my clean soul gone up to God.

Or had thy steel been bright and keen
To let the red blood have its way,
No more with throbbing pant or play,
To fill the founts of life unseen.
Or some sharp draught, that giveth rest
Forever to the weary breast.

Alas! thou hast done this to me:
Made black the sunshine and sweet air
With creeping doubt and hateful care,
Taught my poor eyes the dark to see,
Swept from my sight the true and just;
Turned all my faith to cold distrust.

To live without and die within,
The living flesh, the murdered heart:
Were death or this the better part —
For thee or me the deadlier sin?
When love itself no more believes,
But o'er its loving doubts and grieves.

I fear no mad assassin's hand;
The clay he crumbles to the grave,
Its mightier Maker's power shall save,
Again before His face to stand;
But ah! what fears beyond control
Haunt their dread steps who slay the soul.

Yet go thy way, as I do mine.
No man shall hurt thee, here or there,
Still on thy forehead shalt thou wear
The fair protecting smile and sign :
For God reserves His right to thee,
And what has man to offer me ?

DECORATION DAY.

THE last sad note has passed away,
The bugle's moan in distance dies ;
Alone the wailing wind of May
Amid her tender verdure sighs.

Where here and there the banners wave,
A little heap of fading flowers
Bedecks some valiant soldier's grave,
Already greened with sun and showers.

As well they sleep through wintry snows
As through the summer's fragrant morn ;
Their hands have picked the only rose
That grows on earth without a thorn.

But we who still in wars abide,
Who lose their strength and weep their loss,
Assuage our grief and vaunt our pride
With floral wreath and blooming cross.

One tale they tell of sharp regret
Of faithful memory, fond despair,
Of eyes with tears still streaming wet,
And agonies of lonely prayer.

Is war then worth the woe it brings,
The broken heart, the blossomed grave?
Ah! high in heaven above me rings
The shout of freedom — from a slave.

SEGOVIA AND MADRID.

It sings to me in sunshine,
It whispers all day long,
My heart-ache like an echo
Repeats the wistful song:
Only a quaint old love-lilt,
Wherein my life is hid. —
“ My body is in Segovia,
But my soul is in Madrid !”

I dream, and wake, and wonder,
For dream and day are one.
Alight with vanished faces,
And days forever done.
They smile and shine around me
As long ago they did.
For my body is in Segovia
But my soul is in Madrid!

Through inland hills and forests
I hear the ocean breeze,
The creak of straining cordage,
The rush of mighty seas,
The lift of angry billows
Through which a swift keel slid;
For my body is in Segovia
But my soul is in Madrid.

Oh fair-haired little darlings
Who bore my heart away!
A wide and woful ocean,
Between us roars to-day;
Yet am I close beside you
Though time and space forbid;
My body is in Segovia
But my soul is in Madrid.

If I were once in heaven,
There would be no more sea;
My heart would cease to wander,
My sorrows cease to be;

My sad eyes sleep forever,
 In dust and daisies hid,
 And my body leave Segovia.
 — Would my soul forget Madrid ?

THE RIVER.

THE river flows and flows away,
 A lonely stream through forests gray,
 No rippled rapids o'er it play ;

Forever and forever.

As silent as a winter's night,
 With purple heavens all alight,
 And planets shining strangely bright ;
 So quiet is the river.

No fount nor fall the vision finds,
 And in no devious course it winds,
 But straight from where the sunset shines,

Forever and forever.

A mystery of shade and gleam,
 O'er hidden rocks glides on the stream,
 Like sleep above a fearful dream ;
 So quiet is the river.

It streams pure silver in the sun,
Slow, sullen lead, with storms begun,
And golden green when day is done,
Forever and forever.

A flow of pearl in moonlight cold,
With moonless midnight onward rolled,
Blacker than Lethe streamed of old.
So quiet is the river.

Oh, water! by thy waves serene,
As tranquil hours a life hath seen,
No more to be as they have been,
Forever and forever.
For underneath its restless flow,
Too black for light's full noon to show,
Lie broken rocks no mortals know.
So quiet is the river.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

LORD! put a new song in my lips,
A song that fits to-day;
Not like the river's rushing chant
Upon its seaward way,
Nor like the anthem of the winds,
Nor ocean's desperate spray.

But most like some slight, wandering brook,
That, dropping from the hills,
Can no more shun the nearing grave
Than all its kindred rills,
And yet its weary, wistful tone
The autumn silence thrills.

I cannot thank Thee for my sin,
Nor for my sorrows yet ;
The pain and fear and loss of life
I cannot but regret.
The loss of faith, the death of love,
Ah! how can I forget ?

To trust no more, to love no more
Are lessons hard to learn.
The martyr to his stake may cling ;
But is it sweet to burn ?
Dear Lord! I thank Thee that my life
Can never more return.

I thank Thee for the present calm,
The quiet of the hour,
The silent rest of waiting days,
That know not leaf nor flower ;
For every moment when the past
Lets loose its grasp of power ;

For every charm of outer life
That soothes my wearied heart ;

For sun and sky and wind and wave,
For Nature's better part ;
More for the little lips and hands
So dear — so far apart !

Most for the spark of Faith in Thee
Man hath not blown away,
That yet may quicken into light
And blaze to perfect day,
Till wasted love and wasted life
Are dreams that dare not stay.
Yet most for Thy great patience, Lord,
I give Thee thanks to-day.

EN ESPAGNE.

I BUILT a Palace, white and high,
With sweeping purple tapestried ;
No dusty highway ran thereby,
But guarded alleys to it led ;
And shaven lawns about were spread,
Where bird and moth danced daintily.

So gracious were its portals wide,
So light and fair the turrets stood,
No flaw mine eager eye espied,
I fashioned it, and called it good ;
And lavished on its solitude
All garnishings of pomp and pride.

That was in golden summer-time ; —
The winter-wind is howling now,
My Palace has passed out of time, —
The sward is only sheeted snow,
Its hangings with the dead leaves blow :
There comes an end to mortal prime.

And I, who laid it stone by stone,
Stone after stone do take it down.
What if a king, whose state had flown,
Should pull apart his regal crown ?
For kingly hearts no fate can frown,
They rule forever o'er their own.

A FLOWER BALLAD.

THE flowers are idle and full of thought,
 The wind hears what they say ;
 And their sweetest whispers the bees have taught,
 Stealing their hearts away.

The dreamer who lies in the forest shade,
 In the clasp of day and night,
 With the lips of sleep on his eyelids laid,
 May hear their laughter light.

And I, who love and am loved of flowers,
 Lay in an eve of June,
 In the fragrant silence of twilight hours,
 Hearing them sing to the moon.

First came the rose's languid sigh,
 Out of her crimson breast ;
 Softly she murmured, " Oh ! sweet am I,
 " And the gold-moth loves me best !"

" I rock the dews in my heart of fire,
 " 'Till they ride on the noontide ray,
 " And carry my kisses higher and higher,
 " Up to the Lord of Day."

The lily sang like a river's sound —
“ I am the morning's queen,
“ With its golden stars on my forehead bound,
“ Its mantle of snow serene.

“ The wild winds blow, the wild bees go,
“ In vain are their songs and prayers,
“ They cannot soften my bosom's snow,
“ Or kindle my heart at theirs!”

The violet, softer than love-lit eyes,
Whispered a hymn to the grass,
But its first word ever was lost in sighs,
And its last word was “ Alas!”

Star-set blossoms of rock and shade,
Wild rose and columbine,
Harebells tiny and half afraid,
Sprays of the blood-flushed vine.

Brown, and scarlet, and river-blue,
They mingled their drops like rain,
Singing and tinkling the drops of dew
They never could gather again.

Out of the South a calmer voice
Came on the wandering wind:
“ Darlings of summer and sun, rejoice,
“ Dream not of storms unkind.

“ Sleep in snow-drifts, to wake in spring,
“ Bud and blossom once more,
“ Other roses shall summer bring,
“ Fresh as she brought before.

“ Mine is a deeper and sadder doom —
“ The crested aloe am I,
“ I lavish life for a day of bloom,
“ And after blossoming, die.”

OCTOBER.

“ Rest! rest! shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?” — ARNAULD.

THERE comes a time of rest to thee,
Whose laden boughs droop heavily
Toward earth, thou golden-fruited tree!

A time when wind and tempest cease
To spoil and stain thy fair increase:
After fruition deepest peace.

The tender bloom that decked thee, bride,
The jewels of thy matron pride,
And purple robes, — all laid aside.

The slow, red sunshine, o'er thee cast,
In sweet, sad kisses for thy last,
And shadow-haunted from the past.

Green, leafy, quiet, freed from care,
No heavier weight thy lithe limbs bear
Than dripping rain and sunny air.

But unto man's diviner sense
The strenuous rest of penitence
Remaineth only for defence.

His fruit drops slowly from his hands,
But only with the dropping sands
That fall on Time's slow-gathering strands.

The sower in this mortal field
Shall reap no harvest's gracious yield,
The warrior conquers — on his shield.

But after life and fruit and rest,
Thou, tree! by dust shalt be possessed;
To him remains a day more blest,

A newer hope, a summer-time
Renewed forever in its prime,
Where God, his harvest, sits sublime.

LOSS AND GAIN.

HOPE went singing southward,
And left me silent here;
I did not scorn nor sorrow,
I had no smile nor tear;
For out of the door beside her,
Went her serving-maiden, Fear.

Where there comes no morning,
There never is any night;
The clouds will fly from heaven
When the sun shall lose its light;
And he who wants the pleasure
Wants the pain of sight.

Rain and rainbow vanish,
But the sky is undismayed;
Hope and fear may leave us,
And the price of life be paid;
Greater than any passion
Is the soul that God hath made.

Go! walk the world together,
And trouble the hearts of men;

Go paint and pluck the blossoms
That never shall bloom again ;
But dread the day of Heaven :
Ye both shall perish then !

“NON FIT.”

THE poet's thoughts are full of might,
Elate with glory and delight ;
New tints are in his heavens spread ;
On odors keen his sense is fed,
And strains accordant angels sing ;
Through all his sleep their echoes ring.

The poet has a lonely soul ;
He hears the seas in thunder roll,
Perceives the rapture of the rose,
And every tone of Nature knows ;
But cannot speak the tongue of men,
Or give their greetings back again.

His eyes alight with love intense,
His face all calm with innocence ;

The green leaves kiss his waving hair,
The wild-birds sing him carols rare,
Intent to celebrate and bless ;
His Eden fills the wilderness.

But all his songs are minor-keyed ;
His prayers are less to praise than plead,
His smiles are full of grief asleep,
His heart like ocean's bitter deep ;
For tears and laughter, hand in hand,
About his vibrant nature stand.

At this the world admiring gaze,
And think they feed his soul with praise ;
But whisper in a loud aside,
“ Is this your poet's vaunted pride ?
Why, better be the common clay
Than thus 'twixt heaven and hell astray.”

But he, respiring sudden fire,
Hears and replies in righteous ire,
“ Better to sound the depths of hell,
If thence to heaven our praises swell ;
Nobler than life, or love, to die
Transfixed with immortality !”

ASLEEP.

"So He giveth to His beloved in sleep."

—*Psalm 127:2*, (Trench's version).

LORD I will not strive nor cry ;
 At Thy feet in peace I lie ;
 Vain is fear and trouble vain ;
 Let me never more complain ;
 Vexed no more to sow or reap,
 Since Thou giv'st me gifts in sleep.

Let the world pass by unknown ;
 Care is dead and sorrow flown ;
 On His garments' outer fold
 I have all my burdens rolled :
 I will sleep, for God shall be
 Even in slumber blessing me.

Happy angels ! evermore
 Singing praises o'er and o'er ;
 I, your Master's happier child,
 Am of every grief beguiled.
 Though I dream, no more I weep ;
 God doth give me gifts in sleep.

Earth may rage and nations toil ;
Man may work with vain turmoil,
While my Father's gracious heart
Holds me sheltered far apart :
Safe, for He doth bless and keep
His beloved in their sleep.

As a callow bird may rest
Singing softly in its nest ;
As a baby kept from harm
In its mother's folding arm,
So I rest, secure with Thee ;
Even in sleep Thou blessest me.

UNRETURNING.

THREE things never come again.
Snow may vanish from the plain,
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river's bed,
Forests from the mountain's head.
Night may brighten into day,
Noon in midnight fade away ;

Yet the snow shall come once more
When the winter tempest roar.
Blossoms each returning spring
In her laden arms shall bring,
Grass be green where ploughshares run,
Rivers flash in autumn's sun,
Time shall bid the forests grow,
Noon and night both come and go,
But though all thy soul complain,
Three things shall not come again!

Never to the bow that bends
Comes the arrow that it sends :
Spent in space, its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight.
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bow-string's shivering twang,
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped.
No wild wail upon its track
Brings the barb of vengeance back :
Hold thy hand before it go :
Pause, beside the bended bow :
Hurtled once across the plain,
No sent arrow comes again!

Never comes the chance that passed,
That one moment was its last :
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung,

If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of Fate
Passes through the golden gate,
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from nature's plan,
Never more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance :
Never more that time shall be,
Burden-bearer unto thee.
Weep and search o'er land or main,
Lost chance never comes again !

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard.
Well its work the utterance wrought ;
Woe or weal, whate'er it brought :
Once for all the rune is read
Once for all the judgment said.
Though it pierced a poisoned spear
Through the soul thou holdest dear,
Though it quiver, fierce and deep,
Through some stainless spirit's sleep ;
Idle, vain, the flying sting
That a passing rage might bring,
Speech shall give it fangs of steel.
Utterance all its barb reveal.

Give thy tears of blood and fire,
Pray with pangs of mad desire,

Offer life and soul and all,
That one sentence to recall.
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path.
Rue it all thy lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise.
Once for all thy word is sped,
None evade it but the dead.
All thy travail will be vain,
Spoken words come not again!

MY LITTLE DARLING.

ONCE on a time she came to me,
As some small star from heaven might flee;
To be a mortal's sole delight
A love by day, a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
'Too grave to smile, too shy to sing;
An alien from her native skies,
Aware of earth with grieved surprise;
A baby angel, strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles,
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss.
My heart of hearts, my life was she,
This little love who came to me.

What words she stammered, soft and low,
No other ear than mine could know :
More gentle than a cooing dove.
More fond than any voice of love,
So shy, so sweet, so tenderly
My little darling spoke to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face,
The tinted skin, the lips' pure bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone.
That here I sit and grieve alone ;
That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost, is but a sting ;
Another thorn thy memory
My little darling, brings to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain ;
In all my dreams she comes again :

Her precious head is on my breast,
My happy arms caress her rest,
I hear her words of tender glee,
My little darling kisses me.

Ah, sweet is night! — too sweet, too brief. —
When day recalls our bitterest grief:
The hungry heart, the longing dire,
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel-mourning comfortless:
Oh God, that face once more to see!
My little darling, come to me!

VALENTINES — FOR MY TWO.

FOR FAY.

FAIRY! Fairy! fair and fine,
Will you be my Valentine?
Little sprite of flame and dew,
Fairy fingers fashioned you!
Spun their flax for shining hair,
Sun-lit snow for forehead fair;

Painted soft each crimson lip
With the rose-dew that they sip ;
Set the pinkness of a shell
On those rounded cheeks to dwell ;
Drew from some pure tiny lake
Shadows water-spiders make,
Crystal clear and diamond bright,
For those eyes of dauntless light,
Tempered with a fairy tear
Lest their brightness shine too clear ;
And for that sweet sudden smiling,
Every hardest heart beguiling,
Caught the splendor of the sun,
When his day-long race is run,
And the space 'twixt cloud and hills
All his rapid glory fills.
Ah ! my love, my sweet, my baby,
Did the fairies give thee, maybe,
All these gifts, and add the smart
Of a loving human heart,
Lest so many gracious things
Should too early give thee wings ?
Fairy ! Fairy ! fair and fine,
Be my darling Valentine !

FOR BIRDIE.

I want a Valentine

Who will be mine ?

She must have lips as red, as red,
As strawberries in the garden bed ;
She must have eyes as blue and sweet
As speedwell blossoms at her feet ;
Two cheeks as soft as summer roses ;
The tiniest, funniest of noses ;
A chin as round as apples are,
And dimples twinkling like a star ;
A forehead smooth and very fair,
With shining, shadowy, tumbled hair ;
A look both saucy and coquettish,
Sometimes too sweet, sometimes too pettish ;
A laugh like any bobolink,
Too gay to scold, too glad to think :
A little, willful, mortal thing,
That to its sweetheart's arms will spring,
And kiss and tease in equal measure —
Birdie ! can this be you, my treasure ?

S A F E .

[For A. W. B.]

PALE, broken bud, that cannot be a rose!
 On thee no summer tempest ever blows ;
 No bee shall blight thy heart, no driving rain
 Thy tintless petals with its passion stain.
 No sun shall burn thee, and no frost assail ;
 Safe shalt thou bloom beyond the wintry gale.

Dear lamb ! for thee no stormy wind shall beat,
 No drifting snows beset thy tiny feet,
 No hunger rage, no thirst, no vague despair
 Vex thy sweet life in that celestial air.
 For thee no more are mortal hurts or harms,
 Safe folded in thy tender Shepherd's arms.

Birdling, that fluttered at the window-pane,
 And fell beside it, ne'er to rise again !
 Thy feeble wing has found eternal rest,
 No terror pants within thy sleeping breast ;
 No human hand, no tyrant of the sky,
 Can rob the nest where thy closed pinions lie.

Sweet dream that lit upon thy mother's heart
 A joyful moment, pausing to depart ;

Such solace as in sleep He sometimes sends
Who shapes our losses to divinest ends,
Though thy frail symbol sleeps beneath the sod,
We know thy waking rapture was with God.

Ascending spark, that from our stricken sight
Fled quivering upward to be lost in light,
For thee no moth shall mortal pangs endure,
No tears shall dim thee and no night obscure ;
Only another star in heaven we see,
And look to God whene'er we look for thee.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

Is this Thy peace, O Lord of love!
That lies upon the silent hills,
That fills the fervid skies above
And all the earth with summer thrills ?

When frost and sun and storms destroy,
When drifting tempests veil the blue,
Alike are banished calm or joy ;
Is not Thy blessing fixed and true ?

Is this Thy peace that falls in sleep
On weary heart and busy brain ;
When, worn and sad, no more they keep
The impress of incessant pain ?

Soon as the morning's faithful dawn
Awakes to life those folded eyes,
Is it Thy peace, so swiftly gone,
That from those lips and eyelids flies ?

Ah ! well I know it lieth hid,
With pallid blossoms, breathing balm,
Beneath that little coffin-lid,
Upon those features fair and calm.

The signet of eternal peace,
The wonderful delight of death,
The spell whose charm shall never cease,
The sacred sleep of life and breath.

So still, so utter, so serene,
So endless in its deep repose ;
As tranquil as a seraph's mien,
With rest no rapture ever knows.

Lord ! when my weary spirit fails,
When hope departs and falters faith,
When all life's dreadful stress assails,
Send me Thy peace — the peace of death !

A VALENTINE.

(For my Little Sweetheart, La Fée Blanche.)

THE merry bells go singing by,
The hills are white and drear,
And all alone and sad I lie,
And watch the skies grow clear ;
The skies that spread o'er thy dear head,
Far, far away from here.

I see thy fringed and tender eyes,
Thy soft and flitting smile,
Across a sea of cloud they rise
My vision to beguile.
Ah, sweet above all other love
That wistful baby smile !

I feel the clinging arms once more,
The dear voice comes again
The fleet, shy step across the floor —
Oh, is it joy or pain,
Since thou art gone and I alone
To dream such dreams in vain ?

For me the snow-bells gayly ring,
And white the hill-sides glow ;
For thee the mock-birds shrilly sing
With orange-blooms for snow.
Thy Spring is there and everywhere,
But mine fled long ago.

A weary waste of sea and land
Between us lies to-day ;
I cannot clasp that slender hand,
The vision will not stay.
Not even sleep my dream will keep,
With dawn it floats away.

Yet over land and over sea
I send the dream divine,
To tell its lovelorn tale to thee,
Sweetheart and love of mine —
To choose once more, as oft before,
My darling Valentine.

T H E N .

I GIVE thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear,
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Its thousand streams of wealth untold,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow;
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn,
My triumph shines, more sweet than late,
When, from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thine heart shall know me, — I can wait.

THANKSGIVING.

II.

THERE is a new song in my lips,
A song that fits to-day,
The music of a quiet stream
Upon its seaward way —
The monotone of such content
As to a mortal life is lent.

The song a tiny river sings
That through a meadow glides,
Half hidden by the waving grass
Its level course divides ;
At last forgetful of the hills
That vexed so long its infant rills.

Not yet its chant of victory
Re-echoes from the shore ;
Not yet is all its duty done,
Its rush and labor o'er ;

But ocean neareth every day,
And bright is life that glides away.

A little hymn of gratitude,
Like bird-songs from their nest,
My heart must fashion into speech
And utter from its rest
A tender voice of thankfulness
For love that loveth most to bless.

The slow speech of a weary child
That, wandering lost and lone,
Comes unaware on home at last
And nestles to its own,
Wrapped all at once in warmth and peace,
Where all the storm and straying cease.

Ah! can it be, at last, at last,
The time of toil and tears,
Of bitter trouble overpast,
That hope again appears?
That after all this weary strife
I live to thank thee, Lord, for life?

To gather up the broken clue
And tread the path again
With quiet hope and thankfulness
I trod so long with pain,
To trust again with such a faith
As once was wounded unto death?

Lord, keep me closer at thy side
As life the sweeter grows,
Lest I forget in this content
The thorns beneath the rose.
That, dear as home and love may be,
I find them still most dear with Thee.

T I R E D .

LAY down my head, dear, it's no use to cry —
My trouble is passed, I am going to die ;
The hill-path is over, I'm beat in the race,
For the wind of the world always blew in my face.

It'll daunt me no more, but I mind how it blew.
I slipped and I fell, and I tried it anew ;
But, fight you or flee, it's a desperate case
To clamber up-hill with the wind in your face.

Sweet, sweet 'are the meadows, by river or rill,
Where the turf is all green and the weather is still ;
But people can't all have the easiest place —
The wind must be blowing in somebody's face.

I'm tired of it, Mary! I'm glad to be gone.
You're better without me, you won't be alone;
You have borne with my sorrows a weariful space
And the wind that dismayed me has blown in your face.

Good-bye, little maidiè. I never shall stand
In your sunshine, my darling, my rose of the land!
My trouble your bright head shall never abase —
The wind of the world never'll blow in your face.

Good-bye, dears, good-bye. I won't kiss you again,
I'm far out too weary to lengthen my pain.
Just cover me over; I'll lie in my place
Till the wind is all quiet that blew in my face.

The heavenly sunshine will warm me up there,
No wild wind or tempest shall vex the soft air;
When the last sob is uttered, God grant me his grace
To rest where the wind cannot blow in my face.

N O W .

THE sweet, sad stir of Spring
Is in my heart and brain;
I hear once more the wild brooks pour
And the soft south wind complain.

Where all the hills were green
Is a brown and barren waste ;
But Earth's fresh breath, that laughs at death,
Tells how the buds make haste.

Through the gray and faded grass
The green blades rise to light,
And the wind that grieves in the sweet dead leaves
Is full of vague delight.

Will ever a spring-time come,
In all Life's lingering time,
That will not make my heart awake
As it wakened in its prime ?

Will all these weary days
So fill my soul with fears
That the wind's soft voice, when the woods rejoice,
Shall only bring me tears ?

Ah ! never. The grass shall grow
Though a thousand winters pass ;
And the soul's fresh youth with tender truth
Still spring to the springing grass.

DIES ILLA.

AN awful light on land and sea,
 Not moonlight, neither dawn ;
 A pallid, livid, growing light,
 From central heaven drawn.

On all the earth it brooded deep ;
 It filled the arching sky.
 From cowering trees and sullen seas
 The look of life did fly.

A dreadful sound was in mine ears,
 A wailing, deep and low —
 The travailing and groan of Earth,
 Beneath her final woe.

The air was thrilled with agony,
 The breath I breathed was pain.
 The life-blood crept and curdled slow
 In every shrinking vein.

I felt my flesh forsake my soul,
 My soul cast off the clay ;
 Yet, like some new-unprisoned moth,
 Too weak to soar away.

I knew the day, the Day of God,
The end of mortal fear ;
I saw, far off, his awful host
Mid rolling clouds appear.

How called and craved my heart of flesh
To see my loved once more !
How all the anguish fled and died
That in that heart I bore !

They gathered fondly to my side,
Their eyes turned sweet on mine ;
They clasped me in their arms again
With tenderness divine.

The light of God shone far and wide,
It showed us face to face ;
We knew not fear nor falling worlds
In that serene embrace.

No chilling glance, no scorning word —
The dear old speech once more,
The loving tones so silent long,
The looks that once they wore.

Alas ! what hot and streaming tears
The heavenly vision broke,
As slowly sad to mortal days
My shivering soul awoke.

Come, Day of God, immortal day,
Thou healer of the sad!
There is no terror in thy dawn,
If thus thou makest glad.

From shuddering seas and rending skies
No more I shrink and hide;
Thy crash of heaven and wreck of earth
My spirit dare abide.

Haste, on thy wings of heavenly peace,
Thou art no Day of Dread;
Dawn of the Lord's unmeasured love,
Restorer of the dead!

THE ANTIETAM STATUE.

STEADFAST and sad he stands: his level eyes
Asking stern question of eternal Fate.
That silent host of dead before him lies
Whose wondrous, woful loss, no years abate:
Whose legend all the rolling plains relate;
The wind that wails: the unrelenting skies.
"What have these done?" their answering echo
cries.

“ Their life, their love, their youth’s sweet promise
gone ;
Gone in a day their gilded destinies.
What evil errand have these swift lives done,
To be so clipt, like insects in the sun,
And this gaunt stone to mark their memories ?”
Stone art thou ! God, in each true soul replies,
“ These men who died for man outlive all earth and
skies.”

TRODDEN.

THERE are steps upon the snow :
It was spotless once and fair,
What stain could it know,
Falling through the air ?

Alas ! upon the earth
It fluttered and lay low,
Forgetful of its birth.
And steps are on the snow.

There are steps upon the snow,
It is trodden and unclean :
What now shall ever show
The whiteness that hath been ?

So innocent and still,
Out of heaven floating slow
Over forest, field, and hill.
But steps are on the snow !

There are steps upon the snow
It is stained with mire and clay :
When the rain of Spring shall flow
Will it wash them all away ?

Ah ! when the sweeping rain
Drops heavily and slow,
It will wash away the stain,
— And wash away the snow.

ARACHNE.

I WATCH her in the corner there,
As, restless, bold, and unafraid,
She slips and floats along the air
Till all her subtile house is made.

Her home, her bed, her daily food
All from that hidden store she draws ;
She fashions it and knows it good,
By instinct's strong and sacred laws.

No tenuous threads to weave her nest,
She seeks and gathers there or here ;
But spins it from her faithful breast,
Renewing still, till leaves are sere.

Then, worn with toil, and tired of life,
In vain her shining traps are set.
Her frost hath hushed the insect strife
And gilded flies her charm forget.

But swinging in the snares she spun.
She sways to every wintry wind :
Her joy, her toil, her errand done,
Her corse the sport of storms unkind.

Poor sister of the spinster clan !
I too from out my store within
My daily life and living plan,
My home, my rest, my pleasure spin.

I know thy heart when heartless hands
Sweep all that hard-earned web away :
Destroy its pearled and glittering bands,
And leave thee homeless by the way.

I know thy peace when all is done.
Each anchored thread, each tiny knot,
Soft shining in the autumn sun ;
A sheltered, silent, tranquil lot.

I know what thou hast never known,
— Sad presage to a soul allowed; —
That not for life I spin, alone.
But day by day I spin my shroud.

R E S T .

“ OH ! spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence,
and be no more.”—Ps. xxxix, 13.

FOLD up thy hands, my weary soul,
Sit down beside the way !
Thou hast at last a time to rest,
At last a holiday.

Thy lingering life of weariness,
Thy time of toil and tears,
A little space may grant thee grace
To overcome thy fears.

A bright access of patient peace,
Not rapture, nor delight ;
But even as sounds of labor cease
Before the hush of night.

Or as the storm that all day long
Has wailed, and raged, and wept,
Nor ceased its force nor changed its course,
While slow the daylight crept ;

But suddenly, before the sun
Drops down behind the hills,
A clear, calm shining parts the cloud
And all the ether fills.

Or as the sweet and steadfast shore
To them that sailed the sea ;
Or home to them that ply the oar,
Or leave captivity.

Like any child that cries itself
On mother-breast to sleep,
Lord, let me lie a little while,
Till slumber groweth deep ;

So deep that neither love nor life
Shall stir its calm repose --
Beyond the stress of mortal strife,
The strain of mortal woes

Spare me this hour to sleep, before
Thy sleepless bliss is given ;
Give me a day of rest on earth,
Before the work of Heaven !

BIRD MUSIC.

SINGER of priceless melody,
 Unguerdoned chorister of air,
 Who from the lithe top of the tree
 Pourest at will thy music rare,
 As if a sudden brook laughed down the hill-side
 there.

The purple-blossomed fields of grass,
 Waved sea-like to the idle wind,
 Thick daisies that the stars surpass,
 Being as fair and far more kind ; —
 All sweet uncultured things thy wild notes bring to
 mind.

When that enraptured overflow
 Of singing into silence dies,
 Thy rapid fleeting pinions show
 Where all thy spell of sweetness lies
 Gathered in one small nest from the wide earth and
 skies.

Unconscious of thine audience,
 Careless of praises as of blame,

In simpleness and innocence,
Thy gentle life pursues its aim,
So tender and serene, that we might blush for
shame.

The patience of thy brooding wings
That droop in silence day by day,
The little crowd of callow things
That joy for weariness repay, —
These are the living spring, thy song the fountain's
spray.

FASTRADA'S RING.

“STRETCH out thy hand, insatiate Time!
Keeper of keys, restore to me
Some gift that in the gray Earth's prime
Her happy children held of thee;
Some signet of that mystery
Thy footsteps trample into death,
Some score of that strange harmony
That sings in every breath.”

So sung I on an autumn-day,
Sitting in silence, golden, clear,
When even the mild winds seemed to pray
Beside the slowly dying year,
And the old conqueror stopped to hear ;
For, like the echo of a bell,
I heard him speak, in accents clear :
" Choose ! and thy wise choice tell ! "

Then all my vanishing desires,
The threads of hope and joy and pain,
Long burned in life's consuming fires,
Came glittering into life again,
And, gathered as a summer rain
Into the rainbow's bended wing,
Cried, with one voice of longing vain :
" Give me Fastrada's ring !

" Give me that talisman of peace
She wore upon her finger white,
Then shall the weary visions cease,
That haunt me all the lingering night ;
The world shall blossom with delight,
And birds of heaven about me sing ;
Ah ! fill these darkened eyes with light !
Give me Fastrada's ring !

" Give me no jewels from thy store,
No learned scrolls, no gems of art ;
My eager wishes grasp at more :
Sleep for a worn and wretched heart ;

A draught to melt these lips apart,
 Sealed with such thirst as death-pains bring;
 Love, — life's sole rest and better part,
 Give me Fastrada's ring!"

TRUTHS.

I WEAR a rose in my hair,
 Because I feel like a weed;
 Who knows that the rose is thorny
 And makes my temples bleed?
 If one gets to his journey's end, what matter how
 galled the steed?

I gloss my face with laughter,
 Because I cannot be calm;
 When you listen to the organ,
 Do you hear the words of the psalm?
 If they give you poison to drink, 'tis better to call it
 balm.

If I sneer at youth's wild passion,
 Who fancies I break my heart?
 'Tis this world's righteous fashion,
 With a sneer to cover a smart.
 Better to give up living than not to play your part.

If I scatter gold like a goblin,
My life may yet be poor.
Does Love come in at the window
When Money stands at the door?
I am what I seem to men. Need I be any more?

God sees from the high blue heaven,
He sees the grape in the flower;
He hears one's life-blood dripping
Through the maddest, merriest hour;
He knows what sackcloth and ashes hide in the purple
of power.

The broken wing of the swallow
He binds in the middle air;
I shall be what I am in Paradise —
So, heart, no more despair!
Remember the blessed Jesus, and wipe His feet with
thy hair.

HERE.

WHEN night comes brooding o'er me
 Like a prison's dreary cell,
 And its visions rise before me
 With a dread no speech can tell;
 When, alone with my only longing
 And the darkening spell of fear,
 I watch the sad stars thronging
 Till the beams of dawn appear;
 Then, like some silver chimes,
 Come back the old, old times —
 The dear old times, my darling,
 The living, loving times!

Unsleeping, I remember
 The days that all are gone,
 Like June dreams in December,
 Or flowers when summer's done;
 The times that are never over,
 For they live in heart and brain,
 And, like kisses from a lover,
 Their spell comes back again.
 Like a song of magic rhymes,
 Return the dear old times —
 The old, old times, my darling,
 The living, loving times!

This is my lone life's treasure,
That none can take away —
Remembrance without measure
Of every vanished day,
Of love-light round me streaming,
Of tender lips and eyes ;
Awake I lie, yet dreaming,
Nor sleep till day shall rise.
Like a bee in blossomed limes,
I live in those old times —
The times you know, my darling,
The living, loving times !

Cold are the skies above me,
The earth is wrapped in snow,
And if still, as then, you love me,
Alas ! I cannot know —
Silence between us lying,
More chill than winter's cold,
And my heart like a baby crying
For its mother's wonted hold ;
But I breathe the summer's prime
Remembering that old time,
Though you forget it, darling,
The living, loving time !

L I S E .

IF I were a cloud in heaven,
 I would hang over thee ;
 If I were a star of even,
 I'd rise and set for thee ;
 For love, life, light, were given
 Thy ministers to be.

If I were a wind's low laughter,
 I'd kiss thy hair ;
 Or a sunbeam coming after,
 Lie on thy forehead fair ;
 For the world and its wide hereafter
 Have nought with thee to compare.

If I were a fountain leaping,
 Thy name should be
 The burden of my sweet weeping ;
 If I were a bee,
 My honeyed treasures keeping,
 'Twere all for thee !

There's never a tided ocean
 Without a shore ;
 Nor a leaf whose downward motion
 No dews deplore ;
 And I dream that my devotion
 May move thee to sigh once more.

DEPARTING.

WEEP not for the dead! they lie
 Safe from every changing sky;
 Over them thou shalt not cry
 Any more.

Weep for him whose lessening sail,
 Borne upon an outward gale,
 Sees the beacon faint and fail
 On the shore.

Weep not for the dead: they sleep
 Where no evil visions creep;
 God hath sealed their slumber deep
 Till His day.

Weep for him who fleeth fast
 On a fierce and alien blast,
 Torn from all the haunted past,
 Far away.

He shall never see again
 Home-lit valley, hill, or plain;
 He shall mourn and cry in vain
 O'er the dead.

Wandering in a stranger-land,
 None shall grasp his listless hand,
 No sweet sister-nurse shall stand
 By his bed.

Weep for him, and weep for those
 Who shall never more unclose
 Home's dear portals, nor repose
 In its rest.

Foreign where their kindred dwell,
 Strange where they have loved too well.
 Homesick as no speech can tell,
 All unblest.

For the dead thou shalt not mourn,
 He hath reached a peaceful bourne;
 Weep for him, the travel-worn,
 All alone!

Life's long torture he must bear
 Till his very soul despair,
 Helpless both for cry or prayer;
 Make his moan!

A STATUE.

DREAM divine and tender,
 Frozen into stone;
 Pall nor purple splendor
 Round thy grace is thrown;
 Thou standest like a star, clothed in thy light alone.

Silent with the passion
Of thy new despair;
In the spotless fashion
That all angels wear;
Like softly falling snow thy presence fills the air.

On thy lips half-parted,
Sleeps a dreaming sigh;
Love and hope departed
Droop thy pensive eye;
And anguish on thy brow hath set her majesty.

Neither shame nor madness
Touch thy spirit pure;
Regally hath sadness
Taught thee to endure;
Earth passes at thy feet, but heaven is ever sure.

Like the languid tolling
Of a funeral bell,
Or the awful rolling
Of the ocean's swell,
Thou stillest sound with awe, through power's sublimest spell.

In what holy vision
Of a midnight moon,
Did thy shape Elysian
Rise, like some sad tune,
Through the rapt sculptor's soul, and turn his night
to noon?

Utter thus forever,
With resistless tongue,
Higher thought than ever
Bird or breeze hath sung;
For Beauty never dies, and Grace is ever young.

A P R I L .

“The clouds return after the rain.”—ECCLES. xii. 2.

A FITFUL, wistful April sky,
At last a breath of Spring again,
A glimpse to rest the weary eye,
A spark of hope, a sigh of pain,
The clouds returning after rain!

My little darling and delight,
To thee all wintry clouds are vain;
For once, for all, they take their flight.
Thy summer is an endless gain,
Thy clouds return not after rain.

Alas! how short my summers be,
How long is winter's dreary reign;
The sunny days so swiftly flee,
The snowy drifts so long remain,
Thy clouds so fast succeed the rain!

For buds the sunshine should delay,
 Lest, nipped by frost, their bloom be vain ;
 But for the flower that fades away,
 The sunbeams only burn and stain —
 For this the cloud must follow rain.

Bask in thy summer, fairest child !
 Thy tender bloom and blush attain ;
 For thee let all the winds be mild,
 All summer sweets attend thy train,
 Nor any clouds come after rain.

God sends us each to suit our need.
 He offers to my bitter pain
 The coming rest that rests indeed,
 The sleep that never comes in vain,
 The cloud returning after rain.

“LATA SILENTIA.”

YE vacant and far-spreading silences
 Men call with low and trembling voice the tomb,
 Are there not other regions with no less
 Of solitude and gloom ?

In the wide chambers of your dreary realm
The struggle of this labored life is o'er ;
The mariner forgets his drifting helm,
The landsman delves no more.

There, if the heart lie desolate and cold,
Its pulses rest alike unvexed and chill,
There all unheeding slumber young and old,
Devoid of good or ill.

They suffer not who know not joy or pain ;
But we who toil across the desert sands
Are visited by tempests and fierce rain
Unknown to those drear lands.

When the dismaying south wind hotly blows,
Its breath of passion blasts both flower and tree,
And, though before it Paradise arose,
Behind it deserts be.

These are the true wide silences of time,
Whence all the glory that abode has gone,
Wherein, through every season, change, and clime,
The soul remains alone.

The haunts once redolent with life and bliss,
Still as the waters of a reedy lake,
Whose stagnant pool no swallow dares to kiss,
Whose sleep no winds awake.

Or they who are accursed with leprosy,
Stamped with the branded sign of mortal sin,
Wide as the sky from which they cannot flee,
Their silence reigns within.

Oh! for one voice to break this hush profound!
One echo through these vaulted depths to spread.
Descend from Heaven, divine delaying sound,
Awake these living dead!

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

LAST blossoms of the blooming year,
That linger on the edge of frost,
A tender dream of summer lost,
Touched by the shade of wintry fear.

No perfume of the violet
That hides its purple in the grass,
Lest all the bees that buzz and pass
Should kiss those eyes, so sweet and wet;

No fervent passion of the rose,
Flower of the noonday and the south,
That sunward turns her crimson mouth,
And all her heart of splendor shows;

Nor lily, cold and proudly pale,
That lives and dies an idle queen;
No honey in her breast serene,
No blush for any fluttering gale.

Yet dear, as dear as all the last;
Dear as the sad delight of dreams,
When day across our eyelids streams,
And all their transient bliss is past;

Painted with tints like Autumn's eve,
When daylight leaves the misty sky,
And through the gray woods listlessly
The twilight wind begins to grieve;

The pallid pink of fading light,
The somber red that threatens storm,
A sunset saffron soft and warm,
Or petals like the hoar-frost white.

Alas! while to my lips ye press,
And ask for praise and pray for love,
All loveliness and grace above,
I taste your breath of bitterness.

Bitter and sweet these odors rise,
My welcome sounds like sad farewell,
And while I laud your gracious spell
The tears stand trembling in mine eyes.

WOOD LAUREL.

QUEEN regnant of the summer wood,
 That hearest thrush and hangbird cry,
 With such a dream-like majesty
 As crowns thee, out of solitude,
 The fairest flower that ever stood,
 Impassive, safe from sympathy.

Light roseate cloud of dawning day,
 Hung floating in the gloom of leaves,
 Vainly for thee the night-wind grieves,
 Vainly all forest-murmurs stray.
 In thy cold blossoms vainly play
 The thousand love-songs Nature weaves.

So pure, so perfect, so serene,
 With tender, mocking blushes dyed,
 The cankerous honey-dew of pride,
 Charms soft and deadly in thy mien,
 The natural sceptre of a queen,
 Heart frozen, but half deified.

Beware, oh glancing butterfly!
 The rosy bloom is sweet to see,
 But have thou care of majesty,
 The serf that loves the queen must die.

Gay, living blossom! dance and fly
To humbler feasts, secure for thee.

Assiduous honey-bee, beware!
Those bright cups glow with poisoned wine:
The wild-rose and the columbine
Have simple treasures, safe to share.
This regal beauty holds thy snare,
The form, but not the soul, divine.

NEMESIS.

WITH eager steps I go
Across the valleys low,
Where in deep brakes the writhing serpents hiss.
Above, below, around,
I hear the dreadful sound
Of thy calm breath, eternal Nemesis!

Over the mountains high,
Where silent snow-drifts lie,
And greet the red morn with a pallid kiss,
There, in the awful night,
I see the solemn light
Of thy clear eyes, avenging Nemesis!

Far down in lonely caves,
Dark as the empty graves
That wait our dead hopes and our perished bliss,
Though to their depths I flee,
Still do my fixed eyes see
Thy pendant sword, unchanging Nemesis!

Inevitable fate!
Still must thy phantoms wait
And mock my shadow like its fearful twin?
Is there no final rest
In this doom-haunted breast?
Does thy terrific patience wait therein?

“Aye! wander as thou wilt,
The blood thy hand hath spilt
Stamps on thy brow its black, eternal sign;
Thyself thou canst not flee.
Writhe in thine agony!
Suffer! despair! thou art condemned — and mine.”

MARGARITAS ANTE PORCOS.

SEE how they crowd and snort below,
 And fight for husks all brown and dry ;
 While at their feet, like beads of snow,
 The pearls you threw to feed them lie.

Tears that the bruised and breaking heart
 Hides in its shell, to jewels turn ;
 They have their value in the mart,
 They glitter — when they cease to burn.

Go, take them to the smiling bride,
 Your life that lives in frozen tears ;
 They crown her dark hair's odorous pride,
 The heart-beats swing them in her ears.

Oh, fool ! to fling them to the swine,
 That tramp and snatch and rend below ;
 You pour away your life divine,
 And think to reap the grain you sow !

Know, then, that all your waste is vain —
 Vainly these precious gems are thrown ;
 The snuffing herds that crowd the plain
 Are hungry beasts, and beasts alone.

Alas! what dream of fond despair,
What lavish love, hath power divine
To work an answer to your prayer,
To make you angels out of swine?

NOT MINE.

SAFE by the fireside I hear the winds blow,
Out of the window are wild wastes of snow;
Here as I sit by the firelight alone,
See the drifts glitter and hear the wind moan,
Children's fair faces come back through the night,
One and another, the pale and the bright,
Dear to my soul while it loves will they be;
Though when they called "mother!" they did not
call me.

One fell asleep on the fields of the West,
A soldier's blue jacket wrapped over his breast.
No more those dark eyes will brighten for me,
Never again that keen smile shall I see,
Never be clasped in the arms of my boy:
Yet is he mine beyond death to destroy.
Mine in the love that knows future nor past,
Mine while the pulses of tenderness last;

Living and dying my child he will be.
Though when he called "mother!" he did not call me!

One wears a shadow across her fair brow,
But the shadow is brighter than sunbeams are now :
Her tender face softens, her roses grow pale
In the gleam of its whiteness ; her own bridal veil.
My loveliest baby ! God keep thee as pure
While thy life and thy love shall together endure,
As the first hour I held thee asleep in my arms,
Serene in the halo of babyhood's charms.
God send thee fair children to stand at thy knee,
Who when they say mother, shall say it to thee.

One is a wanderer over the sea.
When will his footsteps turn shoreward to me ?
Others are gathered by fires of their own :
Here, by a stranger's, I'm dreaming alone.
Dreaming of days that forever are dead,
Hopes and caresses and darlings all fled,
Bitterest dreams, that the sweetest might be,
If when they called "mother" they could have called
me!

Two little faces with glittering hair
Ghosts of the past, hover over my chair
Faces I watched over morning and night,
Eyes that once blessed me with deepest delight,
Voices that thrilled to the depths of my soul,
Shake me with longing I cannot control.

Oh! if those dear lives should falter and fail
The veins of my heart at their sources would quail :
Life would forsake me though death should forget ;
All that I have on their being is set.
Dearer than living or loving they be ;
Yet when they call " mother ! " they do not call me.

THE FISHING SONG.

Down in the wide, gray river,
The current is sweeping strong ;
Over the wide, gray river,
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing ;
The song falls with the oar ;
And an echo in both is ringing ;
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current,
The song brings back to me
A cry from mortal silence,
Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,
Love that had died of wrong,
Hearts that are dead in living,
Come back on the fisherman's song.

I see the maples leafing,
Just as they leafed before ;
The green grass comes no greener
Down to the very shore.

And the rude song swelling, sinking,
In the cadence of days gone by,
As the oar, from the water drinking,
Ripples the mirrored sky.

Yet the soul hath life diviner ;
Its past returns no more ;
But in echoes that answer the minor
Of the boat-song from the shore.

And the ways of God are darkness,
His judgment waiteth long ;
He breaks the heart of a woman
With a fisherman's careless song.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

SADLY before the window
The floating snow-flakes fell,
Along the air all cold and fair,
And on my heart as well.

The dreary weary winter,
Held up his mighty spear,
My blood ran chill with winter cold
And slow with winter's fear.

But suddenly a sun-beam
Across the snow-storm shone,
And strange to tell, like any spell,
The snow-flakes all were flown!

They vanished like a vision
Before the sunny flame,
And in their place a sudden crowd
Of smiling angels came.

A million little angels
With faces dazzling fair,
And eyes as bright as starry light
Beneath their shining hair:

And through the moaning tempest
As suddenly there fell
A tiny, tinkling, laughing sound,
Like some sweet silver bell:

Another, and another,
Till all the frosty sky
With soft repeat was ringing sweet,
And words came wandering by.

“We are Love’s little angels;
When earth is bare and brown
We cover all her wounds and scars
With mantles soft as down.

“The rocks that hid their faces
In summer, green and deep,
But frown to-day severe and grey,
We cover up to sleep.

“The long and lonely meadows
That lose their blossoms bright,
And weep for all their loveliness,
We veil with glittering white:

“The forest boughs that shudder
All knotted, black, and bare,
We hang with flowers like bridal bowers,
The blossom-bells of air.

- “The drear and silent solitudes
We veil with tender grace,
There is no blight we do not hide,
On all the sad earth's face.
- “Above the sleeping roses,
Above the wild-wood flowers,
We spread our warm and shining robes
Through all the winter hours.
- “We are Love's little angels,
But mortal eyes are dim;
Men cannot see how fair we be,
Nor hear our joyful hymn :
- “We are Love's shrouded angels,
But birds and blossoms know,
When God's dear love falls from above,
Though men may call it snow!”

M A R Y .

THE box is not of stainless alabaster
 Which o'er Thy feet I break ;
 Nor filled with costly ointment, gracious Master,
 Poured for Thy sake.

Nay, rather is it shapen in this fashion —
 A living heart.
 Dashed all across with scarlet stains of passion,
 And broke in part ;

While from its open wound comes softly dripping,
 Like slow tears shed,
 In heavy drops, along Thy footstool slipping,
 Its life-blood red.

It needs no balm of myrrh for sweet or bitter,
 But life and love :
 These sad conditions make my offering fitter
 Thy heart to move.

From all these chains of cruel wrong and anguish,
 This load of grief
 Wherewith my soul doth pant, and mourn and languish,
 Give me relief !

In Thy far home is not Thy soul still tender
For mortal woe ?
Hear'st Thou not still amid that spotless splendor
The seraphs know ?

Oh turn Thy human eyes from heavenly glory !
Say as before
Those tenderest words of all Thy gospel story —
“Go, sin no more !”

HESPER.

SUNSET on the mountains hoary,
Deepens into night ;
Day hath lost its crown of glory,
Life hath lost its light.

In mine eyes the tears are springing,
For thy face I see ;
In my heart its dreams are singing,
Mournful songs of thee.

All the sunshine fled from heaven
With thy closing eyes ;
Yet on me, at lonely even,
Clear as stars they rise.

Though the way be long and dreary
Down the mountain's side,
I no more can call it weary,
Thou art there my bride !

I behold thy garments flowing,
Snow-like, in the moon ;
See thy parted lips are glowing,
Red as flowers in June.

Underneath the daisies lying,
Lost in dreamless sleep ;
Thou hast heard my nightly crying,
Thou hast left my sleep.

All the night in visions tender,
Love and life return ;
Until morning's cloudy splendor
O'er the hills shall burn.

Day glides slowly o'er the meadow,
Love and life to steal ;
But the first star's trembling shadow
Brings a bridal peal.

RÊVE DU MIDI.

WHEN o'er the mountain steeps
 The hazy noontide creeps,
 And the shrill cricket sleeps

Under the grass;

When soft the shadows lie,
 And clouds sail o'er the sky,
 And the idle winds go by,

With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass;

Then, when the silent stream
 Lapses as in a dream,
 And the water-lilies gleam

Up to the sun;

When the hot and burdened day
 Stops on its downward way,
 When the moth forgets to play,

And the plodding ant may dream her toil is done;

Then, from the noise of war,
 And the din of earth afar,
 Like some forgotten star

Dropt from the sky;

With the sounds of love and fear,
 All voices sad and dear
 Banish to silence drear,

The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale
Breathes its mysterious tale,
Till the rose's lips grow pale
 With her sighs:
And o'er my thoughts are cast
Tints of the vanished past,
Glories that faded fast,
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,
Where his sweet treasure swings,
The honey-lover clings
 To the red flowers:
So, lost in vivid light,
So, rapt from day and night,
I linger in delight,
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

REMEMBERING.

WHEN I remember
The glow of that departed place
Where life beguiled its day of grace,
Far off through all these misty years,
Or through the dimmer haze of tears,
Forever green it seems to me ;
Immortal blooms on every tree —
A land wherein the very snow,
Like falling flowers, came soft and slow ;
No winter chill to crisp the air,
But Spring eternal everywhere.
Dear, vanished land ! how fair to see
Those sad and lovely pastures be,
That I remember !

When I remember
The little cluster of my kin,
Who stood those sunny fields within,
How fair they seem ! how close they press,
Intent to serve, to love, to bless !
A little world, enough for me,
Whose kings I worshipped loyally :
Where are they ? One is always here ;
Her dark eyes shine with peace and cheer ;

Through all the watches of the night
They gleam with love's divinest light.
"My child," she says, "I love thee still;
I could not work thee wrong or ill;
I wait and watch for some sweet day
To bring thy wearied soul away."
I wake, and know that she is dead;
Ah, mother-love! to heaven fled —
That I remember.

When I remember
The friends I had so long ago,
Whose friendly faces still I know;
Whose faithful love has proved its power,
And rallied round my darkest hour;
Who closer to my soul have stood
Than closest ties of kindred blood;
The blossoms that have grown to fruit,
The acorn with the oak-tree's root,
I feel how strong my life has grown,
Although its pillow were a stone,
And thank His mercy who has sent
These angels through the firmament,
More dear a thousand-fold to-day
Than in their first and fresh array,
That I remember.

When I remember
The hunger after righteousness,
The hope all evil to redress,

The wishes deeper than the sea,
The heart that shrank from misery ;
The doubt, and weakness, and dismay,
That clogged that heart from day to day ;
I know the faith that storms have tried,
The courage born of broken pride,
The patience that can trust and wait,
Unawed by cruelty and hate ;
The home that holds me safe at length,
The love that clasps with tenderer strength,
The hope that rests in God at last,
A thousand times exceed the past,
With all its futile hopes and dreams,
Its land of radiant fields and streams,
Its faith betrayed, its vain delight,
As far as noon exceeds the night.
Nor know I now one poor regret
For all that land so lovely yet,
That I remember.

DAISIES.

FAIR and peaceful daisies,
Smiling in the grass,
Who hath sung your praises?
Poets by you pass,
And I alone am left to celebrate your mass.

In the summer morning,
Through the fields ye shine,
Joyfully adorning
Earth with grace divine,
And pour, from sunny hearts, fresh gladness into mine.

Lying in the meadows,
Like the milky way,
From nocturnal shadows
Glad to fall away,
And live a happy life in the wide light of day.

Bees about you humming
Pile their yellow store,
Winds in whispers coming
Teach you love's sweet lore,
For your reluctant lips still worshipping the more.

Birds with music laden
Shower their songs on you ;
And the rustic maiden,
Standing in the dew,
By your alternate leaves tells if her love be true.

Little stars of glory !
From your amber eyes
No inconstant story
Of her love should rise !
And yet "He loves me not !" is oft the sad surprise.

Crowds of milk-white blossoms !
Noon's concentrated beams
Glowing in your bosoms ;
So, by living streams
In heaven, I think the light of flowers immortal
gleams.

When your date is over,
Peacefully ye fade,
With the fragrant clover
And sweet grasses laid,
In odors for a pall beneath the orchard shade.

Happy, happy daisies !
Would I were like you,
Pure from human praises,
Fresh with morning dew,
And ever in my heart to heaven's clear sunshine true !

BATTLE-FLAG DAY.

A LITTLE sprite sat in a high oak-tree,
Laughing loudly in scornful glee,
For he heard the bells ring long and loud,
He saw the rush of a mighty crowd.
The cannon's roar and the throbbing drum,
Rose from the city's ceaseless hum
Like the dash and beat of a stormy sea,
Till it tossed and fluttered the old oak-tree.

He saw the lift of the battle-flags
As the rough wind troubled their bloody rags,
And the marching veterans grim and old,
Who once were stalwart and young and bold,
The marbled halls like a shining dream,
The flag-case bright with silvery gleam,
And the feast for that weary company ;
But louder he laughed in mocking glee.

Hurrah ! he yelled, for the battle-flags !
But where are the men that bore the rags
High overhead through seas of fire,
Right into the rebels' cruel ire ?

Some on the field lie stark and dead,
Their children hunger to-day for bread,
Their wives are toiling in need and rags :
Hurrah ! hurrah for the battle-flags !

Some are tilling a barren soil ;
What did they bring from the battles' spoil ?
A single leg and fingers three.
No matter ! the flags wave merrily.
Here is another without an arm,
Death had done him a lesser harm :
He grinds an organ along the street
One hand earns him food to eat.
The lost one carried those battle-flags. —
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the tattered rags !

Fools and blind ! while the banners fly
You leave their bearers in want to die.
The husk is honored and praised and sung
The kernel into the gutter flung.
Go feed and cherish the maimed old man,
Who gives to his country all he can.
Nor offer the life for freedom spent
The scoff of a costly monument,
Well may he make a bitter moan
When he asks for bread and you give a stone,
And scatter your money on worn-out rags,
Not on the men who carried the flags !

A G A I N .

COME, gently breathing o'er the eager land,
 With fresh green grass that springs to kiss thy feet
 With little brooks that sparkle in the sand,
 April's faint shining, clouds both soft and fleet,
 All the fair things that do thine advent greet,
 Flowers with their blue eyes still by snow-drifts wet,
 South winds and flying showers; all, all, how sweet,
 Could I forget!

Spill from thy white hands all the tender buds,
 An opal mist in every gray old tree;
 Pour from thine urn the rushing silver floods
 That leap, and dance, and struggle to be free;
 Coax the pink May-blooms to look up at thee,
 Fearless of stormy wind or frosts that fret;
 Enchantress, bring not back the past to me,
 Let me forget!

Alas! when all thy spells but hide a sting,
 When the wild blossoms in each fragile bell
 A lurking drop of bitter honey bring,
 When hills and forests one worn story tell,
 When through the birds' new warble sounds a knell,
 When grief and sweetness are in all things met,
 When winds repeat those voices loved too well,
 Can I forget?

Poor pangs of earth ! I know there comes a day,
Not far nor late, when God's restoring Spring
Shall set aside these miracles of clay,
And His serene immortal Summer bring,
Wherein I shall not pine for anything,
Not mortal love, nor loss, nor weak regret,
But at His feet my grateful rapture sing,
And so forget !

COLUMBINE.

LITTLE dancing harlequin !
Thou thy scarlet bells dost ring
When the merry western wind
Gives their slender stems a swing ;
Every yellow butterfly,
Poising on the fragrant air :
Glittering insects everywhere,
Moths that in the dead leaves lie,
List the tinkling chime that tells
Of the Spring's aerial spells.

In the long and shining days
May-time brings to mother Earth,

From the stony crevices
Dry with sun and grey with dearth,
Where no other bloom can cling,
Thou dost lift thy dainty spire,
Slight and subtle mist of fire
O'er the rock face shimmering,
Nodding, swaying, scattering wide
Flame and gold on every side.

No faint odor fills thy cup :
Nothing knowest thou but cheer.
Over thee no memory
Floats its pennant sad and dear.
Gay and fleeting as is laughter,
Or a little joyful song
Wandering the woods along,
That no echo cometh after :
Idle moth and strenuous bee
Know what honey dwells in thee.

When thy motley opens wide,
Then the summer draweth near ;
Then the sunshine shall abide,
Vanished is the winter fear.
Snowdrifts never come again
When thou standest sentinel,
Shouting gayly : " All is well,"
To the blooms on hill and plain
Summer-bringing columbine,
Make thy happy errand mine !

RIGHTS.

I HEARD a voice cry through the night,
Crying from off some lonely height,
A gently earnest cry for Right.

Through the sad sweetness of that voice
A stifled echo did rejoice,
As if the sadness were of choice.

And all along the south-wind spread,
With scents and dews its tones were shed,
Shadowed with vagueness, not with dread.

But gathering more articulate,
Breathless I heard soft lips relate
The grievance of their mortal state.

“ I will have Right! my right to be
First in all love-borne ministry ;
The spring beneath thy roots, O tree !

“ My right, when toiling and dismay
Oppress the burdened noon of day,
To freshen it with salt sea-spray.

“To be, when hearts shall fail for fear,
Seeing eclipse of suns draw near,
A star-shine in the darkness clear.

“To be, in this world-beaten dust,
A still evangelist of trust,
Waving white wings before the just.

“My right to stand beside the dead,
With hands upon the living head,
Both unto rest eternal led.

“My right to pure child-tears and smiles,
To baby-love and tender wiles,
Hope, that the weariest heart beguiles.

“I will not have thy place, O man !
By petronel and barbican,
Or reeking in the battle's van.

“My strength against the ruder foe,
I will be thine beneath the blow,
My right to love, and thine to know.”

MARY, THE MOTHER OF THE LORD.

A PICTURE.

STANDING in the temple door,
 Sunshine, streaming to the floor,
 Falls across thy stainless veil,
 Lingers on thy forehead pale.
 Thee nor sun nor star can brighten,
 Thee no mortal flame enlighten,
 All the light of highest heaven
 To thine inmost soul is given ;
 Thee beloved, by Thine adored —
 Mary, Mother of the Lord !

Maiden dream of mother love
 Broods thy drooping eyes above,
 Maiden hands with mother grasp
 Hold thy doves in tender clasp,
 Awe and glory in thy face
 Veil the woman's shrinking grace,
 Calm as angels rapt in prayer,
 Blessed more than seraphs are,
 Yet a woman, fair and weak,
 Bringing up thine offerings meek,

Love fulfilling Law's behest,
Sacrifices on thy breast,
On thy lips Love's sweetest word —
Mary, " Mother " of the Lord !

Judah's crown thy forehead wears,
Judah's curse thy sad heart bears ;
Through thy soul the sword is driven
When thy keenest joy is given ;
Deep and dark the Cross's shade
On thy dark, deep eyes is laid ;
On thy sweet and pensive lips
Rapture glows through grief's eclipse,
Stilled with mystery's silent spell,
Thrilled with thoughts no speech may tell.
Past the sense of human sadness,
Past the dreams of human gladness,
On thy heart the Living Word,
In thy home the Babe adored ;
Hail ! thou Mother of the Lord.

PRAYER.

OH, Love divine, ineffable!

Help the weak heart that strays from thee!
 And battling with the hosts of hell,
 Doubts or despairs of victory:
 For Thou hast died upon the tree,
 Thine anguish poured in bloody sweat,
 And can thy yearning heart forget
 The first-fruits of that agony?
 O Lord, in glory, think on me!

Thy tenderness no mother knows,
 Not she who sees her darling pine,
 And weeps that dying shadows close
 Above the lamb she knows is thine;
 But Thou, my God, art all divine!
 Thy banished shall return again;
 Thy life poured out like summer rain —
 Those dying pangs exchanged for mine —
 Are not an alien's birth-right sign.

I know that from the depths of sin,
 The uttermost abyss of woe,
 Thine arm my trembling soul shall win,
 Thy piercing eyes thy child shall know.
 Though mortal love forget to flow —

Though mortal faith grow cold and die —
 Thy love is called eternity,
 Thy truth is morning's orient glow,
 And wide as space shall ever grow.

Come, prince of darkness, with thy bands !
 Their leaguered host a child defies,
 For He who holds me in his hands
 Shall like a stern avenger rise,
 And turn on thee those heavenly eyes
 That tears of pity shed for me ;
 But burn with judgment over thee
 And those who dare his love despise, —
 Then stoop and bear me to the skies.

N O W .

“Quand on est mort c'est pour longtemps.”

WHEN I am lying pale and dead,
 Come not, dear friends, around my bed
 And pour your loss in deafened ears
 And wash my heedless face with tears.
 What thrill of hope or tenderness
 Will beat beneath my burial dress ?
 What look of gratitude arise,
 And lift the lids of sightless eyes ?

What loving voice escape those lips,
From which no speech or language slips ?
Alas! I cannot rouse and say :
“ If ye lament me I will stay.”
Speak while I hear, and while I long
To feel your love is true and strong,
While peace can soothe my troubled brow,
Wait not to miss me ; hold me now !

Set not your kisses on my cheek,
Nor on my mouth, too cold to speak ;
And in your fruitless grief forbear
To shed their sweetness on my hair.
In life I long to feel their breath,
But what are kisses worth to Death ?
Like blossoms dropped on ice and snow,
Like songs when howling tempests blow,
A wasted gift, a vain caress
That might have been a power to bless,
A longing answered all in vain,
A touch that Death must needs disdain
That might a life with joy endow,
Oh! if you kiss me, kiss me now.

Remember not when I am gone
The deeds I did or would have done,
How much I loved, how vainly strove
To find an answer in your love ;
Nor weep to think what loss is yours,
Since neither life nor love endures ;

Say not with tears and cries and prayers ;
“ Would that we showed her tenderer cares,
Had patience with the faults we knew,
Clung to the heart so warm and true,
That now we weep with hopeless pain,
And know will never come again.”
Ah ! breathe not then the useless vow ;
But if you love me, love me now.

Nor, standing round my wintry grave,
Too late to serve me or to save,
Fling on it all you have to give ;
“ At last her follies we forgive !”
An angel might repel with scorn
Such speech of poor repentance born,
Might weep to see such Levite pride
Pass coldly by a coffin’s side.
No ! if within your hearts there be
A kind but slumbering thought of me,
A memory of the vanished past,
A hope of peace and love at last,
A speechless prayer, a silent sense
That sometimes speaks in my defense,
That says : “ Our life is not too long,
And we, perhaps, were sometimes wrong.”
Ah ! listen to that pleading voice
And bid a living heart rejoice.
If late remorse or grief allow
Forgiveness then, forgive me now.

NONNETTES.

(SANGUINARIA CANADENSIS.)

WHEN April woods are all in bud,
And soft the south-winds blow :
When rushing brooks are bright with flood,
And hill-tops bare of snow.

Then in the forests' lonely glades,
The careless blue-birds see
A crowd of white-capped little maids
Rise from their nunnery.

Each cell a dark and wrinkled leaf,
Close folded from the sun ;
Keeps sweet novitiate, cool and brief,
For every tiny nun.

More white than milk that flows and foams,
They lift their placid heads,
Safe in their rough and rocky homes,
Amid these leaf-strewn beds.

No trace of passion or of pain,
Across their brows is drawn ;
They bow not to the sun or rain,
Nor turn to meet the dawn.

Yet dare to pluck one bud away
Where that pure conclave grows,
From the chill stem you make your prey,
What scarlet life-blood flows!

Dear little Sisters of the Snow,
Beneath your virgin veil
What hidden fires of passion glow
To mock that drapery pale!

And we who gather, scant of ruth,
Your blossoms cold and fair,
Pluck also some sad, hidden truth,
That startles us to prayer.

A MEMORY.

ONLY a little verdant lane,
Where odorous pine-trees quiver,
And every breeze that softly blows
Makes the lithe aspens shiver;
A whisper scarce the ear hath heard,
For such a song of brook and bird.

Only a bit of mother Earth,
Set thick with flowers and grasses,
Where leaves are green and violets blue
And the light south-wind passes,
A summer sweetness in the air,
And summer's music everywhere.

It looks a trysting place to be
Where lovers true might wander,
Or on divine philosophy
Some saintly dreamer ponder.
A fair and peaceful solitude,
Where nothing evil dare intrude.

Yet terror fills my secret soul,
And June is like December,
Whenever by that path I pass,
Whenever I remember
The dread, the anguish, the despair,
That filled my tortured spirit there.

Far rather would I see the fires
Of earth's most savage mountain;
Or tread the desert's fatal sands,
Or drink its bitterest fountain,
Than those green woods, those blossoms sweet,
Or the cold brooklet at their feet.

Ah! cruel records keeps the earth,
On her broad bosom sleeping;

Her face is writ with scars of woe,
Her blossoms wet with weeping
The loveliest spot she hath may be
Some lonely soul's Gethsemane.

Thank God, she will not always last!
There will be some to-morrow,
When all her memories shall be gone,
Her record, and her sorrow;
When He who made her shall restore
Her pure and primal state once more.

STRATTON BROOK, July 24th, 1872.

A FAIRY FLIGHT.

A FAIRY lived in a lily bell,
Ring, swing, columbine!
In frosts she stole a wood-snail's shell
Till soft the sun should shine,
And Spring-time come again, my dear:
And Spring-time come again;
With rattling showers and frightened flowers
And bristling blades of grain.

And oh! the lily bell was sweet,
Ring, sing, columbine!
But the snail shell pinched her little feet,
And the sun was slow to shine.
It's long till Spring-time comes, my dear,
Till Spring-time comes again:
The year delays, the winter stays,
And whitens hill and plain.

The fairy caught a butterfly,
Swing, cling, columbine!
The last that dared to float and fly,
When pale the sun did shine:
For Spring is slow to come, my dear,
Is slow to come again.
And far away doth Summer stay
Beyond the roaring main.

She mounted on her painted steed,
Ring, cling, columbine!
And well he served that fairy's need,
And warm the sun did shine.
The Spring she followed fast, my dear,
She followed it amain;
Where blossoms throng the whole year long,
She found the Spring again!

Oh, fairy sweet! come back once more,
Ring, swing, columbine.
When grass is green on hill and shore
And summer sunbeams shine..

What if the Spring is late, my dear,
And comes with dropping rain ?
When roses blow and rivers flow,
Come back to us again !

IN VAIN.

PUT every tiny robe away !
The stitches all were set with tears,
Slow, tender drops of joy ; to-day
Their rain would wither hopes or fears :
Bitter enough to daunt the moth
That longs to fret this dainty cloth.

The filmy lace, the ribbons blue,
The tracery deft of flower and leaf,
The fairy shapes that bloomed and grew
Through happy moments all too brief.
The warm soft wraps. Oh God ! how cold
It must be in that wintry mold !

Fold carefully the broidered wool :
Its silken wreaths will ne'er grow old,
And lay the linen soft and cool
Above it gently fold on fold.

So lie the snows on that soft breast,
Where mortal garb will never rest.

How many days in dreamed delight,
With listless fingers, working slow,
I fashioned them from morn till night
And smiled to see them slowly grow.
I thought the task too late begun ;
Alas ! how soon it all was done !

Go lock them in a cedar chest,
And never bring me back the key !
Will hiding lay this ghost to rest,
Or the turned lock give peace to me ?
No matter ! — only that I dread
Lest other eyes behold my dead.

I would have laid them in that grave
To perish too, like any weed ;
But legends tell that they who save
Such garments, ne'er the like will need :
But give or burn them, — need will be ;
I want but one such memory !

THE FIR TREE.

HEAR'ST thou the song it sings to me?
 The endless song of the dark fir tree.
 Before my window, beside my door,
 It sighs and whispers forevermore.
 By dawn, or daylight, or night's mid-hour,
 I hear its still small voice of power.

“Eternity! Eternity!”

Is the hourly message it brings to me.

When I am weary and worn with pain,
 And the burning sunshine fires my brain,
 Faint, and listless, and fit for death,
 It swings and rustles with fragrant breath:
 “Hot and lonely thy noon may be,
 But there is a long, long rest for thee:

Eternity! Eternity!”

This is the psalm of the old fir tree.

Sometimes the storms of Summer pour,
 The lightnings dazzle, the thunders roar;
 Those dark boughs groan, and writhe, and sway.
 But sighing and moaning still they say:
 “An end to the tempests of earth shall be;
 A tranquil morning awaiteth thee —

Eternity! Eternity!

Beyond this fateful and angry sea.”

When Winter hath scattered leaf and rose,
 And the boughs bend low with heavy snows,
 Their patient drooping a lesson lends,
 To a life borne down with the care He sends.
 "Bend to thy burden! awhile for thee
 The weight and the wear of toil must be.
 Eternity! Eternity
 From care and carking shall set thee free."

If the ways of man my spirit vex,
 And the ways of God my soul perplex,
 When He hath taken my life's desire,
 And molten my heart in his fining fire;
 When the dearest eyes I cannot see,
 And the voice I longed for is dead to me:
 "Wait! for thy longing shall find the key;
 Eternity! Eternity!
 There shall the dayspring come back to thee,"
 Softly singeth the dark fir tree.

When I shall sleep in my quiet grave,
 Oh kindly fir tree, above me wave!
 Utter thine anthems to one who grieves
 Under thy shining, singing leaves:
 Keep thy faith like the fadeless tree!
 Tender and true let memory be.
 Eternity! Eternity!
 There thy lost love is waiting for thee!"
 Blest be thy music, oh dark fir tree!
 And blessed the Maker who fashioned thee!

INDOLENCE.

INDOLENT, indolent ! yes, I am indolent ;
 So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly ;
 So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
 Drinking in quietness, peace, and content ;
 So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
 Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
 Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent, indolent ! yes, I am indolent ;
 So is the cloud overhanging the mountain ;
 So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
 Uttering softly its silvery psalm.
 Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
 Silent as blossoms the night-dew is closing,
 But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent, indolent ! yes, I am indolent,
 If it be idle to gather my pleasure
 Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
 Midnight and morning, by forest and sea,
 Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
 Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation,
 Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent, indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth and its usages weary,
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning to heap up your gold!
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion,
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead which are pulseless and cold!

Indolent, indolent! art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost!
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent? art thou not lost?

NOCTURN.

I.

NIGHT hovering o'er the languid lily-bell,
Pours shade and sleep;
Dim loitering brooks their dripping rosaries tell;
And shadows creep,
Like ghosts that haunt a dream, through forests still
and deep.

Cool odors sigh across the rustling leaves
 In dew distilled ;
Far through the hills some falling river grieves ;
 All earth is stilled,
Save where a dreaming bird with sudden song is
 thrilled.

The sunshine, tangled in the chestnut boughs,
 In darkness dies ;
Flowers, with shut eyelids, pay their peaceful vows,
 And daylight lies
Faint in the fading West to see the stars arise.

Sleep, weary soul ! the folding arms of night
 For thee are spread ;
Her fresh, cool kisses on thy brow alight ;
 Droop, aching head !
Receive the slumberous dew these gracious heavens
 have shed.

Thy day is long, thy noontide hot and sere ;
 But eve hath come
To sing low anthems in thy trancèd ear
 Like welcomes home,
And prelude this brief sleep with songs of one to come.

NOCTURN.

II.

DEAR night, from the hills return!

Darkness hath passed away,
And I see the flush of morning burn,

Red o'er the mountains gray.

My life is like a song

That a bird sings in its sleeping,

Or a hidden stream that flows along

To the sound of its own soft weeping.

Sunlight is made for care,

For the weary languid day;

When the locust cymbals beat the air,

And the hot winds cease to play.

But night rolls dark and still,

Oblivion's fabled river,

In whose sweet silence the restless will

Sleeps, and would sleep forever.

Shrill in the rustled maize

The boding cricket cries;

And through the East, where the dawn delays,

Seaward the wild duck flies.

Noon comes with brazen glare,
Stifling earth's song with splendor,
To drink the mists from the glittering air,
And dew from the blossoms tender.

But when the night comes on,
With cool and quiet sighs,
To shed fond thoughts on the soul alone,
And rest in the tear-stained eyes,—
I lie beneath the stars,
And life from their light is given,
Till my dreams escape from mortal wars,
And sleep on the shore of heaven.

THE SUTTEE.

COME, thou dead image, to thy rest!
The flashing embers wait for thee,
And heaped above my panting breast
Lie faggots fit thy couch to be.

I know thee now, cold shape of clay,
Whose life was but a thrill from mine!—
One gasp, and undeceiving day
Showed the base thing no more divine.

Lo! I have framed a costly pyre;
There lie those dreams with wandering eyes,
And hopes, too ashen now for fire,
Strew pathways to the sacrifice.

I am a widow, and shall I
Linger a living death away?
Here on the dead, I, too, will die,
Quick! lest the flesh refuse to stay.

Burn! burn! glare upward to the skies,
Paint the low hills and creeping night:
Louder the shrieking south-wind cries,
And terror speeds the lessening light.

Slowly these eager tongues aspire;
I shudder, though they set me free.
Go, coward senses, to the fire—
But the wing'd soul, oh God! to Thee!

ORIOLE.

ORIOLE on the willow-tree!
Singing such melodious measures,
Singing thou of summer pleasures, —
Crimson fields of honeyed clover,
Sweet to smell in flying over,
Nests on breezy branches swinging,
Carols in the soft air ringing,
Bluest sky with cloud fleets sailing,
Food and shelter never failing,
Life so rapturous in its living,
Nature never scant of giving,
Love, or sorrow, or such gladness,
As is most akin to madness?
Or for singing, singest thou,
Swayed on yonder slender bough, —
In thy song itself delighting
Sweet beyond all poet's writing,
Clear and liquid as the river
Flowing to the sea forever,
Glad as south-winds come in June
To the rose asleep at noon?
Nothing wistful, no way tender,
Voice of Nature's soulless splendor,

Some outpouring of the flame
Burning in thy wing and name,
Song that doth to heaven aspire
Even as leaping, quivering fire,
 Oriole on the willow-tree,
 Tell thy fairy tale to me!

Then the oriole laughed again,
Laughing at my question vain,
As the brook laughs down the mountain,
Like the laughter of a fountain;
Flashing through the willow-tree
Thus the oriole sang to me:—
“Restless, sorrowing, weak, and human,
Most of all a weary woman,
Can a bird-song on a tree
Utter any speech to thee?
Can thy soul receive the gladness
Of a thing that knows not sadness?
Canst thou know, insatiate creature,
All this mighty joy of Nature?
Joy so rich, so full, so fleeting,
Scarce it lives beyond the greeting;
Joy the dancing leaves adorning,
Glittering in the dewy morning,
In the soft winds gayly blowing,
In the sparkling waters flowing,
Utterly intact of sorrow,
Careless for the distant morrow;

Joy that burns in grace and beauty,
Darkened with no ghost of duty,
Rapture bright beyond all loving,
Gladness all dismay reproving;
Now a flame through verdure flying,
Now like any swift spark dying;
Nothing tossed by hope or fear,
Shadowed not by smile or tear;
Questioner beneath the tree,
Wouldst thou not an oriole be?"

Underneath the willow-tree
Thus the oriole sang to me.
Ah! what could I give for answer
To this gay and glad romancer?
Dreams that round me love to linger
On my hot lips laid a finger,
Dreams that held me all unwilling,
Dreams most sad in their fulfilling;
Yet I knew them dear and tender
More than all this song of splendor;
Dear as thorns are to the roses,
Dear as graves where love reposes;
Could I lose them out of living,
I, who asked not for their giving?
I, who on a weary day
Threw my dreaming soul away,
Would I take it back again,
Pure of joy and pure of pain,

Nevermore to thrill or languish,
Nevermore to throb with anguish,
Ne'er earth's dread delight to prove,
Nevermore to live,— or love?
 Oriole on the willow-tree,
 I must still a woman be!

A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

My darling! my darling! the midnight is here,
To stifle and tempt me with longing and fear:
I hear through the darkness thy sweet little voice,
Like birds in their nest that in slumber rejoice.

My darling! my darling! a long night hath come,
I am straying alone in the ashes of home,
Its echoes of love and their answers of peace,
All voices that blessed me in solitude cease.

I gave them my life as the Father gives air;
I gave them my love without stint or compare.
They used them, — and left me to die by the way!
My darling, my love! thou art kinder than they

From thee in thy blossom the sweetness of dawn,
Its truth and its perfume no grief hath withdrawn
Thou lovest for love's sake, not duty nor gain ;
Life hath not defiled thee, nor trouble, nor pain.

Ah! would that together in some quiet grave,
Or deep in the ocean's long sorrowing wave,
Thy tiny arms around me, thy head on my breast,
We two lay forever in passionless rest.

In the night and the day-time I long for thy face :
I dream that thou liest at rest in thy place ;
I waken and call thee with piteous prayer :
My darling! my darling! why art thou not there ?

Oh God, when Thou judgest the false and the true !
When the anguish and passion of living are through ;
I ask of Thy mercy to give me above
This baby who only hath answered my love !

BEST

“Love is better than house and lands ;
So Sir Stephen I'll ride with thee.”
She made one step where the courser stands,
One light spring to the saddle-tree.

Love is better than kith or kin :
So close she clung, and so close clasped he,
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Or snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better than life and breath :
The drifts are over the horse's knee,
Softly they sink to the soft white death,
And the snow-shroud hides them silently.

Houses and lands are gone for aye ;
Kith and kin like the wild wind flee ;
Life and death have vanished away ;
But love hath blossomed eternally.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

And she said unto her father, Let this thing be done for me ; let me alone two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains, and bewail my virginity.—JUDGES xi, 37.

ALONE, alone on the mountains, the mountains wild
and high,
Far below in midnight the sleeping cities lie,
Strange and fearful silence ! Is it life or after-death
That folds me in its shadow, and crushes out my
breath ?

Far above is heaven, far below is earth :
Heaven with stars of glory, the world with songs of
mirth,
And I alone between them, a spirit cold and gray,
Lingering in the body, afraid to pass away.

“ Mourn ! ” says the wind-swept ether. “ Mourn ! ” the
echoes cry.

“ Weep for the hopes that perish ; weep for the dreams
that die ! ”

Along the light horizon a troop of visions pass
Frail as wandering shadows the clouds make on the
grass.

Crowding wistful faces, their eyes as dark as mine,
Over their loosened tresses the crowns of Judah shine.
O my lost! my darlings! who never shall be born,
Fading into glory as stars fade into morn.

No soft baby fingers tinged like an ocean shell,
No light baby footsteps within my tent shall dwell;
The maidens of my kindred shall know a mother's
heart,
But Death and I together in the bridal train depart.

Deeper in the vision I see a face divine,
Woman-born Redeemer! Hope of David's line.
Oh! cursed above all women! daughter of dust and
shame!
Forgotten among Israel! He shall not bear thy
name.

The girls who loved my girlhood come from the
sleeping plain,
I hear their mingled voices that wail my life in vain.
Lost in mountain caverns, to them the echoes sigh,
My soul shall fall in darkness that murmurs no reply.

I have said my sorrow, I have mourned my death:
Pride of Judah's princes, uphold my failing breath!
A woman's mortal weakness has had its mortal sway.
Calm as the dawn that breaketh my soul shall glide
away.

NEW MOON.

ONCE, when the new moon glittered
So slender in the West,
I looked across my shoulder,
And a wild wish stirred my breast.

Over my white, right shoulder
I looked at the silver horn,
And wished a wish at even
To come to pass in the morn.

Whenever the new moon glittered,
So slender and so fine,
I looked across my shoulder,
And wished that wish of mine!

Now, when the West is rosy,
And the snow-wreaths blush below,
And I see the light white crescent
Float downward, soft and slow;

I never look over my shoulder,
As I used to look before;
For my heart is older and colder,
And now I wish no more!

A WIND.

SWEET Autumn Wind, whose breath with whispering
flow

Visiteth softly my o'erwearied brow ;
Not the fierce North, whose frosty trumpets blow
Defiance to the earth, o'ercomes me now.
Thou, like the mists which soften into peace
The fading forests, with thy kiss serene
Givest my long-shut tears a sweet release,
Yet with no voice to ask what tears may mean.
Gentlest of all dear Nature's ministrants,
Who, laden with mild odors from the sea,
Comest at evening to my shadowy haunts
Rustling as if a spirit stirred the tree,
And shed its dry leaves softly to the earth,
Take grateful thanks from me and sighs more sweet
than mirth.

DECEMBER XXXI.

THERE goes an old Gaffer over the hill,
Thieving, and old, and gray;
He walks the green world, his wallet to fill,
And carries good spoil away.

Into his bag he popped a king;
After him went a friar
Many a lady, with gay gold ring,
Many a knight and squire.

He carried my true-love far away,
He stole the dog at my door;
The wicked old Gaffer, thieving and gray
He'll never come by any more.

My little darling, white and fair,
Sat in the door and spun;
He caught her fast by her silken hair,
Before the child could run.

He stole the florins out of my purse,
The sunshine out of mine eyes;
He stole my roses, and, what is worse,
The gray old Gaffer told lies.

He promised fair when he came by,
 And laughed as he slipped away,
 For every promise turned out a lie;
 But his tale is over to-day.

Good-by, old Gaffer! you'll come no more,
 You've done your worst for me.
 The next gray robber will pass my door,
 There's nothing to steal or see!

LOTOS-LAND.

OH, land beloved! oh, land unknown!
 By what blue Rhine or rapid Rhone,
 Or any river man hath known,
 Shall I arrive at thee?
 Or by what mighty trackless seas,
 Where the unwearied northern breeze
 From dumb and frozen caverns flees
 Triumphant, to be free.

Or by what desert, red and vast,
 Breathing the fevered tropic blast,
 Shall my too lingering steps at last
 Attain to thy sweet shore?

Oh, plains serene! Oh, rivers rolled
Like babbling dreams o'er sands of gold!
Fair birds that do your pinions fold,
And singing, cease to soar!

Skies, where such slumbrous mists are shed!
The heart forgets it ever bled,
And sleep lies on the lonely head,
Forgetting and forgot.
There nothing has been or shall be,
But all things are eternally.
The tired soul may not think nor see
Such quiet rules the spot;

For there is neither hope nor fear,
No hated thing and nothing dear,
Nor any troubled atmosphere,
Nor anything but rest.
Such utter sleep, such thoughtlessness,
As might a mortal life redress
And set aside its deadly stress,
From even a woman's breast.

Oh, land, dear land! sweet visioned shore,
That no man's footsteps may explore,
Nor any but a fool deplore,
Yet would I slept in thee!
The jester tires of cap and bells,
The disenchanted laughs at spells,
The past all future lies foretells.
Dear land, come true for me!

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Lo, mother! it is here — thou hast thy will :
 My work is done, my heart is stained with blood,
 My hands are full of it ; the sky is red ;
 From sea to sea the land is red to me ;
 The sun is blood.

Mother, I danced for Herod.
 I hung a shining garment on these limbs,
 I bound my heavy hair with scarlet flowers,
 And on my ancles tied the silver bells
 That tinkled to my shame. Oh, curséd robes !
 Oh, curséd head ! I would its crown were heaped
 With dust and ashes ; trodden under foot,
 The scorn of men. Yea, I would have the sea
 Lash all its raging waves above my brow,
 To hide me from myself.

Listen, Herodias !
 I pleased thy husband's brother, and he swore
 I should have what I would, for such a show
 No guerdon were too great. I heard thy words
 Go hissing through my brain : I saw thine eyes,
 As when I left thee, gleam with lurid fire —
 " Revenge !" I cried, " Give me the Baptist's head !"

There went a cloud across my uncle's brow,
He paused, and some sweet pity in his heart
Pleaded for John; but I — I forced him on;
I think the very devil of the Jews
Spake for me, since I know not what I said.
Still he grew sad; and then the guests began
To press his oath upon him, so at last
He sent his Lybian slave to bring that head,
And, passing from the chamber, left me there
To wait; not long, they brought it very soon.
Look there! is it enough? have I done well?
Oh, take it! take it! else those pallid lips
Will speak my soul's damnation; send it hence
Before those glassy eyes look through my heart
With fearful accusation.

Ah! it shivers!

It surely moves — mother, do dead men live?
— A phantom of my brain; am I then crazed?
I am, to call thee by the tender name
And loving sound of "mother." I was crazed
To do thy bidding; and when death itself
Stares in my face with close unwinking eyes,
You tell me, in a quiet voice, to sleep!
Why, should you tie me to a bed of down,
Or lay these weary limbs along the turf
Of cool Libanus, where a thousand springs
Went dropping by my pillow, I should wake.
I never more shall sleep — not with the dead,
For I shall dream of judgment in my grave.

But, Hark, Herodias! thou didst plan the murder;
There is a reckoning somewhere kept for thee.
For this, thy sleep shall be disturbed with groans;
For this, thy waking shall be cold with fear;
For this, the voiceless spangles of the night
Shall look upon thee with the Baptist's eyes;
His deathful smile shall flicker in the fire;
His rigid hand shall draw the curtain back,
At midnight, from thy couch; the very winds
Shall take his voice to bid thee think of him.
And when thou liest at the festal board,
The wine that fills thy cup shall turn to blood;
The cooling snow from virgin Caucasus
Shall burn with crimson. Yea, the face thou lovest,
The face of Herod, shall be turned to his,
And with the livid pallor of the grave,
Stare from his throne.

Alas! my life is dead.

My days are withered. Had I tears to spare,
They were for thee, Herodias; but mine eyes
Are dry as desert sands. Go while thou canst.
Exult in thy revenge; but dread thy doom.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

How the wind yells on the Gulf and prairie !
How it rattles in the windows wide !
And the rats squeak like our old ship's rigging :
I shall die with the turn of tide.

I've had a rough life on the ocean
And a tough life on the land ;
Now I'm like a broken hulk in the dock-yard,—
I can't stir foot nor hand.

There are green trees in the Salem graveyard ;
By the meeting-house steps they grow ;
And there they put my poor old mother,
The third in the leeward row.

There's the low red house on the corner,
With a slant roof and a well-sweep behind,
And yellow-headed fennel in the garden,—
How I see it when I go blind !

I wish I had a mug of cold water
From the bottom of that old curb-well.
I wish my mother's face was here alongside,
While I hear that tolling bell !

There's a good crop of corn in the meadow,
And the biggest boy a'n't there to hoe;
They'll get in the apples and the pumpkins,
But I've done my last chores below.

Don't you hear the Norther risin', doctor?
How it yells and hollers, far and wide!
And the moon's a shinin' on that graveyard,—
Hold on! I'm agoin' with the tide.

A ROSARY.

ROSES, roses, roses,
All the world over;
Daisies in the mowing,
On the hill-side clover;
But the sweet sad roses
And the mad bee-lover
Come in June.

Roses, roses, roses,
Red in the grasses,
Snowy in the garden.

When the hot sun passes
Then the singing summer dies,
And snow the rose surpasses,
In the moon.

Oh, the fair sad roses!
Sad for their loving,
Left alone to rain-drops,
When the bee goes roving,
And their honey-sweet lips
To no long kiss moving,
Only die!

Oh, the love-red roses!
With their golden centres,
Sweeter than spices ;
Where the south-wind enters,
And on the bee's track
The butterfly ventures
With his lie!

G R A Y .

IN the dead calm of night, when the stars are all shining,
 The deep, silent shadows lie cold o'er my head,
 And the wind, like a sad spirit, round the house pining,
 Calls up from their quiet the tones of the dead.

Almost I can see them who rustle the curtain,
 And flit past my cheek like a cold waft of air;
 I hear their faint sighs and their footsteps uncertain,
 I need not a vision to know they are there.

They call from the past all its bitterest warnings,
 And trail the gray ghosts through my shuddering soul,
 The nights of lone grief and the desolate mornings,
 The long days of anguish that mocked my control.

Then comes the still angel who watches me ever,
 And numbers the tears of my sleepless despair,
 And for each sullen drop that assuages its fever,
 The angel stoops softly, and kisses my hair.

And at dawn I perceive in those shadowy tresses
 Bright silvery threads, as they fall o'er my breast,
 And I know where the angel has left his caresses,
 A promise and pledge that he hastens my rest.

IN PART.

IN part we prophesy. The restless heart
Sees, through the veil of this mysterious life,
Some shadows of the life to come — a part
Dimly drawn out. As by some painter's art
Lines, tints, and touches, seemingly at strife,
Resolve to fitness and to beauty start,
From deepest chaos, so the flitting dreams
That come like stings of Ithuriel's dart,
Wakening the sleeping soul from that which seems
To that which is, and bridging o'er the streams
That part us from ourselves, shall yet become
Familiar as realities of home :
And welcome us, like some dear natural voice,
To that transcendent life where we shall yet rejoice.

AT LAST.

THE old, old story o'er again —
 Made up of passion, parting, pain.
 He fought and fell, to live in fame,
 But dying only breathed her name.

Some tears, most sad and innocent ;
 Some rebel thoughts, but all unmeant ;
 Then, with a silent, shrouded heart,
 She turned to life and played her part.

Another man, who vowed and loved,
 Her patient, pitying spirit moved,
 Sweet hopes the dread of life beguiled, —
 The lost love sighed, — the new love smiled.

So she was wed and children bore,
 And then her widowed sables wore ;
 Her eyes grew dim, her tresses gray,
 And dawned at length her dying day.

Her children gather, — some are gone,
 Asleep beneath a lettered stone ;
 The living, cold with grief and fear,
 Stoop down her whispered speech to hear.

No child she calls, no husband needs.
At death's sharp touch the old wound bleeds :
"Call him!" she cried, — her first love's name
Leapt from her heart with life's last flame.

MIDNIGHT.

THE west-wind blows, the west-wind blew,
The snow hissed cruelly,
All night I heard the baffled cry
Of mariners on the sea.

I saw the icy shrouds and sail,
The slippery, reeling deck,
And white-caps dancing pale with flame,
The corpse-lights of the wreck.

The west-wind blows, the west-wind blew,
And on its snowy way,
That hissed and hushed like rushing sand,
My soul fled far away.

The snow went toward the morning hills
In curling drifts of white,
But I went up to the gates of God
Through all the howling night.

I went up to the gates of God.
The angel waiting there,
Who keeps the blood-red keys of Heaven
Stooped down to hear my prayer.

“ Dear keeper of the keys of Heaven,
A thousand souls to-night
Are torn from life on land and sea,
While life was yet delight. ,

“ But I am tired of storms and pain ;
Sweet angel, let me in !
And send some strong heart back again,
To suffer and to sin.”

The angel answered — stern and slow —
“ How darest thou be dead,
While God seeks dust to make the street
Where happier men may tread ?

“ Go back, and eat earth’s bitter herbs,
Go, hear its dead-bells toll ;
Lie speechless underneath their feet,
Who tread across thy soul.

“ Go, learn the patience of the Lord
Whose righteous judgments wait ;
Thy murdered cry may cleave the ground,
But not unbar His gate.”

Right backward, through the whirling snow,
Back, on the battling wind,
My soul crept slowly to its lair,
The body left behind.

The west-wind blows, the west-wind blew,
There are dead men on the sea,
And landsmen dead, in shrouding drifts —
But there is life in me.

“ BLESSED BE NOTHING.”

“ BLESSED be nothing!” an old woman said,
As she scrubbed away for her daily bread.
“ I’m better off than my neighbor the Squire,
He’s afraid of robbers, afraid of fire,
Afraid of flood to wreck his mill,
Afraid of something to cross his will.
I’ve nothing to burn and naught to steal,
But a bit of pork and a bag of meal ;
A house that only keeps off the rain,
Is easy burnt up and built again,
Blessed be nothing ! my heart is light,
I sing at my washing, and sleep all night.”

“Blessed be nothing!” the young man cried,
 As he turned with a smile to his blushing bride.
 “Banks are breaking and stocks are down,
 There’s dread and bitterness all over town,
 There are rich men groaning, and wise men sad,
 And men whose losses have made them mad;
 There’s silk and satin, but scarcely bread.
 And many a woman would fain be dead,
 Whose little children sob and cling
 For the daily pleasure she cannot bring.
 Blessed be nothing for you and me,
 We have no riches on wings to flee.”

Blessed be nothing, if man might choose,
 For he who hath it hath naught to lose,
 Nothing to fear from flood or fire,
 All things to hope for and desire;
 The dream that is better than waking days,
 The future that feeds the longing gaze,
 Better, far better, than all we hold,
 As far as mining exceedeth gold;
 Or hope fruition in earth below;
 Or peace that is in us, outward show.

Almost, — when worn by weary years,
 Tired with a pathway of thorns and tears,
 When kindred fail us, and love has fled,
 And we know the living less than the dead,
 We think that the best of mortal good
 Is a painless, friendless solitude.

For the pangs are more than the peace they give,
Who make our lives so sad to live.
Blessed be nothing! it knows no loss,
Nor the sharpest nail of the Master's cross :
No friend to deny us, of none bereft,
And though we have nothing, yet God is left.

Yet, having nothing, the whole is ours :
No thorns can pierce us, who have no flowers,
And sure is the promise of His word,
Thy poor are blessed in spirit, Lord!
Whatever we lose of wealth or care
Still there is left us the breath of prayer :
That heavenly breath of a world so high
Sorrow and sinning come not nigh.
The sure and certain mercy of Him
Who sitteth between the cherubim
But cares for the lonely sparrow's fall,
And is ready and willing to help us all.
Rich is his bounty to all beneath
To the poorest and saddest he giveth — death!

LATTER SPRING.

THE silent, silent, Sunday morning —
No noise of feet about the house ;
You heard the cat's assiduous purring,
Or in the wall a flittering mouse.

There, all alone, we sat together,
More hushed and still than only one ;
The ghosts of pain and grief are silent :
There comes a time when words are done.

Lost in the rest that was not pleasure,
Gone back, as clouds that follow rain ;
Forgetful, for the dreary moment,
Of life's delayed but sweetest gain ;

No various talk or fitful laughter, —
We did but linger and endure ;
For after all the weary winter
One scarce can feel the spring secure.

When suddenly, outside the window,
In the dull quiet of the lane,
There came a sound of tinkling voices,
As when the black-birds come again.

So sweet, so shrill, and yet so tiny,
So overflowed with life and bliss;
Such rosy blooms and songs together,
Such living scarlet lips to kiss!

We looked, for once, full at each other,
And laughed ourselves: "They're coming home!"
Like apple-blossoms on the branches,
Here in one flush our spring had come.

F A L L E N .

SHE stood upon the barren strand
Beside the hissing sea,
No sail came fluttering toward the land
As far as eye could see.
All heaven was high, all earth alone,
Nor men nor angels heard her moan.

No storm that wrecks the ships of man
Had cast her on the shore,
A hopeless, helpless life to scan,
To conquer or deplore.
A battle lost before the fight,
A day that shuddered into night.

A thousand times the islet's round
She paced with lagging feet,
And searched in all that sterile ground
For pool or fountain sweet;
The brilliant wave whose bubbles burst
More salt than tears, reviled her thirst.

Not any leaf of crispest green
Or fruit of life there grew,
Upon that island's lawn serene,
Beneath those skies of blue,
But high on slender branches swung
Gay poison apples o'er her hung.

So fair their shape, their hue so bright,
So deadly hunger's rage,
They showed so beautiful to the sight,
— And she no patient sage, —
Like her who out of Eden fled,
She plucked and ate: — behold her dead!

And ye who lift abhorring eyes,
In blame of such a deed:
Who, lost and starved 'neath alien skies
Refuse on husks to feed;
If safe ye stand in such a strait,
Close fast on her the heavenly gate!

“CHE SARA SARA.”

SHE walked in the garden
 And a rose hung on a tree,
 Red as heart's blood,
 Fair to see.

“Ah, kind south-wind,
 Bend it to me!”
 But the wind laughed softly,
 And blew to the sea.

High on the branches,
 Far above her head,
 Like a king's cup
 Round, and red.

“I am comely,”
 The maiden said,
 “I have gold like shore-sand,
 I wish I were dead!

“Blushes and rubies
 Are not like a rose,
 Through its deep heart
 Love-life flows.
 Ah, what splendors
 Can give me repose!
 What is all the world worth?
 I cannot reach my rose.”

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

THEY come from all the winds that blow,
From mountain and from shore,
Dear faces that we love and know,
Around the fire once more.

The fair locks wave, the voices thrill,
The sweet eyes fondly gleam,
Ah worth long days of lowering ill,
The rapture of the dream.

And sitting by that quiet fire,
What fairer faces glow,
To sate the baffled heart's desire,
That mocked it long ago.

The dead and gone, the living lost,
The faithless and the true,
The grave unseals its lips of frost,
The dead heart wakens too.

Sweet life, sad life! dear vanished years,
Ye come with smiles to-night;
The rainbow of those bitter tears,
That wept your weary flight.

Oh night detain thy gracious spell!
Thy lonely dawn delay :
They live too long and love too well,
Whose dreams can darken day!

G O N E .

A SILENT, odor-laden air,
From heavy branches dropping balm ;
A crowd of daisies milky fair,
That sunward turn their faces calm.
So rapt, a bird alone may dare
To stir their rapture with his psalm.

So falls the perfect day of June
To moonlit eve, from dewy dawn,
With light winds rustling through the noon,
And conscious roses half withdrawn,
In blushing buds that wake too soon,
To flaunt their hearts on every lawn.

The wide content of summer's bloom,
The peaceful glory of its prime ;

Yet over all a brooding gloom,
 A desolation born of time;
As distant storm-caps tower and loom,
 And shroud the sun with heights sublime.

For they are vanished from the trees,
 And vanished from the thronging flowers,
Whose tender tones thrilled every breeze
 And sped with mirth the flying hours.
No form nor shape my sad eye sees;
 No faithful spirit haunts these bowers.

Alone, alone, in sun or dew!
 One fled to heaven, of earth afraid;
And one to earth, with eyes untrue
 And lips of faltering passion strayed.
Nor shall the strenuous years renew
 On any bough these leaves that fade.

Long summer-days shall come and go—
 No Summer brings the dead again.
I listen for that voice's flow
 And ache at heart with deepening pain.
And one fair face no more I know,
 Still living sweet, but sweet in vain.

C. E. T.

BLOW sweet south-wind from the sea,
Bring the red buds to hill and lea,
Waken the fountains that dream of thee,
One thing cannot come back to me!

Oh! thou sleeper, the soft south air
Moaned above thee with cry and prayer;
Vain the pleading of love's despair;
Thou hast left the burden for us to bear.

Safe forever on heaven's dear shore,
Thee no winter shall visit more,
Thy heart is rested, thy fears are o'er
On "the hills of God" no tempests roar.

Hearts that are aching with mortal pain,
Longing to hear thy voice again:
Through wintry breezes and sobbing rain,
Cry for thy coming and cry in vain.

Pass, oh spring-time! with swiftest feet.
Hasten, summer, on breezes fleet:
Come thou morning of morns most sweet,
When the living rest and the dead shall meet.

DAILY BREAD.

MASTER, help! From hour to hour
Lord, I need thy saving power,
Not to soothe to-morrow's woes;
Not to bless to-night's repose;
Now, I hunger to be fed,
Give to-day my daily bread,

Every moment hold my hand,
Without Thee I cannot stand.
Show my foot the place to tread,
Step by step I must be led:
Go before me all the way
Give me daily bread to-day.

If I look beyond the hour,
Heart and hand forget their power;
Sin and sorrow waiting near,
Fill my soul with mortal fear.
Hope and help alike are fled,
I must live by daily bread.

While mine eyes are fixed on Thee
Nothing of myself I see;

While thy strength is mine to wear.
All things I can do and bear,
Close beside me, Master, stay!
Give me daily bread to-day.

Then when days shall come no more,
When my need and want are o'er;
When thy feeblest child shall be
Led to living streams by Thee;
Lamb of God! with heavenly bread
May I still by Thee be fed.

SUB ROSA.

Who knows the secret of the rose?
Deep in her silent heart it glows:
The sun alone, from upper air,
Discerns the heavenly mystery there.
Is there one human soul that knows
The sacred secret of the rose?

Not he who sad and daunted stands,
Afraid to reach his trembling hands,

Afraid to grasp the bliss that lies
Deep in those golden mysteries,
Lest men or angels shout in scorn
The legend of the rose's thorn.

Not he who wastes his listless hours,
Like idle moths, on any flowers ;
High on the rose's front serene
Blazes the crown that marks the queen
No soul that dares that sign deny
Shall in her fragrant bosom lie.

Nor he who knows no more delight
Than dwells within his fickle sight ;
For blush and bloom may pass away
In compass of a summer's day ;
But still the rose's heart is sweet,
Though all its outward glow be fleet.

But he who meets its keenest thorn
With gracious strength and tender scorn ;
Who knows the royal heart that stands
Waiting the touch of royal hands ;
Who trusts to love's eternity
When love's own blossoms fade and die ;
Who waits with passion's patient strength
For passion's peace, that comes at length—
He only conquers, for he knows
The sacred secret of the rose.

AWAKE.

ALL the night long, all the long night,
 Exiled from sunshine and from sight,
 Haunted with all the sounds of dread,
 Darkness crowding on my head,
 The wind that cries in soulless agony,
 Or driving rain,
 With quick light fingers rapping on the pane,
 Or those fierce gales that flee
 From the dark Northern sea,
 Wild with the terror of their lonely flight,
 Flinging their awful wings across the night
 Till roof and rafter shake with fear,
 And forests bend, and the dread oceans hear
 And rise to battle, every hoary crest
 Alive with light, the frantic gale to breast.

Or else my sad and frightened ear,
 Quick the feeblest sound to hear
 Knows each gliding step that steals
 Up and down the creaking stair,
 And silenced by a vague despair
 The breath of ghostly presence feels.
 Or in the wall a rustling stir
 Hushed on a sudden; and the air
 Thrills with conscious life, unseen,

Till my quick breath hardly dare
 Gasp its sobbing utterance
 Lest it break that awful trance
 To some new horror.

Then, outside, the fir
 With crush and hiss of prickling icy boughs
 Thorned with spears of dripping frost,
 By midnight's angry breath is tossed
 Against the overhanging eaves;
 Or the weary south wind grieves
 And all the old sad days arouse
 To haunt me in my sleeplessness:
 Rank upon rank, the armies of distress.

Then all the dead awake.
 I hear their voices thin and far
 Fainter than fading echoes are.
 I see their faces turned from me,
 As one their new eyes cannot see,
 They know me not. Does death estrange?
 Shall an alien with them range!
 Oh ye beloved! I am living yet.
 Ye dead, do ye forget?
 Ah! my heart must dumbly ache
 Torn with longing for your sake.
 When will the horror of the darkness pass?

See! on its depths a stealing, misty ray,
 Felt more than seen, a creeping shade of gray,

Softly through the window pane,
Calls my soul to life again.
Warm and warmer still it grows,
Streaked with saffron and with rose,
And the great sun, dawning slow
Bids the purple hillsides glow ;
The light has come! the light, and life, and breath,
Oh God Thou art the light. Darkness is death.

A THANKSGIVING.

I BRING my hymn of thankfulness
To Thee, dear Lord, to-day ;
Though not for joys Thy name I bless
And not for gifts I pray.
The griefs that know not man's redress
Before Thy feet I lay.

Master! I thank Thee for the sin
That taught mine eyes to see
What depths of loving lie within
The heart that broke for me ;
What patience human want can win
From God's divinity.

I thank Thee for the blank despair,
When friend and love forsake,
That taught me how Thy cross to bear,
Who bore it for my sake,
And showed my lonely soul a prayer
That from Thy lips I take.

I thank Thee for the life of grief
I share with all below,
Wherein I learn the sure relief
My brother's heart to know,
And in the wisdom taught of pain
To soothe and share his woe.

I thank Thee for the languid years
Of loneliness and pain,
When flesh and spirit sowed in tears,
But scattered not in vain;
For trust in God and faith in man
Sprang up beneath the rain.

I thank Thee for my vain desires,
That no fulfilment knew;
For life's consuming, cleansing fires,
That searched me through and through,
Till I could say to Him: "Forgive!
They know not what they do."

What fulness of my earthly store,
What shine of harvest sun,

What ointment on Thy feet to pour,
 What honored race to run,
 What joyful song of thankfulness,
 Here ended or begun,
 Shall mate with mine, who learn so late
 To know Thy will is done?

CAMARALZAMAN.

"Then the queen looked into his face, and said, O beloved, awake! but Maimouna the fairy immersed him in sleep, and pressed down his head with her wing, so he awoke not." — ARABIAN NIGHTS.

DEEP in the lily its odor lies,
 Hidden in beauty cold as snow;
 Only the south wind stoops as it flies,
 Stealing sweetness that dreams below.

Deep in the heart of the Arab tale
 Sleeps the breath of a truth divine;
 Open thy petals, oh lily pale,
 Make the splendor and perfume mine.

When the rapture of life shall call,
 Low or loud, through my weary dream;
 When its lips on my slumber fall,
 And its eyes of summer above me gleam,—

Patient angel of strength and power,
Guarding ever my wandering way,
Pour thy sleep on the fateful hour,
Hide mine eyes from the dawning day.

When the thrill of its kisses spread
Life and bliss till the sleep must flee,
Press thy wing on my restless head,
Keep me sleeping and safe for thee!

THE RABBI'S LESSON.

My solemn friend, whose dismal face
Darkens both street and dwelling-place,
The moody slave of self and greed,
Regardless of another's need;
You whom I greet in any crowd
Like some impending thunder-cloud,
Whose snap and snarl at wife and child
Is most like beasts that range the wild;
Hear what a volume old and sage
Has for your comfort on its page!

One sunny day, the Talmud says,
A Rabbi walked the city's ways,
And met with startled gaze and awe
A prophet noted in the law.
The Rabbi bent his haughty head
Before this vision from the dead.
"Tell me, O master," pleaded he,
"Among this swarming crowd we see
Who shall attain to certain bliss
In that dread world that follows this."
"Behold that man!" the prophet cried,
"Humpbacked and lame and evil-eyed."
"That man, who keeps the prison keys?
Most mean and vile of all of these!"
"Yea, for the prisoners bless the sound
Of footsteps halting on the ground,
Such mercy and such cheer they bring,
Such tender care in everything,
Such pity for the soul that strayed,
For every want such tender aid.
Moreover, right before thee stand
Two travelers to the heavenly land —
Those smiling men, with saw and plane,
Intent their daily bread to gain.
Ragged and poor, they both belong
Most surely to the heavenly throng."
The prophet vanished as he spoke,
More sudden than a wind-blown smoke;
But little did the Rabbi heed,
He followed on those men with speed.

“Tell me, O brethren, how is this?
What works ye do for heavenly bliss?”
They turned and looked him in the face.
“Why should Jehovah grant us grace?
We have but cheerful hearts within,
Nor think our happiness a sin.
And, if we meet a man cast down
Or sad at heart about the town,
We cheer him up with jest and song
And pleasant words and laughter long.
The little children as we pass
Smile at us from the nodding grass.
Sometimes we sport with them awhile,
Or wranglers strive to reconcile,
Whatever lies within our power
To make one happy heart or hour.”
The Rabbi blessed them where they stood,
Then turned and sought his solitude.
But ever thence, from deed and word,
Men called him “Sunshine of the Lord.”

IN PACE.

BE silent, friend! thy laugh and jest delay ;
There lies a dead thing in my house to-day.
A wan and wasted corpse I do not mourn.
Nay, rather weep that ever it were born.

Slow moons have watched its still decreasing breath,
And hopeless years awaited each its death,
Yet still the patient, gasping, weary child
Looked for the lingering end and sighed and smiled.

So some poor dog, for service less refined,
Beaten and cowed by man's superior mind,
Amid its latest tortures fawns and cries,
And licks the hand by whose command it dies.

Sleep! sleep in peace ; secure shall be thy rest
As a dead child upon its mother's breast ;
I draw a breath of long and sweet relief,
Broke with past sobs and spent with wasted grief.

Yet well I know that ere this day return,
The soul that slew thee o'er thy dust shall mourn ;
Feel all too late the loss no time can heal,
And all in vain to heaven or man appeal :
Thy dying pangs avenge in dull despair,
And dread its life because thou art not there.

NON SEQUITUR.

NEW, grassy scents, stir everywhere,
 And soft the southern winds complain:
 Are these slow dews dropped out of air?
 And are they tears, or are they rain?

Some vague and sweet philosophy
 With flattering love-lips made reply, —
 “Is not the omen good to thee?
 Both have their harvest by-and-by.”

Then answered my indignant heart —
 “The rain is fresh, the rain is cold,
 What wonder if the blossoms start
 When God bestows it on the mould!

“But hot and bitter tears of pain,
 The wild result of desperate hours,
 What harvests black of blasted grain
 Should follow such unblessed showers?”

“Go to, sweet voice! leave men to lie.
 The fond analogies you draw
 Blazon their own futility, —
 Who judges man by nature’s law?”

S I B I .

THOU solitary, wayward, restless heart,
 Eager, bewildered seeker after rest,
 Wrapt in thy pride and sorrow far apart,
 Sad cynic, in a poor indifference drest!

Hear! for I have a message unto thee,
 My brother! my beloved! there is a light
 Even for *thy* closed eyes; a melody
 That shall outsing all terrors of the night.

Forsake the burdens thou hast made and bound!
 Put on the garments of a little child,
 In silent faith and pure obedience found,
 Simple and meek, with spirit undefiled.

Know Love surrounds thee like the unseen air,
 Love that redeemed thee — infinite — divine —
 And mortal Pity longs thy griefs to bear,
 Were but its timid fingers clasped by thine.

Dear heart! the drooping vision never sees
 How the stars shine, nor any storm-bent bow;
 So thou beholdest not the sympathies,
 Tender and faithful, that about thee grow.

Love and thou shalt be loved ; for never yet
 Was any soul left to the bonds of hate
 That breathed out peace. Nor can thy God forget.
 Trust ! for He shall not leave thee desolate.

When the immortal glory after death
 Streams on thy past, how wilt thou start to see
 What love unknown hung on thy very breath,
 Hoped, pitied, prayed and nightly wept for thee.

Strong is the patience of our Father's care
 My brother ! my belov'd ! and o'er thy way
 Watch eyes of human tenderness and prayer,
 Take courage ! — on the mountains breaketh day !

H E R E .

SWEET summer-night, beside the sea,
 Cast all thy sweet life over me !
 Thy silence and serenity,
 Thy healing and content ;
 The rushing waves that fall and break
 Unutterable music make,
 And words that no man ever spake
 Are to its measure lent.

The salt wind kisses into rest
Both languid eye and fevered breast,
The cool gray rock, with sea-weeds drest,
 Gives shadow, still with strength ;
The bitter and baptismal sea
With living water sprinkles me,
Slow patience sets her bondsman free,
 And blesses him at length.

There is a time in every tide
When surf and billow both subside,
And on the outward current glide
 Both shark and pirate sail ;
The shipwrecked sailor, cast ashore,
Perceives afar that lessening roar,
And gives one desperate struggle more.
 Ah! shall that struggle fail ?

MONOTROPA.

LOVES serene, uncarnate Graces!
Born of pure dreams in lonely places,
Where the black untrodden earth
Rejects the dancing sunshine's mirth,
And slow leaves, dropping through the wood,
Stir to sound the solitude.
Through what tranquil, odorous airs,
Undisturbed by sighs or prayers,
Paler than pale alabaster
Wrought to life by some old master,
Did ye into vision rise,
And nocturnal moths surprise?

Clustered in undrapery'd whiteness,
Pierced by stars to lucent brightness,
Cooler than a baby's lips,
Pure as dew that nightly drips,
Utterly intact and calm,
Cold to summer's rapturous balm,
So divine that in ye lingers
A shuddering dread of mortal fingers,
Though their tips be pink and fine,
Under the caress ye pine,

Blackened with the passion-fever
That your cool bells shun forever.

Sweetest souls of beauty-lovers,
Above your cups the gold bee hovers,
In sequestered maze and awe,
Repelled by instinct's sacred law ;
Knowing well no sweetness is
In your frosted chalices.
Never bird, nor bee, nor moth,
Inebriate with sunny sloth,
Dare intrude on hallowed ground,
Cease thyself, vain rhythmic sound !

EXOGENESIS.

THE curving beach and shining bay,
Stretch from the cliff-foot far away,
Where sailing dreams of ships go by
And trace their spars against the sky.
A belt of woodland, dense and dark,
The distant beacon's flashing spark,
The moth-white sails that wing-and-wing
Up from the purple ocean spring ; —

One and all, in the perfect hour,
Open to life its perfect flower ;
Though the ardent rose is dim and dead,
Though the cool Spring-daisies all are fled,
The lily unfolds its tintless calm
And the golden anthers are spiced with balm.

Come, my soul, from thy silent cell !
Know the healing of Nature's spell.
The soft wild waves that rush and leap,
Sing one song from the hoary deep ;
The south-wind knows its own refrain
As it speeds the cloud o'er heaven's blue main.
“ Lose thyself, thyself to win :
Grow from without thee, not within.”

Leave thy thought and care alone,
Let the dead for the dead make moan ;
Gather from earth and air and sea
The pulseless peace they keep for thee.
Ring on ring of sight and sound
Shall hide thy heart in a calm profound, —
Where the works of men and the ways of earth
Shall never enter with tears or mirth,
And the love of kind shall kinder be
From nature than humanity.

CAPTIVE.

THE Summer comes, the Summer dies,
 Red leaves whirl idly from the tree,
 But no more cleaving of the skies,
 No southward sunshine waits for me!

You shut me in a gilded cage,
 You deck the bars with tropic flowers,
 Nor know that freedom's living rage
 Defies you through the listless hours.

What passion fierce, what service true,
 Could ever such a wrong requite?
 What gift, or clasp, or kiss from you
 Were worth an hour of soaring flight?

I beat my wings against the wire,
 I pant my trammelled heart away;
 The fever of one mad desire
 Burns and consumes me all the day.

What care I for your tedious love,
 For tender word or fond caress?
 I die for one free flight above,
 One rapture of the wilderness!

DOUBT.

THE bee knows honey,
 And the blossoms light,
 Day the dawning,
 Stars the night;
 The slow, glad river
 Knows its sea;
 Is it true, Love,
 I know not thee ?

When the Summer
 Brings snow-drifts piled,
 When the planets
 Go wandering wild,
 When the old hill-tops
 Valleys be, —
 Tell me true, Love,
 Shall I know thee ?

Where'er I wander,
 By sea or shore,
 A dim, sweet vision
 Flies fast before,
 Its lingering shadow
 Floats over me ; —
 I know thy shade, Love,
 Do I know thee ?

“Rest in thy dreaming,
Child divine!
What grape-bloom knoweth
Its fiery wine?
Only the sleeper
No sun can see;
He that doubteth
Knows not me.”

DAGMAR.

THE beautiful Princess Dagmar,
The “darling queen,” lay dead
With lilies on her bosom
And roses round her head.

Cold, and fair, and silent,
Upon her bier she lay,
And weeping lords and gentlemen
Were bearing her away;

When down the city causeway,
Whereon the mourners passed,
In bitter grief and raging woe
The king came riding fast.

The dead heart in her bosom
Leapt up his voice to hear,
The dead lips opened softly,
She rose upon the bier;

Straight to her husband's smitten soul
A smile of heaven she sent;
A word of love and pleading,
Then back to death she went.

.
To die a double dying,
Oh fate, be spared to me!
When death has kissed mine eyelids
And life has set me free.

Thou, dearest, do not call me!
Do not utter a word;
Let not my peace be broken,
My hard-won slumber stirred.

Leave it for one Voice, dearer,
Dearer even than thine,
When the resurrection morning
On heaven and earth shall shine,

To send its trumpet clangor
Through star, and sod, and sky,
And call His dead, where'er their bed,
To the life that cannot die.

JOHN BROWN.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

December 2, 1859.

You bound and made your sport of him, Philistia !
 You set your sons at him to flout and jeer ;
 You loaded down his limbs with heavy fetters ;
 Your mildest mercy was a smiling sneer.

One man amidst a thousand who defied him —
 One man from whom his awful strength had fled, —
 You brought him out to lash him with your vengeance,
 Ten thousand curses on one hoary head !

You think his eyes are closed and blind forever,
 Because you seared them to this mortal day ;
 You draw a longer breath of exultation,
 Because your conqueror's power has passed away.

Oh, fools ! his arms are round your temple-pillars ;
 Oh, blind ! his strength divine begins to wake ; —
 Hark ! the great roof-tree trembles from its centre,
 Hark ! how the rafters bend and swerve and shake !

A HOSPITAL SOLILOQUY.

April 10th, 1865.

I SWAN! its pleasant now we've beaten
 To think I staid an' seen it through.
 I haint gin' in to no retreatin',
 And I've seen battles more'n two.

So now I'm finished and knocked under,
 For one leg's gone, an' t'other's lame;
 I like to hear them cannon thunder,
 To tell the world we've got the game.

But better'n all the fire an flashin'
 Down on the Shenandoah route,
 Where Phil's a swearin' and a dashin',
 Is see'n' them English folks back out.

I would ha gi'n a mint o'dollars
 Two years ago, to see 'em try
 With Abr'am's hand gripped in their collars,
 How they liked eatin' humble-pie.

An' there they set, while we're a grinnin',
 And say 'twas all a darned mistake;
 That old secesh done all the sinnin',
 And they have allers baked our cake.

I sot last night an heerd the frin'
An' see the rockets shoot the dark,
And heerd the others all inquirin' —
“What's happened?” “Who has hit the mark?”

The sick, and lame, and sore, an' sleepy,
They gin a cheer!—'tw'an't loud I know,
But then it made me kind o'creepy
To hear their voices quaver so.

Thinks I, you're shot with English powder,
An' hacked with English swords and guns;
They'll have to lie a little louder
Afore they cheat us knowin' ones.

An' now the war's as good as over,
And dead, and lame, an' mourners tell,
It wasn't livin' quite in clover,
For them that lived or them that fell.

I kinder guess next time we do it,
Them sassy English folks will find
When we get riled, an' buckle to it,
They won't have time to change their mind!

DEAD LOVE.

WHEN Love is dead, who writes his epitaph?
Who kisses his shut eyes, and says, "Sleep well!"
We do not ring for him a passing bell,
We cover him with flowers of jest and laugh,
The bitter funeral wine in silence quaff,
And with dull heart-beats toll his secret knell.
His grave is ours; and yet with life we strive
Endure the years, and grind our daily task.
There is no heaven for Love that could not live,
Poor earth has mocked us with this radiant mask:
And when in agony our dry lips ask —
"If God deprive us, wherefore did he give?"
There comes some dreadful question from above,
And asks, beside his grave, "Was this poor dead
thing, Love?"

HE AND SHE.

How does a woman love? Once, no more :
 Though life forever its loss deplore.
 Deep in sorrow, or want, or sin,
 One king reigneth her heart within ;
 One alone by night and day,
 Moves her spirit to curse or pray ;
 One voice only can call her soul
 Back from the grasp of death's control ;
 Though loves beset her and friends deride ;
 Yea, when she smileth another's bride ;
 Still for her master her life makes moan ;
 Once is forever ; and once alone.

How does a man love? Once for all ;
 The sweetest voices of life may call,
 Sorrow daunt him, or death dismay,
 Joy's red roses bedeck his way,
 Fortune smile, or jest, or frown,
 The cruel thumb of the world turn down,
 Loss betray him, or gain delight,
 Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
 Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake
 Though souls may madden or frail hearts break :
 Better than wife, or child, or pelf,
 Once and forever, he loves — himself !

LIFE AND DEATH.

A REMEMBRANCE.

Do not think of her with death.
 What is life? This fluttering breath
 Here a moment, gone for aye,
 Lost 'twixt now and yesterday?
 Life, ah fool! 'tis all divine.
 Not this gasp of yours or mine
 Prisoned in a mortal form,
 Racked with fever, spent with storm.
 'Tis a quenchless flame from Him
 Who created seraphim;
 Bade his creature earth renew,
 Ever to its cycle true,
 Leaf and blossom from their grave,
 Though the winter howl and rave.
 What if buds be iron-bound
 Deep within the barren ground?
 There the life doth lie asleep
 Till the spring rains o'er it weep.
 Then it rises; flood nor fire,
 Fiendish wrath, nor man's desire,
 That free spark extinguisheth,
 Nor the dark that men call death.

So she liveth, and the prison
Whence her glad soul hath arisen,
Lieth in the dust to-day,
Since she would no longer stay.
Do it honor, for it held her;
Through its dimness we beheld her;
Underneath its feebleness,
Guessing some sublime redress,
Yet to free that heavenly shape,
So to Heaven it might escape.
In the pure gleam of her eye,
In her laugh's frank verity,
On the tablet broad and fair
'Neath the tendrils of her hair,
Life immortal set its seal.
Dust no more could dare reveal,
Lest its strong and glorious shining
Filled us with divine repining,
Made us mad to quit the strife
And the longing men call life.
Lovely soul! Few days divide
Us, thy kindred, from thy side.
Lovely clay! What death can ever
Tender thoughts from thee dis sever?
Rest, till God's prevailing spring
From his holiest garden bring,
With the violet and the rose,
Thy new fashion, and disclose,
In that resurrection hour,
All the hidings of his power.

Then those eyes shall shine again,
Free from shade of grief or pain;
And the triumph of that brow
Tell us Life is victor now.
Life that rules, and reigns, and is
God and God's eternities.
Speed the day and haste the night!
Death is darkness. Life is light.

OASIS.

How shall I thank thee, Lord for this repose?
This shelter from the noonday toil and heat:
This little spring more cool than Syrian snows,
This shadow of the palm-trees green and sweet.

Long have I wandered through the desert sands
With shrinking feet and fevered lips of fire,
Taunted and mocked with pictures of fresh lands,
That fled before the clasp of my desire.

How merciless were all the burning days
How dreary every still and brilliant night
What unrelenting tempests vexed my ways,
And hid with whirling sands each friendly light.

Ah Lord! dear Lord! for thy great pity's sake,
Spare me this spot of soft and tranquil rest,
This hidden spring my human thirst to slake
This vernal shade to cool my panting breast!

Thou know'st I cannot linger by it long,
The city of my rest not far away,
Sends on the west-wind summons loud and long,
Only a few short hours can I delay.

I will not soil this fountain with my lips,
Nor gather from its brink one single flower
Nor fright one bird that from its sweetness sips.
Spare me, dear Lord! to linger out mine hour!

FAITHFUL.

A LONG, bare ward in the hospital;
A dying girl in the narrow bed;
A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fall,
Soothing softly that restless head.

Slain by the man she learned to love,
Beaten, murdered, and flung away;
None beheld it but God above,
And she who bore it. And there she lay.

“A little drink of water, dear?”

Slowly the white lips gasp and sip.

“Let me turn you over, so you can hear,
While I let the ice on your temple drip.”

A look of terror disturbs her face;

Firm and silent those pale lips close;

A stranger stands in the nurse's place:

“Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows.”

A glitter of joy is in her eye.

Faintly she whispers: “Nobody did.”

And one tear christens the loving lie

From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

“Nobody did it!” she says again.

“Nobody hurt me!” Her eyes grow dim;

But, in that spasm of mortal pain,

She says to herself: “I've saved you, Jim!”

Day by day, as the end draws near,

To gentle question or stern demand,

Only that one response they hear,

Though she lift to Heaven her wasted hand.

“Nobody hurt me!” They see her die,

The same word still on her latest breath,

With a tranquil smile she tells her lie,

And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still,
Loving above all wrong and woe,
If she has gone to a world of ill,
Where, oh! saint, shall we others go?

Even, I think, that evil man
Has hope of a better life in him,
When she so loved him her last words ran :
“ Nobody hurt me! I’ve saved you, Jim !”

ASLEEP.

IN summer-time how fair it showed! —
My garden by the village road,
Where fiery stalks of blossom glowed,
And roses softly blushed ;
With azure spires, and garlands white,
Pale heliotrope, the sun’s delight,
And odors that perfumed the night
Where’er the south-wind rushed.

There solemn purple pansies stood,
Gay tulips red with floral blood,
And wild things fresh from field and wood,
Alive with dainty grace.

Deep heaven-blue bells of columbine,
The darkly mystic passion-vine,
And clematis, that loves to twine,
 Bedecked that happy place.

Beneath the strong unclouded blaze
Of long and fervent summer days
Their colors smote the passing gaze,
 And dazzled every eye.
Their cups of scented honey-dew
Charmed all the bees that o'er them flew,
And butterflies of radiant hue
 Paused as they floated by.

Now falls a cloud of sailing snow,
The bitter winds of winter blow,
No blossom dares its cup to show —
 Earth folds them in her breast;
A shroud of white, a virgin pall,
Is slowly, softly, hiding all;
In vain shall any sweet wind call
 To break their silent rest.

My garden is a vanished dream,
Dead in the waning moon's cold beam,
Clear icicles above it gleam;
 And yet — I know not how —
My flowers will hear the dropping rain
When Spring reneweth hill and plain,
And then it shall be mine again:
 It is God's garden now.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

JULY 4, 1875.

HAIL to the Great Republic!
A hundred years ago to-day
Cradled in woods and wilds she lay,
A new-born child, a sturdy thing.
Beside her lair the forests swing,
The storm-winds howl, and roars the river.
Her limbs with life and vigor quiver;
Her red lips burn with hate and ire;
Her eyes are lit with eager fire;
The strong hands clutch, the looks aspire,
The captive lion's fierce desire.
 Flaming in every ray.

For she who nursed the mighty child
Was savage-born and savage-bred,
Her locks about her bosom shed,
And to her broad, imperial breast
The clinging infant hotly pressed
To drain the immortal passion deep,
To wake the world from sodden sleep
 With one sharp, daring cry,
 The war-note of her infancy.

For she was born of Freedom's brood.
Her mother trod the awful sea,
And dared the unknown solitude,
To give her child a place to be
Where heaven and earth were free.
They heard her cry at Lexington,
It smote the sky o'er Bunker Hill,
And bade the dead men thrill.
And turn within their graves at Marathon.

 A cry the tempest hurled
 Far over all the world,
That shook its old domains with mortal fear,
And bade reluctant tyrants hear.

Then in the wide arena Freedom stood,
And dipped the babe in blood.
Blood of the bravest and the best,
Out of the wrathful wine-press flowing,
To set the child's quick pulses glowing,
To fill her lusty limbs with might,
Her eyes with valor's flame to light,
And riot in her swelling breast.
She fed her lips with bitter bread,
That poverty she might not dread:
She bade her sleep to cannon roaring,
To mighty seas down mountains pouring,
 To whirlwinds resonant,
And ocean's thundering chant.
Then from her gracious hands bestowed
A sweetness from the summer gathered,

Where the wild bees their treasure stowed ;
An arrow from the eagle feathered ;
And laid upon her baby brow a sign,
A pledge of corn and wine.

“Go to thy place, my child !” the Goddess said :
“I bind the stars about thine head,
For men shall see that diadem,
And crowd to kiss thy garment’s hem.
Be strong and pure ; I am thy mother ;
There runs no evil blood in thee.
Heed not the voice of any other
Whose vain breath dims thy panoply.
Mighty and awful are the free,
Who grasp and guide their destiny.
Plunged to the lowest hell they be
Who soil and stain the shield thou bearest,
Who bend to dust the crown thou wearest
Go, Freedom’s child ! be free !”

Then, full-armed, from the mother breast
The Young Republic leapt, her lance in rest.
Alas ! the new wine foamed too strong !
Year after year beheld her spring,
Like the great oak that, ring on ring,
Expands its bole and spreads its boughs,
All the wild birds of heaven to house.
And confident in gracious power,
When alien skies began to lower,
She opened wide her arms to all ;
She drooped to men her haughty head ;

All outcasts to that shelter fled ;
They dared on Freedom's name to call,
They stained her spotless shield with clay ;
They tore her diadem away.
Ah ! where is Freedom's daughter now ?
For she hath drunk the cup of wine
Mingled not by hands divine.
Gold and jewels deck the brim
Fashioned not by seraphim ;
Vainly her sons deplore,
And stretch their fettered hands in agony.
She sleeps — she dreams — she cannot feel nor see ;
Wrapped in the magic web of luxury,
Softly the South-wind lulls her — let her be.

Hurrah for the North-wind !
From mountain and valley
The trumpet awakens !
The sleep mist is soaring,
The mad seas are roaring.
O daughter of Freedom,
Arouse from thy slumber !
The foes be upon thee !
Awake !

Now the earth shivers ; from their steady places
Rock the old hills, for over them comes Freedom,
With flashing helm and glaive all bare and shining.
“Awake ! awake !” she cries ; “awake and hear me ;
Child of the Gods, awake !”

She heard and started from her sleep,
Her face with shame and courage red ;
She bound the stars about her head,
She bared her arm, she shook her spear ;
The drum-roll sounded long and deep :
Once more in blood her feet she laved.
The tigress glaring in her eye,
The banner flaunting in the sky,
She rushed to war ; the land was saved.

Daughter of Freedom, hear our votive song !

 In virginal array
 Girded, and crowned to-day,
Hear us adjure thee ; hear us pray !
 We gave thee our nearest,
 Our best and our dearest ;
 We gave thee our tears,
 Our hopes and our fears,
 To strew in thy way
 Like blossoms of May ;
 A sacrifice sweet,
 Trodden under thy feet :
Lay thy right hand upon the shrine and say,
 By all the patriot blood,
 By all thy martyrs slain,
 Who in the front of battle stood,
 Who dared for thee the fiery flood,
 Shall this be all in vain ?
 All the long hundred years
 Of labor, triumph, tears,

Be as the blossom of a day
By zephyrs borne away?
Forbid it all thy mother's agony!
Forbid it those pale ghosts that died for thee!

No. I behold, down the dread slopes of Time,
A woman-vision beauteous and sublime;
Whose mother arms fold all earth's sufferers in,
Her stainless hands destroying shame and sin.
Her head is bent to God the Judge alone,
The wayside rock her sole imperial throne;
Her starry crown uplift in heaven so high
It seems to gazing men the starry sky;
Her deep eyes lit with cheer and peace serene,
Her great heart sweet, her falchion swift and keen,
She broods the nations with her sweeping wings,
And o'er the world her blazoned banner swings.
Hail to the Great Republic!

THE DREAM FAY.*

HARK! Am I with the living, or asleep,
 Hearing the grass blades grow ;
 The hush of blossoms opening soft and slow ;
 The buzzing gnats that secret revel keep ;
 Honey dropping tranquilly
 From the gold cells of the bees,
 Buds that on the dreaming trees
 A wistful night-wind wakens tenderly ;
 Bubbles whispering in the grape ;
 Mystic sighs that find escape
 From the earth's o'erladen breast,
 Stirred with spring's divine unrest ?
 Hark! hark! from overhead
 The soft stroke of a silver bell
 Pulsés through the airy spell!
 Thrilled with some delicious dread,
 I hear a low and joyful song ;
 Fleet, light footsteps of a throng
 To mortal sight invisible ;
 Tiny laughters of a rill
 The mountains from their white breasts spill ;
 Gentlest kisses that the rose,
 Waking from the bud's repose,
 Gives the daring butterfly
 That lays its deep heart open to the sky.

* Scherzo. Queen Mab. Berlioz. Thomas's Orchestra, February 12, 1877.

I hear the breaking icicle ;
The music of the thawing frost,
When the wood's light boughs are tossed,
And all their flashing jewels fall.
I hear the dropping of the dew,
Tinkling all the forest through ;
And every dancing columbine
Clinks its cups of honeyed wine
With the harebell's goblet blue.
Hark ! I hear the bells again.
'Tis the coming fairy train :
Bees are singing in the lime,
Bluebells ringing softest chime.
Sleeping birds that dream and sing,
Every head beneath a wing !
Doleful cricket ! gossip fly !
Wake, oh wake ! the Queen is nigh !
Every little brooklet's fall
Stir the night with madrigal !
Leaf and moss, and tiniest flower,
Wake ! it is the fairy hour !
Hush, hush, it dies away, —
Beyond the verge of day.
Broken forever is that spell of power.
Here is but common clay,
Lamps, and the crowd's array,
The tramp of mortal tread.
That wand hath dropped ; those dreams in
darkness cower ;
The hour has fled !

A FUNERAL PSALM.

SILENT we sat, within a darkened room ;
 For in our midst, the lowering heart of gloom,
 Stood a low bier, with blossoms showered in vain
 To hide the ghastly shape of loss and pain.
 Still, still was all, save when one sobbing breath
 Paid stifled tribute to the conqueror Death ;
 When suddenly, outside the open door,
 An oriole began his song to pour ;
 Sweet, liquid, clear, triumphant as the morn
 That scatters all the mists from meads forlorn,
 His warble thrilled the sunshine and the air,
 And made the emerald grasses show more fair ;
 The budded elms swayed to that living sound,
 And some sweet madness spread through all around.
 No more I heard the moan and plaint of prayer ;
 No more the hymn's low wailing held me there :
 No death, no grave, but heaven's immortal Spring
 Did in that silver cadence reign and ring.
 The fresh deep grass ; the buds on thickening trees ;
 The new-born life and sweetness in the breeze ;
 The nesting, nestling birds, that overhead
 Their little hammocks in the branches spread ;
 The tender fragrance from the bending boughs ;
 The way-side blossoms lifting sunny brows ;

The deep blue heaven, the gentle south wind's sigh,
That like some happy, wandering child went by,
All sung accordant anthem in my ear : —
“ The Lord is risen ! why do ye seek him here ?
His world, his way, is life, not death and woe.
Look up where his departing footsteps go !
The grave is empty save of slumbering dust.
The Lord is risen : arise, oh faith and trust !
Swing wide, ye gates of never-failing Spring ;
Hear the swift footsteps of your coming king !
Behold He cometh ! here is life and joy ;
No winds shall scatter and no frosts destroy.
Be glad for death, life's blind beguiling seed ;
'Thy dead shall rise, for Christ is risen indeed.”
So still, above the weeping and the prayer,
The Spring's diviner message stirred the air ;
And I, as one escaped anew from prison,
Sung to my soul exulting, “ He has risen !”

PANE PICTURES.

A WONDER-WORKER all night long
Has wrought his task for me;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn,
His miracles I see;
His gravings on the window-pane,
Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
As is the heavenly stair,
A way-side cross below the path,
But not a pilgrim there;
No sad face of humanity,
No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lake,
A fringe of reeds and fern;
Across the water's crystal chill
No dying sunsets burn.
You hear not on that rushy shore
The call of drake or tern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs.
A windfall in the woods
Some wild and wandering hurricane
Hath wrecked these solitudes:

But on that tangled dreariness
No living step intrudes.

And here is Arctic waste and woe;
A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
Slow seaward from its place.
Beneath that frown of solemn death
There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful East
Ascends the dawning sun;
Before his look of light and life
The magic is undone:
The graceful pictures on the pane
All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing,
The trceries of my brain,—
The little stories sad and glad,—
Be uttered all in vain?
And vanish when the Master comes,
Like pictures on the pane?

Or will they, in some kindly heart
Remembered, sing and shine.
For wrought from man's humanity
Not fleeting frost, are mine;
I love not to be quite forgot:
To die and leave no sign.

OUT OF THE BODY TO GOD.

WEARILY, wearily, wearily :
 Sobbing through space like a south-wind,
 Floating in limitless ether,
 Ether unbounded, unfathomed,
 Where is no upward nor downward,
 Island, nor shallow, nor shore :
 Wearily floating and sobbing,
 Out of the body to God !

Lost in the spaces of blankness,
 Lost in the deepening abysses,
 Haunted and tracked by the past ;
 No more sweet human caresses,
 No more the springing of morning,
 Never again from the present
 Into a future beguiled :
 Lonely, defiled, and despairing,
 Out of the body to God !

Reeling, and tearless, and desperate,
 On through the quiet of ether,
 Helpless, alone, and forsaken,
 Faithless in ignorant anguish,

Faithless of gasping repentance,
Measuring Him by thy measure,—
Measure of need and desert,—
Out of the body to God!

Soft through the starless abysses,
Soft as the breath of the summer
Loosens the chains of the river,
Sweeping it free to the sea,
Murmurs a murmur of peace:—
“Soul! in the deepness of heaven
Findest thou shallow or shore?
Hast thou beat madly on limit?
Hast thou been stayed in thy fleeing
Out of the body to God?”

“Thou that hast known Me in spaces
Boundless, untraversed, unfathomed,
Hast thou not known Me in love?
Am I, Creator and Guider,
Less than My kingdom and work?
Come, O thou weary and desolate!
Come to the heart of thy Father
Home from thy wanderings weary,
Home from the lost to the Loving,
Out of the body to God!”

THE NETTED LION.

U. S. G.

A MIGHTY lion in the desert dwelt ;
The dead sands trembled at his awful roar.
He held victorious sway from stream to shore ;
Even as snows before the south wind melt
So fled the herds before him. Evermore
Conqueror and master, on his wrinkled front
The signet of his empery he wore.
The spotted tiger held him not at bay
Nor the sleek ounce ; nor where slow rivers stray
Sullen and tropic, reed-hid as his wont,
Dared the dull monoceros wait his prey,
When those great footsteps set their print that way.
But cunning hunters found the lion's lair,
Deep in the jungle, and about his bed
Folded their slender nets as slumbering there
At rest from battle, with his awful head
Prone like a lamb's he lay 'mid rank leaves spread,
His sinews all relaxed. So still as air
The subtle meshes in that misty night
Soft settled over him, and held him tight ;
A cobweb, light to feel but strong to snare.
Then, waking e'er the dawn's first level light,

He stretched, and snuffed, and lazily would rise,
But the fine threads were tangled around his eyes,
Hindered his struggling feet, and more and more
Vexed the tense muscles that against them bore
With desperate strength and pitiful surprise,
His roar was dumb, his eyes of yellow flame
Grew red with terror; all about him spread
The nets he saw not; all his stout heart bled
With pangs of terror, mystery and shame;
Till, when the slim dark hunters toward him came,
Spying and half afraid, the king lay dead.

Oh lion of our land! Men cast on thee
A subtle net, a more relentless snare,
As crowned with gifts and honors, thou didst fare
Toward thy rest, in grave tranquillity;
And now thou liest, fall'n, for all to see
Trapped, heart-broke, dying; yet still brave to dare
The passage of the vast unsounded sea.
Our netted lion, whom nor grief, nor prayer,
Nor the loud call of frightened liberty,
Shall ever from those deadly meshes free.
God help us all! Yea, God, in His great might help
thee!

MY APPLE TREE.

OUT by my door the apple tree,
With wholesome hospitality,
Stretches abroad its friendly hands
To welcome all the airy bands.
Its knotted branches, worn and gray,
Show some bright burden every day.
In Winter-time the woodpecker
Makes in those boughs his tiny stir,
The little tap of busy bill
The signal of his work and skill:
With sober coat and spark of red
Cresting his smooth, obsequious head,
He seems in eager haste to be
Inspecting that old apple tree.
There the neat snow-bird in the sun
Sits when his frugal meal is done;
For him those pale and scanty rays
Have the kind charm of Summer days.
His slaty coat and snowy breast
Like some old Friend for meeting dressed.
His aspect trim, and short black beak;
His shining eye, severely meek;
His bold, familiar, close advance,
With sidewise head and sidelong glance,
Delight mine eye when cold winds blow.
I love him, but he brings the snow.

Here when the Spring begins to call
The sparrow sings his madrigal;
Through sleet and hail, in shine or rain,
I hear him o'er and o'er again:
"Resilio! silio! silio! sil!"
He warbles with such cheery will,
I bless the sweet, persistent song,
And wish my courage were as strong.
On him the blue-bird follows fast,
His whistle too defies the blast,
His bosom red and mantle blue
With the first South Wind's breath are due,
He brings the blossoms hope and cheer,
As deep in dust his song they hear.
Then the fat robin bends the boughs,
Prospecting for his summer house;
So red and round, he seems to be
Himself an apple on the tree.
With plaintive song he prophesies
Long days of rain, though bright the skies;
And when the sun returns once more
He sings yet louder than before,
Struts on the fence, chirps sharp and loud,
By no insulting rival cowed,
With dauntless heart and ready wing,
To flout a rival or to sing.
Then come the softer days and airs:
Each knotted twig its wreath prepares,
As tender flowers of pink and pearl
Those sturdy crimson buds unfurl,

Till all the tree more lovely shows,
Decked with its slight and gracious rose,
Than tropic forests high in air
Or almond blooms on branches bare.
Then tiny warblers flit and sing,
With golden spots on crest and wing,
Or, decked with scarlet *epaulette*,
Above each dusky winglet set,
They hunt the blossoms for their prey
And pipe their fairy roundelay.
The crimson finch, with whirr and trill
Painted like sunsets, red and chill,
Perched in a knot of blossoms pale,
Nods his quick head and flirts his tail,
And calls his sober-suited spouse
To dinner in the fragrant boughs.
Before him tribes shall disappear
That threat the promise of the year;
And when awhile he gives them rest,
To build his warm and secret nest,
The goldfinch, social, chirping, bright,
Takes in those branches his delight.
A troop like flying sunbeams pass
And light among the vivid grass,
Or on the end of some long branch,
Light acrobats, in air they launch,
And in the wild wind sway and swing,
Intent to twitter, glance, and sing;
Till overhead the oriole
Pours out the passion of his soul,

A winged flame that darts and burns
Dazzling where'er his bright wing turns,
Yet fierce to scold, to rout, to fight,
Battle with peers his chief delight,
And many a song of victory
Awakes and thrills the apple tree!

But Summer brings these branches peace;
The song and strife of Spring-time cease;
Their homes are built, each feathered breast
Is busied with its little nest.
Careless of praise, secure of food,
They keep the Father's promise good,
And preach their tender homily
Of hope and love and trust, to me.

Then comes the ripening Autumn-time,
That rounds my tree's abundant prime.
Its boughs are bent with fragrant fruit,
Flushed with the sun that warms its root
And yellow as the starry light
That rained from heaven each Summer night.
Now comes another noisy troop,
On every dropping sphere to swoop,
With ragged coats, and saucy eye,
And tangled hair, they wander by,
Waiting for some kind moment when
The wind will swing the gate again,
And leave their feet an entrance free
To gather apples from my tree.

I do not love them like the birds,
These graceless, chattering, idle herds;
Yet shall the birds my bounty share
And these small urchins find it spare?
Has Heaven no lesson taught to me
By this my generous apple tree?

R. W. EMERSON.

THERE is a tall grey cliff before mine eyes,
The haughty trees, wind-swept, bow down to it;
Its crest is with the coming day-time lit,
But at its foot the nestling wild-flower lies;
All forest breaths below like incense rise,
And the shy birds around it sing and flit.
So standeth he 'mid men, supremely wise,
Strong, and uplifted, yet aware of all
That Nature hides from common mortal eyes:
The charest bloom, the moss most fair and small,
The sun-born insect that with night must fall,
The majesty of days that set and rise,
And that deep thought that in the human breast
Holds him for lifelong friend who knows and brings it
rest.

OH ! LOVE IS DEAD.

WHAT is thy hap, lamenting soul ?
 That through the land, where all may hear,
 With visage drawn by pain and dole,
 Thou weepest loud with grief and fear.

“ Oh ! I have slain the sweetest wight
 That e'er bore mortal company !
 Therefore, my day is turned to night
 And over all the earth I flee.”

Why, then, the deed is o'er and done,
 Thy dead at rest in kindly clay ;
 Canst thou not rest, thou weary one,
 And for his shriven spirit pray ?

“ Alas ! alas ! No earth-born man
 Fell to my dagger's sudden thrust ;
 No, not since hoary time began
 Hath such a victim bit the dust.

“ Nor yet in blest and sacred ground,
 Lies the cold corse bereft of life ;
 Nor at my touch did any wound
 Bleed to betray who sought the strife.

“Oh! Love is dead! Sweet Love is dead!
I slew him with my reckless hand;
My life of life my wrath has sped;
And here a hopeless wretch I stand.”

Poor soul, take heart; remember them
Who did to death the Lord of Love;
Who bound His thorny diadem,
And mocked Him where with death he strove;

Yet in the Cross's agony,
His lips, all pale with deathly dew,
Cried to the Father's majesty:
“Forgive! they know not what they do.”

“But well I knew what well I wrought.
I pined for gold with sinful greed;
For glittering gold I toiled and fought,
And killed my life's diviner need.

“So Love is dead; sweet Love is dead!
Cold age is here and I alone.
My gains are dust and bitter bread;
From earth and heaven my hope is flown.

“Nor shall those dead lips cry, “Forgive”;
Those silent eyes with pity shine;
But my lost soul shall writhe and live,
And thirst till death for drink divine.”

THE SHEEPFOLD.

A SILENT church on a lonely hill ;
Beside it a grass-grown way
To the clustering gravestones, white and still,
Where the dead, forgotten, lay.

Green was the grass above their sleep,
And the crowding violets blue ;
And amidst them all, in his slumber deep,
Lay the good old pastor, too.

I thought of a shepherd, far away,
On the star-lit Syrian plain,
Asleep with his sheep till dawn of day
Shall waken them all again.

Such as the shepherds, long ago,
Who guarded their flocks by night,
And woke when the heavens were all aglow
With the choral angels' light.

But never shall those who slumber here,
To the Christmas chorus spring ;
Never in awe and wonder hear
The Christmas angels sing.

Yet when the Master of sheepfolds calls,
When the last great dawn shall break;
And his voice from the heavenly pasture falls,
"My shepherds and sheep, awake!"

These dead shall waken, their King to greet,
And the shepherd's answer be,
"Here am I, Lord, beneath thy feet,
And the sheep that thou gavest me."

H. W. H.

GIVE her the soldier's rite!
She fought the hardest fight:
Not in the storm of battle,
Where the drum's exultant rattle,
The onset's maddening yell,
The scream of shot and shell,
And the trumpet's clangor soaring
Over the cannon's roaring,
Thrilled every vein with fire,
And combat's mad desire;
She fought her fight alone,
To the sound of dying groan;

The sob of failing breath,
The reveille of death;
She faced the last of foes,
The worst of mortal woes:
The solitude of dying,
The hearts for kindred crying;
By the soldier's lonely bed,
In the midnight dark and dread,
Mid the wounded and the dead,
With life-blood pouring red,
The cries of woe and fear,
Rending the watcher's ear,
The hovering wings of death,
Fluttered by dying breath,
There was her truthful eye,
Her smile's sweet bravery,
Her strong word to impart
Peace to the fainting heart.

Give her the soldier's rite!
Let the old Seventh wave
Their flag above her grave;
Let the deep minute gun
Tell of her battle done;
Lo! on the other bank,
Comes down a serried rank,
The souls she comforted,
The army of the dead;
For her salute and shout:
Their victory is our rout.

Give her the soldier's rite!
Honor her sleep to-night,
For now she ranks us all.
Weave laurels for her pall,
And fold above her bier
The flag she held so dear;
For another fight is won,
Another soldier gone
Through the night, to the light
— And another left alone;
God of battles! help us all!

MARCH 3, 1886.

THE SNOW-FILLED NEST.

It swings upon the leafless tree,
By stormy winds blown to and fro;
Deserted, lonely, sad to see,
And full of cruel snow.

In summer's noon the leaves above
Made dewy shelter from the heat;
The nest was full of life and love;—
Ah, life and love are sweet!

The tender brooding of the day,
The silent, peaceful dreams of night,
The joys that patience overpay,
The cry of young delight,

The song that through the branches rings,
The nestling crowd with eager eyes,
The flutter soft of untried wings,
The flight of glad surprise: —

All, all are gone! I know not where;
And still upon the cold gray tree,
Lonely, and tossed by every air,
That snow-filled nest I see.

I, too, had once a place of rest,
Where life, and love, and peace were mine —
Even as the wild-birds build their nest,
When skies and summer shine.

But winter came, the leaves were dead;
The mother-bird was first to go,
The nestlings from my sight have fled;
The nest is full of snow.

THE NEW SANGREAL.

"Show me the Sangreal, Lord! Show me Thy blood!
 Thy body and Thy blood! Give me the Quest!
 Lord, I am faint and tired; my soul is sick
 Of all the falseness, all the little aims,
 The weary vanities, the gasping joys,
 The slow procession of this satiate world!
 Dear Lord, I burn for Thee! Give me Thy Quest!
 Down through the old reverberating time,
 I see Thy knights in wonderful array
 Go out to victory, like the solemn stars
 Fighting in courses, with their conquering swords,
 Their sad, fixed lips of purity and strength,
 Their living glory, their majestic death.
 Give me Thy Quest! Show me the Sangreal, Lord!"

He lay upon a mountain's rocky crest,
 So high, that all the glittering, misty world,
 All summer's splendid tempests, lay below,
 And sudden lightnings quivered at his feet;
 So still, not any sound of silentness
 Expressed the silence, nor the pallid sun
 Burned on his eyelids; all alone and still,
 Save for the prayer that struggled from his lips,
 Broken with eager stress. Then he arose.

But always, down the hoary mountain-side,
Through whispering forests, by soft-rippled streams,
In clattering streets, or the great city's roar,
Still from his never sated soul went up,
"Give me Thy Quest! Show me the Sangreal, Lord!"

Through all the land there poured a trumpet's clang,
And when its silvery anger smote the air,
Men sprang to arms from every true man's home,
And followed to the field. He followed, too, —
All the mad blood of manhood in his veins,
All the fierce instincts of a warring race
Kindled like flame in every tingling limb,
And raging in his soul on fire with war.
He heard a thousand voices call him on:
Lips hot with anguish, shrieking their despair
From swamps and forests and the still bayous
That hide the wanderer, nor bewray his lair;
From fields and marshes where the tropic sun
Scorches a million laborers scourged to work;
From homes that are not homes; from mother-hearts
Torn from the infants lingering at their breasts;
From parted lovers, and from shuddering wives;
From men grown mad with whips and tyranny;
From all a country groaning in its chains.
Nor sleep, nor dream beguiled him any more;
He leaped to manhood in one torrid hour,
And armed, and sped to battle. Now no more
He cried or prayed, — "Show me the Sangreal, Lord!"

So in the front of deadly strife he stood ;
The glorious thunder of the roaring guns,
The restless hurricane of screaming shells,
The quick, sharp singing of the rifle-balls,
The sudden clash of sabres, and the beat
Of rapid horse-hoofs galloping at charge,
Made a great chorus to his valorous soul,
The dreadful music of a grappling world,
That hurried him to fight. He turned the tide,
But fell upon its turning. Over him
Fluttered the starry flag, and fluttered on,
While he lay helpless on the trampled sward,
His hot life running scarlet from its source,
And all his soul in sudden quiet spent,
As still as on the silent mountain-top ;
So still that from his quick-remembering heart
Burst that old cry, — “ Show me the Sangreal, Lord ! ”

Then a bright mist descended over him,
And in its central glory stood a shape,
Wounded, yet smiling. With His bleeding hands
Stretched toward that bleeding side, His eyes divine
Like a new dawn, thus softly spake the Lord : —
“ The blood poured out for brothers is my blood ;
The flesh for brothers broken is my flesh ;
No more in golden chalices I dwell,
No longer in a vision, angel-borne :
Here is the Sangreal, here the Holy Quest.
Thy prayer is heard, thy soul is satisfied :
Come, my belovèd ! I am come for thee.

As first I broke the bread and poured the wine,
So have I broken thee and poured thy life,
So do I bless thee and give thanks for thee
So do I bear thee in my wounded hands.”
Smiling, He stooped, and kissed the tortured brow,
And over all its anguish stole a smile ;
The blood-sealed lips unclosed ; the dying breath
Sighed, like the rain-sound in a summer wind,
Sobbing, but sweet, — “ I see the Sangreal ; Lord !”

A LEGEND.

“ HARK !”

She sat upright in her bed,
The gold hair from her head
Crisping, coiling, wandering low
O'er her bosom cold as snow.
For the heart in her breast stood still,
And the blood in her veins ran chill,
At the sound she heard in the dark.

“ Hark !”

It sounded like the scream
Of a dreamer in his dream.

Yet her eyes were wide and blue,
 Piercing midnight through and through;
 Her parted lips were white
 With the terror of the night,
 And her arms spread stiff and stark.

“Hark!”

Wakened the mother mild:
 “Why dost thou call, my child?
 The kindling morn is not yet red,
 The night is silent, the winds are dead.
 To-morrow thou art a bride:
 Sleep, darling, at my side.”
 But again she whispered, “Hark!”

“Hark!

Hear the slow steps that bring,
 Stumbling, some dreadful thing!
 Hear the low, hushed voices calling!
 Hear the sullen water falling!
 Hear! oh, mother, hear!
 They are setting down the bier:
 And the watch-dogs do not bark.”

Hark!

The sudden taper burned,
 The key in her cold hand turned.
 Nothing in the lofty hall, —
 Stillness, darkness, over all.

“There is not a creature here,
Nor bearers, nor a bier,
Nor anything but the dark.”

Hark!

The wedding-bells ring loud,
The wedding-revellers crowd.
Waiting, watching, still she stood
In her bower's white solitude,
Waiting in her bower
For the bridegroom and the hour,
Watching the dial's mark.

Hark!

The creeping shadow is there:
He is coming up the stair,—
Coming! Stumbling steps and slow
Up the stately staircase go.
Low, hushed voices,—“Bring him here.
Softly! now set down the bier.”
Dripping water's dropping fall
On the flagstones of the hall,—
It is this she heard in the dark.

Hark!

The tolling bells ring low,
And the mourners come and go.
Whiter than the palest bride,
Low she lieth at his side:

For she looked out on the dead,
And her life was smitten and sped.
She will nevermore say, "Hark!"

FLOWERS.

HER little prayer at night she said,
Then looked with wistful eyes,
Half tenderly and half afraid,
Up to the starry skies.

For daily bread, ne'er sought in vain,
She asked the heavenly powers.
"P'ease, God!" she whispered low again,
"Div' me my daily f'owers!"

Her daily flowers, her baby days,
In one bright garden flew;
And like a flower in all her ways,
The dimpled creature grew.

As fair and sweet a tiny maid
As any new-born blossom
That dawn and dew's soft stress persuade
From mother earth's broad bosom.

And flowers like kin the darling loved;
She bore the fragrant band,
Where'er she played, where'er she roved,
In apron or in hand.

And while she prayed, with look askance
As if she asked a treasure
Too great for God to give perchance
For just her baby pleasure,

I echoed in my heart her prayer,
Remembering earth's sad hours,
And weary weight of sin and care,
"Give us our daily flowers!

"The kindly word, the smile serene,
The greeting of good-morrow,
The brotherhood in speech and mien,
That soothes our common sorrow.

"These human blossoms of the heart
Give to our daily needing!
Dear Lord! are not these too a part
Of thine immortal feeding?"

And back the sudden answer fell:
"Whate'er my hand hath given
My constant love and care to tell,
Is truly bread from heaven."

“SAVE, OR I PERISH.”

I WALK amid a cloud of fear.
 Mine eyes are held, I cannot see;
 Mine ears are sealed, I cannot hear—
 I can but hold to Thee.

Adrift upon this wandering world,
 That rushes on through awful space,
 A helpless atom, forward hurled
 To some strange dwelling place:

My struggling soul would' gasp and sink
 Amid this vague eternity,
 Or perish on its fearful brink,
 But for my hold on thee.

In desolation and despair,
 When foes derided, friends betrayed,
 The burden of my bitter care
 Upon thy hands was laid.

But for this strong and conscious trust,
 This anchor sure, what should I be?
 A creature of the clod and dust,
 But for my hold on Thee.

Father! Thy hand the wild-bird brings,
With fearless flight, from shore to shore,
Safe in that sheltering peace it sings,
Howe'er the tempest roar.

So tossed, so frail, so lone am I,
Except that hand my guidance be.
Hear Thou my fearful, hopeful cry:
Dear Lord, lay hold on me!

WILLOW.

THOU graceful golden willow tree,
When first I saw thy branches wave
There fell on me a prophesy
That thus above my quiet grave
Those long, lithe boughs should bend and sway
When what I am is passed away.

On thee the sun at highest noon
Pours all his pure and fervent rays.
The cold, sad splendors of the moon
Refresh thee after torrid days,
And ever in thy drooping leaves
The sullen wind of midnight grieves.

Sometimes when laughter's vague delight
Beguiles these lips, too used to pain,
When day outshines the coming night
And hope resumes her wistful reign,
One glance at thee will silence mirth
With the stern lesson "earth to earth."

Yet, verdant fate, I love thee still,
I see thy budding grace with joy,
For well I know no mortal ill
My heart shall visit or annoy
When once beneath thy solemn shade
This worn and aching clay is laid.

The dreary wreaths of drifted snow
Shall linger long about thy root,
Above thee howling tempests blow,
And on the hillock at thy foot
Gray heaps of withered leaves be cast
Before the winter's wailing blast.

Still o'er my sleep thine arms shall bend
When all I love and leave are gone,
A faithful if unconscious friend
Beside the chamber strait and lone,
That waits my long and tranquil rest,
Safe in the dumb earth's gracious breast.

Yet not unguerdoned shalt thou be.
The atoms which this frame compose,
By Nature's mightiest mystery,

Shall leave at length their first repose,
And in thy growth from sun and rain
Revisit air and light again.

Unlinked from soul and consciousness,
The life that glowed in lip and eye,
That paint the spirit's transient dress
With tender tints and varied dye,
Shall course in thine expanding veins,
Free from the bond of human pains.

But when the Lord's triumphal voice
Shall bid his sleeping host arise,
And in their bridal robes rejoice
To meet him in the rending skies,
His hand shall bring from sea and shore
These scattered grains of dust once more.

Perhaps the atoms once my own,
Long since incorporate in thee,
Shall, from the seed my God has sown
Spring up to immortality,
And in my soul's new dwelling-place
Reflect the glory of His face.

Therefore I watch with eagerness
To see the Spring advance in bloom,
And long, pale leaves with verdure dress
Thy weeping garlands for the tomb,
Since what I am may yet be thine
And part of thee at length be mine.

DEAD IN THE NEST.

[FROM AN EPITAPH IN AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.]

SHE lay in her cradle, sweet and fair,
 With smiling lips like a daisy's bloom,
 A cloud of lace on the silk-white hair
 And slumber veiling her eyes' soft gloom.

A dew-drop gleamed on the blue-veined brow,
 Where priestly fingers the cross had signed,
 The tearful token of many a vow
 That baby spirit to guard and bind.

Still she slept, for the rite was done,
 The choral hushed and the prayers all said,
 The life for Heaven on earth begun,
 The chrismal dews on her forehead shed.

One by one the sponsors came,
 Gifts of price at her feet to lay —
 A golden cup, with the sweet new name ;
 A string of pearls for the baby's day ;

Ermine mantle and robe of silk,
 Thick and heavy with broidered show ;

And silver bells, as white as milk,
Frosted like lilies all a-row ;

Carven coral and filmy lace ;
Velvet shoes for the tiny feet ;
Babies to stare in the baby's face,
With silent smiles for her laughter sweet.

Heiress she of a lineage proud,
Tender bud of a stately tree ;
Over her cradle bend and crowd
Lord and lady of high degree.

Gift on gift in her nest they lay,
Knight, and squire, and priest, and nun ;
Till the christening guests are all away
And earth is red with the setting sun.

“ Still she sleeps ? ” ’Tis the mother calls.
“ Still, my lady ; nor sound nor sigh.”
Ah ! through the lofty castle walls.
Rings a sudden and fearful cry.

Yes, she sleeps ! in her hour of pride,
Crushed by splendors above her spread ;
Of heavy treasures the child hath died,
Stifed and cold in her gorgeous bed.

Sleeps she now forever and aye.
Long ago did the legend bloom ;

The baby blossom who died that day
Is but dust in a lordly tomb.

Yet the story lives o'er and o'er ;
Still as the swift years onward roll,
Earth's heaped riches have crushed far more
Many and many a living soul !

T W O .

How airily she fled away,
As if she threw a kiss to me !
“ Farewell ! farewell ! I had my day ;
To other lands I flee.”
Alas ! what did she bring to me ?
A fervent heart, an eager faith,
And love's abundant charity.
She came with them, with her they fled.
Beneath her feet, where roses glowed,
And virgin lilies purely showed,
To-day the purple flowers of death
Send forth a faint and cheerless breath,
With here and there a violet
Beneath the briars set.

With open hands she came to me ;
She brought her guerdons with a smile :
Was never smile more sweet to see,
More full of loveliness and guile ;
For, oh ! how soon she fled away,
And took the gifts I thought would stay !
For loss or pain she had no ruth ;
For trust she gave no living truth.
 Good-by, sweet Youth !

Now here I have a canoness
With reliquary and with cross,
With dusky veil and sober dress,
And sad sweet eyes that tell of loss.
The almond blossoms on her head,
Her step is still, her voice is calm ;
No rose upon her cheek is shed,
But in her hand she bears its balm.
Oh, friend, dear friend, I know thy gifts :
The chastened heart, the humbled will ;
Faith that to heaven the soul uplifts,
Though conscious of earth's failure still ;
Love that was dead, but lives again,
No more for one alone, but all,
As harvests spring from scanty grain
Beneath the rains of Fall ;
Hope that no longer nestles here,
But heavenward spreads her stately wing,
And learns in that high atmosphere
Fruition's song to sing ;

Hearts that I trusted and found true,
More precious that they count so few ;
And home so near I almost see
The shining of its majesty.
Dear promise, kept for life's last page,
All this I owe thee, Age!

MY FIRE.

HERE all day long, in storm or sun,
My bright companion flickers still ;
Its purr and crackle never done,
Its warmth unvexed by change or chill :
Gay comrade of my solitude,
That can not weary or intrude.

Sometimes it flashes red and high,
To meet and scoff the hissing snow ;
Sometimes, with gentler ministry,
Its saffron flames burn soft and low ;
Or quivering tongues of sapphire light
Leap upward in their fierce delight.

Like prisoned spirits of the air
Set free by magic sign and spell,
Their tints the artist's fond despair,
Such hues as speech is vain to tell,
The sparkling, wavering, wayward fires
Adorn my summer's funeral pyres.

For here are boughs from many a tree
That underneath the brightening sun
Put forth their lovely mystery
Of leaf and flower e'er spring was done,
And when the autumn winds blew rude,
The grass with gold and crimson strewed.

And here the maple's shapely head,
The beeches' bole of velvet gray,
The fragrant birch whose branches spread
With airy dance and graceful sway,
The walnut, odorous, straight, and tall,
In ashes expiate their fall.

No more for them the zephyrs sing
In wistful music all night long;
No more their restless crests shall swing
Before the storm's triumphant song;
No verdant plume or crown of gold
Those prostrate trunks shall e'er uphold.

With ruthless hand the ringing steel
Fell fast on every sturdy side;

The wild birds saw them swerve and reel,
And screamed the death-cry of their pride.
Shall ever might of man restore
Their stately strength to hill or shore?

Fallen are the mighty from their ranks;
The squirrel's home, the oriole's nest,
Low on the forest's mossy banks,
Shorn of their kingly splendors, rest.
For this, long years of sun and rain,
Of growth and glory — all in vain.

Yet could they feel the pang of fate,
To them these chill and moaning airs,
Might whisper: "Whether soon or late,
Nature some death for all prepares."
The use of beauty and its glow,
Few but her favorite children know.

"To wave beneath the starry sky,
To rest the earth with shade and dew,
Then, when the glare of noon goes by,
To live again in service true,
A shivering mortal's life to cheer —
What more could Nature give ye here?"

And I beside this friendly blaze
Look back to mourn my fallen trees,
Yet praise them in these wintry days
More than when bloom delights the bees —

My consolation and my cheer
Through the long dead-watch of the year.

Could I such peace and comfort be,
So genial and so bright a friend —
Such innocent hilarity
Be mine to life's remotest end —
Ah me! how little should I care
To turn to ashes and to air!

AN END.

I HAVE had all : over and in that all,
Like the soul's speck of fire in a man's eye,
One little mote did crawl
And spread and fly, till wide eternity
Straightened itself to measure out a pall
Where I might lie.

Life tempted me, as the great hungry sea
Calls with inevitable voice to youth :
Why should I turn and flee ?
Nor fear, nor ruth, nor the still voice of truth
Kept the red wine or bitter lees from me :
I lived, forsooth !

All things of earth in sequence of their birth
Sprang to my fevered lips and met disdain,
Mad in its angry mirth.
Love's honeyed gain was the bee's patient pain,
Wrought for no worth.
I have had all. I had it all in vain !

As in the cup where the brown night-moths sup,
Under the honey, under the perfume,
One little spot looks up,
And through that bloom foretells the seed-time's gloom,
So my unsated thirst in each drained cup
Found lurking room.

Yet I know God hung over me this rod
That I should follow where two bleeding feet
Before this track have trod :
And, as earth's sweet is finite, incomplete,
He satiates me whose infinite, complete,
Fills star and sod.

COMING.

AT last the breath of Spring begins to stir
 Nature's dry bones down in their sepulchre :
 There is new grass in green blades here and there,
 And little birds a-singing in the air ;
 Warm morning sunshine on the roof is shed,
 And gray woods thicken on the mountain's head ;
 Now doves strut out to preen them every one,
 And puff their purple breasts before the sun ;
 Full set with buds are all the happy trees,
 Warmed to the quick by every toying breeze ;
 A murmurous breathing seems to wake with day ;
 Gold dandelions shine along the way :
 Life is come back, and death with sullen face
 Steals off, and leaves a blessing in his place.
 Awake, O north wind ! come, thou south, and blow
 Till from these gardens all their spices flow ;
 Haste, tender blossoms, hiding in the sod,
 To lift your small sweet faces up to God.
 All chirping creatures that the forests hold,
 Utter aloud your voices manifold.
 And let us sing, even as the bluebirds do,
 Although our feet are standing in the dew,
 And there be frosts to pinch us from the north,
 Yet sing ! oh, sing ! for Spring is coming forth.

There will be pink-heaped orchards by-and-by,
And flashing storms, and thunder in the sky,
High pearl-topped clouds along the heavenly plain,
Bright clearing sunsets, rainbows after rain,
Soft sultry nights, and greenest fields of grain,
All loved and lovely things, when Spring has come
again !

“HÆRET LATERI.”

WHY dost thou wear thy mother's name,
Her trick of speech, her lonely eyes,
And set the sorrow all aflame
That smouldering deep in ashes lies

We think that grief for aye is gone
When time has dried our daily tears,
And anguish made its last faint moan,
Choked with the dust of frequent years.

With shrouded heart and smiling face,
Idly we tread the ways of men ;
We hide our dead in some still place,
And think they never rise again.

Oh, futile courage of despair!

Poor subterfuge of hearts that break!

What death can stop the pulse of care?

What memory sleep, and never wake?

Ambushed on every mortal path,

Veiled by the very wreaths of joy,

Lies eager Fate's relentless wrath,

And waits its moment to destroy.

A step — and all our dream is fled:

The looks, the tones, we knew of yore,

The silent faces of the dead,

Turned sadly to that other shore

The unresponding cruel lips,

The frozen lids, the pallid cheek,

An instant flash from death's eclipse,

The clear eyes shine, the red lips speak.

And where one burning tear of woe

On the new grave in silence fell,

A thousand drops fall hot and slow,

The longer agony to tell.

For joy is but the dreamer's part,

That taunts the soul and mocks the eye;

But sorrow clings, and cleaves the heart,

Till heart and grief together die.

ON THE TRACK.

I WALK the track with doubtful mind,
I look before me and behind:
A moment since the thundering train
Sped o'er it and was gone again.

Now as I tread with wary feet
The path it passed, a terror fleet
I think of all that might have been
Did not that moment intervene.

The sudden dread, the haste to fly,
The hopeless look at yon blue sky,
The stumbling foot, the helpless fall,
A crash, a quiver; that were all.

My soul recoils, my flesh is faint,
With horror language dare not paint:
Nor looking on, nor looking back,
I hasten from that fearful track.

Yet when I sit alone and think
How near I stood to danger's brink;
Some mocking spirit seems to say,—
"Where art thou walking every day?"

A track that surely leads to death
Thou treadest since thine earliest breath:
A certain, fixed, relentless road
Unwinds before thee, strait or broad.

There dangers frown, and woes impend;
Here springs a foe, there fails a friend,
A mortal shadow falleth here,
And there a still more mortal fear.

Some heavy grief, some woful fall,
Some madness shall thy soul appal,
And o'er the track where thou hast gone
Thy certain death comes swiftly on.

Nor canst thou in thine agony
Beyond this track for safety flee,
Thy fate is fixed, thine end is sure,
Poor soul, be silent and endure!

ALL FORWARD!

AIR—GARIBALDI'S HYMN.

ALL forward! All forward!

All forward for battle! the trumpets are crying,
 Forward! All forward! Our old flag is flying,
 When Liberty calls us, we linger no longer.
 Rebels, come on! though a thousand to one,
 Liberty! Liberty! deathless and glorious,
 Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
 Free souls are valiant and strong arms are stronger.
 God shall go with us, and battle be won.

Hurrah for the banner!

Hurrah for the banner!

Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

All forward! All forward!

All forward for Freedom! In terrible splendor
 She come to the loyal who die to defend her.
 Her Stars and her Stripes, o'er the wild wave of battle,
 Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
 All forward to glory! though life-blood is pouring,
 Where bright swords are flashing and cannon are
 roaring;
 Welcome to death in the bullet's quick rattle,
 Fighting or falling shall Freedom be won.

Hurrah for the banner!

Hurrah for the banner!

Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

All forward! All forward!

All forward to conquer! where free hearts are beating,

Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!

Liberty calls us from mountain and valley,

Waving her banner, she leads to the fight.

Forward! all forward! the trumpets are crying,

The drum beats to arms, and our old flag is flying.

Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally.

Forward to battle for God and the right!

Hurrah for the banner!

Hurrah for the banner!

Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

JUNE, 1861

IN THE HAMMOCK.

How the stars shine out at sea!
 Swing me, Tita! Faster, girl!
 I'm a hang-bird in her nest,
 All with scarlet blossoms drest,
 Swinging where the winds blow free.

Ah! how white the moonlight falls.
 Catch my slipper! there it goes,
 Where that single fire-fly shines,
 Tangled in the heavy vines,
 Creeping by the convent walls.

Ay de mi! to be a nun!
 Juana takes the veil to-day,
 She hears mass behind a grate,
 While for me ten lovers wait
 At the door till mass is done.

Swing me, Tita! Seven are tall.
 Two are crooked, rich, and old,
 But the other—he's too small;
 Did you hear a pebble fall?
 And his blue eyes are too cold.

If I were a little nun,
When I heard that voice below,
I should scale the convent wall;
I should follow at his call,
Shuddering through the dreadful snow.

Tita! Tita! hold me still!
Now the vesper bell is ringing,
Bring me quick my beads and veil.
Yes, I know my cheek is pale
And my eyes shine — I've been swinging.

AG A I N .

“AFTER MANY DAYS.”

DARLINGS of the forest,
Now ye come again,
Where my heart is sorest
Waking all its pain,
Till every tender bud is wet with tears like rain.

In your patient fashion,
Lonely and most fair,

Speak to mortal passion,
Quiet its despair
With odors floating up like some sweet childish prayer.

Not one rosy blossom,
Not one sheltering leaf,
But within my bosom
Wakes a thought of grief:
So blest ye knew me once; that blessing was so brief.

Not to-day's dear treasure
In my new life set
Fills my heart's full measure
So that I forget
All that lost life of old, or dulls my keen regret.

Clusters without number
Lie about my feet,
Smiling in their slumber
Innocent and sweet,
As if no tears were yours, no blessings bright and fleet.

So while I must sorrow,
Yet your baby smile,
Careless of to-morrow,
Shall that grief beguile,
And teach me earth's sad hope — we last so little while!

Spring so soon is over,
Sunshine, snow, and rain,

I, your long-time lover,
When ye come again
Perhaps may bloom like you, beyond all mortal pain.

THE FLOWER SOWER.

“WHAT shall I do?” said a little maid
To the priest in his dark confessional.
“Of life, O father! I grow afraid:
If in my cell I could have stayed,—
But father and mother loudly call,
I am their darling and their all.
I, that have grown away from the world,
Safe as a fern leaf’s frond uncurled,
What shall I do in the day of trouble?
How shall I breast this earthly strife?
Prayer and penance shall I redouble?
Father! oh, father! I dread my life!”
The priest was old and worn and gray:
He had breasted all the storms of living,
Or ever he laid his life away
In a silent cell, to dream and pray
Beyond the work of his Master’s giving.
Grief and loss and mortal pain
Nevermore could he know again;

For all, aye all, he had loved and lost,
And the river of death he had almost crossed.
Yet at the cry of the little maid,
Of life and living and strife afraid,
The world came back that his eyes had seen,
The cloud and sunshine that once had been.
He looked behind him and saw the dead,
And the living whose trust and love had fled,
The false and faithful, the hearts that died
In throbbing bosoms of poisonous pride,
The bright eyes dimmed, the red lips paled,
The hearts that were tempted, the hearts that failed.
And before that innocent child he quailed ;
He shut his lips, like a sepulchre,
And never a word he answered her.
But in the stress of piteous fear,
She noticed not his dumb dismay ;
With many a softly-dropping tear
She murmured on till she said her say :
“ If I were a queen, with a knightly guard
To keep all evil and harm away,
I should rest in their watch and ward ;
I'd sleep all night and sing all day ;
Or were I a nun, I could fast and pray,
Safe inside of the convent walls ;
All my life in the shade I'd stay,
'Broidering chasubles, copes, and palls.
But I am only a burgher maid.
I must to kirk and market go ;
By the crowd of people be stirred or stayed ;

In the city streets walk to and fro ;
Have my raiment to shape and sew ;
Flagons to scour, and wool to spin :
How can I serve the dear God so,
Or keep my spirit from worldly sin ?”
Simple and sweet as a wilding flower
That nestles beneath a mighty tree,
The childish words had a forceful power
To set the dumb man’s silence free.
Softly he spoke : —

“ I give to thee
A daily service for God to do :
Work that shall keep thee safe and true,
Whatever evil shall walk abroad.
When loss and passion beset thy road,
And prayer and penance have no avail,
This shall hold thee with bands of steel,
Fast and strong to the Maker of man.
A worker, thou, in that wisdom’s plan
His lips to suckling and babe reveal.
But work thou truly, through woe and weal,
Though love beguile thee or hatred ban.
Sow by the wayside every day
Seeds of the common flowers that grow
In field, or wood, or the king’s highway,
But only those that gayly blow.
Scatter them daily up and down,
In the dirty lane and glittering town,
By every path where the children play,
By every road where the beggars stray,

By the church's door, and the market stall,
By peasant's hut, and by castle wall :
Let not one sun go down and say
'She hath not planted a flower to-day.'
Not to every hand is it given
To set a tree that shall rise toward heaven,
Nor yet to make a garden fair,
With costly roses and tulip flames,
And blossom bells so rich and rare
That the lip is daunted with their names ;
But the simplest maid can scatter seeds
In every crevice, by every path ;
And blossoms may overgrow the weeds,
And the earth grow beauty instead of wrath."
The little maid arose and smiled ;
The priest had forgotten his dreary moods.
He looked in her face like a mother mild,
And said, " I have used similitudes."
But she was only a simple child
Fresh from the convent solitudes.
She took the words in her heart away,
With pure intention to obey ;
And scattered along her daily way
By kirk, or market, or castle-wall,
Seeds of lavender sweet and grey ;
Pellitory, that crests the wall ;
Violets, sweetest of them all ;
Poppies, that flaunt so red and tall ;
Mignonette, and daisies pink ;
Crimson balm, like a prince's plume ;

Mourning brides in their purple gloom ;
Honey-horns, where the gold bees drink ;
Speedwell, and blue forget-me-not ;
Four o'clocks, that love the sun ;
Sapphire larkspurs, nodding bells
Of spotted fox-gloves from woodland dells,
Bindweed white, and the purple cups
Of morning-vine, that the young dew sups,
But shrinks and closes when day is done ;
Blossoms more than speech can tell,
Nodding, crowding, from hill and dell, —
Everywhere about they grew.
They made sweet riot in the air,
Their odors all abroad they threw,
Bright and lavish without a care.
Smiling up into every face
With a lovely look of silent grace,
Covering ruin and old decay
With a veil of tranquil tenderness,
Intent alone to deck and bless
Whatever came in their loving way.
And many a hard man turned to say
With trembling lips an orison,
When clinging branches and blossoms gay
By his prison window would wave and run.
The weary woman and working man
Blessed in their hearts the wayside flowers,
As fair to them as are royal bowers
To kings and queens in their languid hours ;
And many a toiling artisan

Gathered a thought for his handicraft
From the graceful blooms that round him laughed.
And every day the little maid
Grew less and less of her life afraid,
For toil and trouble were all forgot ;
The strife and sinning vexed her not ;
Her fear and sorrow were both allayed,
And peace on the day's poor duties laid, —
Peace, that from heaven on white wings strayed :
When she saw the light in gloomy eyes
Flash at a blossom's sweet surprise,
And children running the flowers to pull,
With lips of laughter and small hands full.
And the blessing of Him who sees through all
The whirl of the worlds that on him call
The tiniest sparrow's fluttering fall,
And makes for His children the blossoms small,
Fell on her heart like morning dew,
And filled her being with gladness true,
Though she never guessed what the old priest meant
When a seed-sower into the world he sent.
Is there a moral? Ah, my dears,
Whatever can dry a weeper's tears,
Or out of sorrowful eyes beguile
A happy look or a quiet smile,
A word of kindness or of cheer,
A careful thought for a neighbor's need,
A gentle glance or a kindly deed,
Though the heart they fall on be dark and sear,
The cup of water for his dear sake,

These are the seeds we scatter here ;
These are the daily blooms that make
Our earthly life so strong and dear
That storm and tempest we need not fear.
Not to every soul is given
To do some great thing under heaven.
But the grass-blades small and the drops of dew
Have their message to all of you.
And daily, hourly, loving and giving,
In the poorest life make heavenly living.

GROTON MASSACRE.

CENTENNIAL POEM.

LIBERTY! dream of man's short eager day.
Goddess! who on the distant mountain tops
Out-shinest dawn, prelude all the light.
Vision of God: power inaccessible ;
Calm is thy brow and silent are thy lips,
Spotless thy garment, and thy lifted eyes
See, over all the unequal heights of time,
A coming hour of glory and of triumph.
A light ineffable, a sacred peace,
When God's great freedom shall possess the earth,

And God's frail children stand erect and pure.
Here at thy feet, through all the flying years,
Dash the fierce surges of the world's impatience ;
The tidal wave of agony and blood,
The flight and following of slave and tyrant,
The parted sea, the shore of want and death,
The futile struggle, the delayed success,
Loss, terror, anguish, and a blank despair,
That the grave heals, the dreamless grave alone.
Yet, Unattainable ! thou smilest on
With heaven's high peace upon thy gracious brow,
Un-moved, un-fearing, eminent, secure,
The promise of a future yet too far :
Pledge that our dream is true, because we dream it.
Beholding thee aloft in stainless splendor,
We dare to tell what men have borne for thee,
What blood for thee was spilt, what heroes died,
Before the teller and the told were here.
Yet thou wert here : thy hand the strife impelled,
The deadly strife that saved their sacred honor,
Their children yet to come, their native land ;
And made their memory a proud, sad story,
For us to treasure, worship, and attain.

Hark !

The valley slept in peace.
Over it brooded the morning star,
Shining soft in the heavens afar ;
And the cornfields' rich increase,
Waved in glittering rustling blades,

The dark woods murmured in their glades
With the murmur of the dawn,
And the breath of night withdrawn,
Dropping dews from the dripping leaves,
The lapping tide on the beach that grieves,
The sudden cry of a waking bird,
The rustle and hush where a squirrel stirred,
The salt sea-breeze and the forest's balm,
Sighing softly across the calm.
Hark! on the startled ear,
A sharp short note of fear:
The waker's heart stood still,
And the watcher, with a thrill,
Waited to hear,
It was not the war-whoop's snarling yell,
Nor the sudden throb of the tocsin bell.
One stroke, — but one:
The boom of a gun:
Then, quick as leaping flame, another
Answered the other.
“ Help!” they said,
In tones of dread:
“ The fleet of the foe
Comes in below!”
But ere the signal sound had rolled,
Its woful warning to field and fold,
Its speech had a ready traitor told;
And another roar
From the further shore
Echoed and fell;

And still another,
Cain to his brother,
The challenging of hell !
The inland forts that heard the sound
Wandering upward and around,
Answered not to the wild dismay,
Of the startled dwellers by the bay :
No signal this that called for aid, —
Their crops were ripe and their sheaves un-made,
And none to succor or fight went down.
But all about the harbor-town
Well they knew the note of war,
When cannon thundered near and far,
And ships rode thick by the light-house bar.
Women started from their sleep,
Men sprang out to the farm-house door,
Out from the village homes they pour,
Up to the hill-top, down to the shore.
Hurrying here, and hurrying there,
For death and slaughter are in the air,
And no man's failing heart may dare
To linger behind and tend the sheep,
Nor any woman a man to keep
Back from battle with clinging prayer.
One, across the din and scare,
Shouts to her husband —

“ Stop, I say !”

“ Why do you call me from the way ?”

“ Just one word, then follow their track,
Don't come home to me *shot in the back !*”

Onward the ragged regiment
Like an angry wave of the harbor, went,
Bare feet bleeding, breath all spent,
But a fight for freedom was what they meant.
And now, by the blaze of the town on fire,
By the black smoke rising from the pyre
Of toil-worn treasure and heart's desire,
By thundering cannon and savage yell,
The country side knew what befel,
The town and fortresses loved so well :
And women and children fled like bees
Before the howl of a northern breeze,
Fled away from their burning hives,
Fled for their babies' precious lives,
While in the fortress on the hill,
Fathers and husbands with right good will
Fought in the fury of despair ;
Sons and brothers with panting breath
Side by side rushed on to death :
Boys cheered on by their father's shout,
Pouring their fresh young life-blood out,
And up the trampled field without
With flying banners, and bayonet set,
With drum, and trumpet, and waving plume,
Steadily on like the day of doom,
Against rude bastion and parapet
The British devils their onset made,
Ranks of traitor and renegade,
Hireling Hessian and English serf,
Surging over the hill-side turf,

Soon with their hot blood to be wet,
While safe and high on Winthrop's tomb
Arnold the traitor, cursed of man,
Watched how the cruel strife began,
And laughed when the scarlet river ran,
That rose in the hearts of friend and kin,
But drowned his soul in the flood of sin.
Over against him, the fort within,
LEDYARD the hero held his men
Up to their work with a grip of steel :
His land's true lover for woe or weal
Unto the death he served her then.
"Honor or life ? then honor first,"
The parting word from his lips that burst,
When the cannon's call with awful stress
Thundered across his peaceful waking :
And like the day of judgment breaking
Fire, and terror, and distress
Leapt from the bosom of the night,
And filled the land with wild affright.
But hands were few if hearts were strong,
Strength and numbers will win for wrong,
And might wreck right till the world gives out :
Storming up the rough redoubt,
Over the bastion with yell and shout,
Swept the line of the conquering foe,
And the starry flag lay trampled low,
Never again its watch to keep.
Murder gleamed in the leader's face ;
"Who is commander ? yield your sword !"

With bending head, and courteous word,
No plea for quarter, or ruth, or grace,
The brave man offered his reddened blade :
But one quick stroke the murderer made
Sure and sharp through that noble breast,
And the hero's spirit was at rest : —
Life for honor ! he loved it best.
Now with an angry tiger's leap,
The victors sprang on their helpless prey ;
Right in the smiling face of day
Slaughter, rapine, and fury stood
Deep in rivers of kindred blood.
Mercy, pity, honor fled
With hidden faces before their tread ;
Shrieks, and groans, and mortal cries
Shuddered up to the placid skies,
And the living held their breath,
As the dying prayed for death :
And the dead men fell away,
Face downward to the clay,
 Oh day too sad and long,
Day of despair and wrong,
Drunk with death's purple wine
Poured out as a wasting flood,
Mad with the draught of blood
Were hell's insatiate brood.
The living and dead they hewed
With pitiless sword,
And taunting word,
With scoff and sneer

In the dying ear,
Till the weary day's decline,
Then with their captives and their spoil,
With drunken laughter and loud turmoil
Down to the blue and silent bay,
The conquering murderers took their way,
But on that ghastly hill,
The dead lay cold and still.
Dead! dead! but yet they speak; oh! cruel Mother,
Calling to thee with lips of living wrath,
"Curséd be he who slays his brother,
Curséd the hand that points his path.
Were we not thine? nursed on thy knees?
Cast out to tempt the wintry seas.
Here have we wrought in peace,
Here have we found release.
What had we done to these?
Mother! Medea! murderess! we are thine."
And England's haughty heart,
Hardened in strife and mart,
Scorned the sad cry.
But widowed lives and souls in pain,
Children weeping for the slain,
Gathered up the dread refrain, —
"Oh cruel Mother! where is our brother?
Why is our father dead upon the plain?"
Alas for the former days.
For the anger and the woe
That vanished long ago,
And left for us below

Only their good and praise.
Alas for the Mother's ways!
She sowed her dragon's teeth
And quick up-sprung the spears,
The iron spears of death,
With iron hearts beneath,
And the war-storm's angry breath.
But these with blood and tears
Watered the sod for years,
And the beautiful bloom of peace,
The corn and wine's increase,
Were the harvest of their fears.
Look at these spires and towers!
These goodly fields and farms
Where never shot alarms:
At the merchant and the mariner
Whose busy toil no fear can stir,
The wide blue bay, the stately ships,
And the trailing pennon of steam that slips
In and out by the winding river:
Look at the thousand smokes that quiver
Up from this lovely land of ours,
From quiet hearths beside whose blaze
Linger long, peaceful, happy days;
They bought them with their lives,
The dead who lie around
This consecrated ground,
In these their life survives.
Give them their meed of laud and tears,
The tribute of a hundred years.

And this is history.
An echo from the cry of man,
Since first his vibrant voice began
To stir the silent vaults of air :
Up-rising here, recurring there,
Through time and space forever ringing,
Across the gulf of centuries springing,
Humanity's sad tale to bear.
In every tone the old repeat, —
“ With one red blood all true hearts beat.
There is one honor and one faith,
To every knightly soul one breath,
To every hero one great death.”
It tells to-day in ardent strain,
Of patriot sires who fought in vain
Here on this green and fortified hill,
And re-repeats the story still,
Of other, later knights, who stood
Loyal in that rebellious flood
When Lincoln called for men :
When lonely Sumter lost her flag,
And not one true man dared to lag,
But like the lover to his bride
Sprang forward to their leader's side,
Bearded the panther in its den,
And true to old ancestral pride,
Even as their fathers, fought and died,
For sacred Liberty.
And up again from the silent dead
Comes Benedict Arnold, hand and head ;

Rebel chieftain to plan and plot,
Rude assassin with pistol shot ;
Traitor here, and murderer there ;
Or wily schemer, afraid to dare,
But quick to lay his poisonous snare,
And fire another, vile and weak,
To act the treason he dare not speak :
Deaf to the Voice which still and low
Whispers a word of dread and woe
That veils the eyes of the seraphim —
“ Who hateth his brother murders him.”
These shall a smitten country send,
Down to their lives' unblessed end,
Hand in hand with him who sold
Their country's freedom for British gold :
And ages on ages yet unborn,
Point to their names with curse and scorn,
And when once more the sword of strife
Threatened and rent our country's life,
When once again for our rights we bled,
And strewed our meadows with precious dead,
Again the heart of the Mother-land
Hardened itself against our woe,
Held to greet us no friendly hand,
Aided and comforted our foe.
Unforgiving and haughty still,
To the child that thwarted her iron will.
When, oh when ! shall the echo cease,
And the severed nations be bound in peace ?

Rest on oh heroes! in your silent slumber :
Hail and farewell, ye mighty moveless dead!
Long as her centuries earth shall know and number,
Green be the laurel boughs above ye spread.

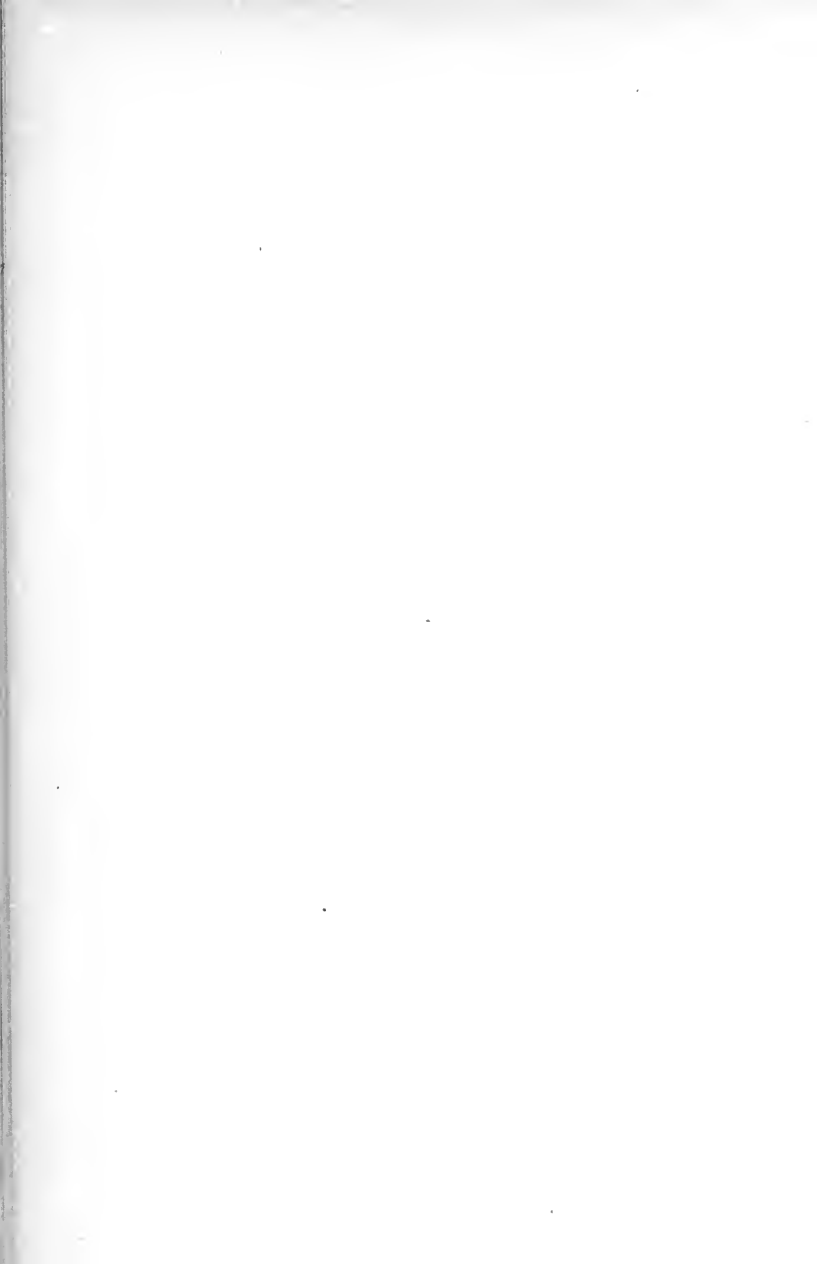
Your course is sped; your record man remembers,
And God's own hand your sacred dust shall keep;
Though all the flame hath left those mortal embers,
Upward it sprang, with bright, immortal leap.

Sleep in your country's heart; forever holy,
Your memory shines along the slopes we tread.
Another hundred years their incense lowly
Ere long shall o'er your sculptured honors shed.

And we who bring you grace and salutation,
We too shall sleep; and nobler tribes of men
Shall offer here the homage of a nation
Rich with a wisdom far beyond our ken.

But still, as years return, shall man returning
Fight, fall, despair, or chant the conqueror's psalm;
Still the same light in patriot hearts be burning,
And Heaven, still just, bestow the martyr's palm.

BALLADS.



BALLADS.

THE BALLAD OF CHRISTOPHER ASKE.

(CATHOLIC REBELLION OF 1536.)

COME gentle sweet ladies, with kerchief and fan ;
Come lily-fair maidens, who love a brave man ;
Come all ye gay gallants from wine-cup and flask,
To hear my good ballad of Christopher Aske.

There was fighting in Lincoln and firing in Trent,
The bells were all ringing, the bows were all bent ;
The commons had risen at Catholic call,
And the Askes left their hunting at Ellerkar Hall.

There was Robert the Rebel, one brother of three ;
They nursed at one bosom, and prayed at one knee ;
But true men and loyal stood two against one, —
Jolly brave Christopher, sober-sides John.

Lord Clifford in Skipton lay all but alone,
For Cumberland's vassals to Robert had gone ;
And all the West Riding was up and away,
While there with a handful Earl Cumberland lay.

“They may hew us in gobbets,” said Christopher then,
“They ’ll make no curst rebels of Harry’s true men!
Come saddle and bridle, to Skipton with speed,
To help our good cousin in time of his need!”

Full glad was Lord Clifford to welcome the pair,
Though dark was his look as they mounted the stair.
“Good gentles and cousins, ye come at our need,
For Skipton’s old castle is empty indeed!

“My wife and my babies to Bolton have fled;
Would God they had tarried by board and by bed!
And Rosamond Tempest, and Mary Kildare,
And Isabel Darcy are all with them there.

“With murder and outrage the rebels have sworn
To visit my darlings ere Friday at morn,
If we hold the gates fast to their rascally crew.
And the Abbot ’s a coward. Friends, what shall I do?

“A traitor I must be to king or to wife;
My heart ’s like to burst in the terrible strife, —
For Clifford and traitor were never at one.
Yet if Nell and the babies — my life were well done!”

Up sprung gallant Christopher, red to the brow,
He had sworn to proud Rosamond many a vow:
“Bide here in your castle, and Robert defy;
I ’ll bring back the women and children, or die!”

The darkness of midnight hid forest and fell,
 But loud through the tree-tops whirled roaring and yell,
 For a storm was abroad, like the morning of doom,
 When out of the postern, and into the gloom,

With soft-pacing horses and armor of black,
 By many a by-path and intricate track,
 Rode the vicar of Skipton, Earl Cumberland's squire,
 And Christopher Aske, with his eyes like a fire.

Proud Rosamond sat by the casement awake ;
 She longed and she sighed for the daylight to break ;
 When clear in the darkness a signal she heard, —
 A cry that came never from beast or from bird.

It was Christopher's call ; to the wicket she crept.
 Full soundly the Abbot that midnight had slept ;
 For long ere the dawning came, stormy and red,
 Far over the moorland his guests had all fled !

They muffled the horse-hoofs with wrappings of silk,
 They blackened the palfrey, whose coat was like milk ;
 The babies were Clifford's, they uttered no cry,
 And scorned the brave women to tremble or sigh.

They crept in the heather and slid through the trees,
 They stalked the wild rebels like deer on their knees ;
 Like a vision of spirits, so silent and fleet,
 Save the throb of the hearts in their bosoms that beat.

In stillness and darkness sped maidens and men,
But the dark was as daylight to Christopher's ken ;
As sure as an arrow, as true as a hound,
Through the host of the rebels a pathway he found.

At the dawning of day, on the battlement high,
Those women and children the rebels did spy ;
They raged like the ocean along a lee shore,
But Clifford laughed softly to hear the wild roar.

“ We 're safe from your mercy, good rascals !” quoth he,
“ But a shaft might still find us, so high as we be.
Go down, my sweet ladies, and rest you to-day ;
I think our brave gallant comes hither away !”

And there on the dais, in midst of them all,
The Rose of the Tempests stood stately and tall ;
And Christopher, stooping, or ever she wist,
Before all the maidens her red lips he kissed.

“ Fie !” rustled the ladies ; but Rosamond laughed :
“ I give thee good-will to the cup thou hast quaffed.
Thou hast done thy devoir like a courteous knight,
And becomes a true lady to give thee thy right.”

Then Christopher louted full low at her feet :
“ I could go to the death for a guerdon so sweet ;
But the poor ride to Bolton,— the guiding thee back, —
’T were no hazardous deed for a friar, good lack !

“T was the trick of a coward to steal through the moor ;
Yet we were but three men, you women were four
It was terrible odds from those devils to ask,
And behooved to be careful !” quoth Christopher Aske.

Yet again and again ere the rebels had fled,
On errand as valiant had Christopher sped ;
Till summer came smiling with blossoms and sun,
And England had rest, for the wars were all done.

But Nicholas Tempest hung high on the tree, —
And kin to proud Rosamond’s father was he ;
And Robert the rebel, that villainous Aske,
On a gallows still higher had ended his task.

Yet for all that was dead and for all that was gone,
The living and loyal made never a moan ;
At the bravest of weddings did Rosamond ride,
With Christopher Aske on his charger beside.

A mighty carousal saw Skipton that day,
With lords and with ladies in goodly array.
Their souls are in heaven to-day, we do trust,
For Christopher Aske and his comrades are dust.

Give a smile to his memory, sweethearts, I pray ;
Come fill him a bumper, my gallants so gay !
Full loath do I finish my excellent task,
Such a jolly brave fellow was Christopher Aske !

THE GUERZ OF GENOSSA.

(AFTER THE BRÉTON.)

SOLE and lonely lived the maid
 Unattended, unafraid,
 Good nor evil there she knew
 Only clouds, or winds that blew
 Wiling to her silken snare
 Little birds that sung in air,
 Laughing low their joy to see
 When her fingers set them free,
 Idly with the lambs she played
 Or beside the Laber strayed,
 Like its waves her childhood ran
 Knowing naught of God or man.
 Past nor future dared to stir
 In her heart a sweet demur,
 Past or future she had none,
 There she lived from sun to sun,
 Lonely daughter of a king
 Into woman blossoming,
Oh Genossa!

On a heifer white and bold,
 Gay with shining horns of gold,

Through the forest ways she rode.
Down its neck her tresses flowed
Black as coils of glittering jet,
And her soft eyes, darker yet,
Shone amid the cloudy hair
Blowing round her forehead fair.
Red as blood her mantle rolled
To the greensward, fold on fold,
On her brow for diadem
Sparkled neither gold or gem,
But a blood-red wreath of bloom,
Roses in her ringlets' gloom,
Fair she rode beneath the trees
As a dream the sleeper sees.

Oh Genossa!

Suddenly, one morn of May,
Wondrous visions barred her way;
Lo! a swart and glossy bull,
Short of horn, with forehead full,
Wrinkled front, and eye of flame,
Toward her like a tempest came;
But across the level path,
Pawing in restraint and wrath,
Curving neck and bristled mane,
Show the check of curb and rein;
Swift she sees a splendid gleam,
Gilded armor, blue eyes' beam,
Haughty visage bended low,
Helmet set on brow of snow;

Ah! her heart is half afraid,
Fear assails the fearless maid.

Oh Genossa!

Softer than a south-wind's sigh,
Gentler than a wood-dove's cry,
Sweeter than the cherubim
Quiring loud their angel hymn,
Falls the voice those proud lips parting;
Into soul and spirit darting
Wilder thrills than death could give,
Thrills that bid the woman live.
Never-more, ah never more,
Shall she stray by wood or shore,
Dreamless, aimless, tranquil, calm,
Stately as a tropic palm,
Undisturbed by hope or prayer,
Innocent as bird in air.
Peace hath left her maiden bosom,
For the bee hath found the blossom.

Oh Genossa!

Day by day, and day by day
In the fragrant woodland way
Met the damsel and the stranger,
Thoughtless she of harm or danger,
Sunshine brimmed the tender sky,
All the birds sung joyously,
Languid odors filled the air,
Summer brooded everywhere,

And the hoof-beats as they rode
Like a rhythmic legend flowed.
'Love is sweet, love is sweet,
Sweeter, sweetest;' beat on beat.
Ever to the throbbing rhyme
All her pulses keeping time
Rapture drowning soul and sense,
Bliss beyond all innocence,
Till, alas! one dewy day
On the bull she rode away,
And the heifer homeward strayed,
Lowing loudly for the maid.

Oh Genossa!

All in vain her kin pursue;
Swifter yet the black bull flew,
Vainly on the gray sea-sands
Rozan's monarch wrings his hands,
Dashing through the wild blue water
Vanisheth his spell-bound daughter.
Silver horns and bloodshot eyes
O'er the dancing billows rise,
And the black bull's hide of jet
With the ocean's spray is wet.
But Genossa closely clings
And the knight about her flings
Closer still his stalwart arm;
Yet he holds with deeper charm.
Thought of dread nor dream of harm
Doth her maiden soul alarm,

Strength nor fear the work had done,
Love hath conquered! love hath won!
Ah Genossa!

Now in Morgane's fairy cave
Safe they hear the foemen rave,
High above the pale rocks glow
Bluer than the sea below,
Azure, azure everywhere,
Like the vaults of upper air.
And beneath the azure sea
Laps the walls eternally.
Loud she cried in sudden woe,
"Hark! my mother calls below,
From the narrow house of wood
Where she sleeps in solitude.

"'Tis but waves whose lifting shock
Sobs within the rifted rock."

"Listen, Spountus! Hark! she speaks."

"What vain word the death-sleep breaks?"

"Daughter! give not flesh and soul
Lawless, unto man's control,
Let the priest with book and bell
Marry thee, if all be well."

"So, sweet, shall the rite be sped
Honored be the holy dead."

Suddenly a little isle,
From the darkness seemed to smile,
Blazing tapers, altar high
Rich with scarlet blazonry,
Mitred priest, and choristers
With whose chant the blue air stirs.
Knight and maiden hand in hand
Swiftly at the altar stand,
And her finger offering
To the priest, she wears the ring.
Ring of fire! in agony
Through the cavern peals a cry:
White and wild she turns to fly.
And a voice laughs scornfully
Ah Genossa!

On and on like dreams of ill,
Ever down an endless hill,
Fainting heart and stumbling feet,
Hurried bride, and bridegroom fleet,
Onward, downward, still they go,
Heralded by shrieks of woe.

“Hist! I hear both wail and weeping!”

“Tis the miners, night-shift keeping.”

“Spoutus! down the rock appears,
Drop on drop, like streaming tears.”

“Tis the springs of earth, my bride,
Down the dripping stones they glide.”

“Ah my lord! my love, my soul,
How the air burns! like a coal.”

“Aye, the fires are rising fast.
Fires that heat the whirling blast,
Godless maiden! life is past.
Earth for thee no more shall shine,
Heaven withdraws its gleam divine,
This is Hell!—and thou art mine.
Lost Genossa!”

ROSALIND!

HIGH on the hills Lord Heron he dwells,
Rosalind sings on the moors below,
Faint as the sea in its singing shells,
Up to the castle her soft notes go.

Young Lord Heron has left his state,
Donned a doublet of hodden-gray;
Stolen out at the postern-gate,
A silly shepherd, to wander away.

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child,
Tender and gentle and true is she;
Colin the shepherd is comely and mild,
Tending his flocks by valley and lea.

Never shepherd has whispered before
Words she hears at the close of day:—
“Rose of roses, I love thee more—
More than the tenderest words can say.

“Though I seem but a shepherd lad,
Down from a stately race I came;
In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad,
And Lady of Heron shall be thy name.”

Rosalind blushed a rosy red,
Turned as pale as the hawthorns blow,
Folded her kirtle over her head,
And sped away like a startled doe.

“Rose of roses, come back to me!
Leave me never!” Lord Heron cried,—
“Never!” echoed from hill and lea,
“Never!” the lonely cliffs replied.

Loud he mourned a year and a day,
But Lady Alice was fair to see;
The bright sun blesses his bridal day,
And the castle-bells ring merrily.

Over the moors, like a rolling knell,
Rosalind hears them slowly peal;
Low she mourned — “I loved him well, —
Better I loved his mortal weal.

“Rest, Lord Heron, in Alice’s arms,
She is a lady of high degree;
Rosalind had but a peasant’s charms,
Ye had rued the day ye wedded me!”

Lord Heron he dwells in the castle high,
Rosalind sleeps on the moors below.
He loved, to live; and she loved, to die;
Which loved truest, the angels know!

THE NIS.

“ See, idug flytter vi.”

THERE was a man in Funen,
 A weary man was he,
 For all his huddled sheepfold,
 His children fair to see :

For all his swine and cattle,
 For all his cocks and hens,
 His good wife and his casks of beer,
 A weary man was Lenz.

For a little Nis from Elfland
 Had come with Lenz to dwell,
 And nobody could fright him
 With cursing or with spell.

He danced about the cellar,
 And twirled the spigots round ;
 The delft-ware in the cupboard
 He clattered to the ground ;

He put the cat on horseback;
He broke the spindle twine;
He burnt the porridge in the pot;
And spilled the flask of wine;

He nipped and bobbed the children,
Till sore and loud they squealed;
He vexed the serving maidens,
And plagued the men a-field.

Till Lenz, who lived in Funen,
By Thor and Freya swore
He'd move to Copenhagen,
Where once he lived before.

So, bag and baggage mustered,
They took their sea-ward way,
To sail for Copenhagen,
One pleasant summer day.

And Lenz, he drove the good wife,
The cart was sure and slow,
Well loaded up with bed and cup,
The churn it swung below.

And on the road they met a man.
"Where do ye go?" says he.
"We're off for Copenhagen,
A-sailing on the sea."

Out of the churn below them
There came a little squall:
"Aye! off for Copenhagen,
Good wife, and me, and all!"

"Now by the beard of Odin!"
With face as red as blood,
Swore mightily the baffled Lenz,
"We will not stir a rood!"

"If Master Nis goes with us,
A foot we will not go!"
Then men and maids, and beasts and wains
Turned backward, vexed and slow.

O Lenz! poor Lenz of Funen!
You're not the last to find
That wander wide worlds over
No trouble stays behind!

The vexed and weary spirit
May count to-day on this:
Go far and near, go there or here,
Beside it rides the Nis!

BASILE RENAUD.

THE summer sun bedecks Anjou,
The harvest time keeps promise true,
And I have kept my faith with you
Basile Renaud!

The sun forsakes my dungeon walls,
Across the fosse no shadow falls,
I hear no answer to my calls,
Basile Renaud!

My name was Clara Madaillon.
I had a sister, I had one
Who should have been a hooded nun,
That made us three :
Marie and I dwelt in the tower,
But Angelique forsook her dower,
And in a convent made her bower,
The convent of St. Brie.

There came a lover to our lands,
I wove my hair in shining bands
And put bright jewels on my hands,
Basile Renaud!
You looked at me as at a star,
You said I was as cold and far,

I laugh now, thinking what you are,
Basile Renaud!

He gave me a betrothal ring,
I learned for him to smile and sing;
“Proud Clara, have you found your king?”

They said to me.
So from the nuns came Angelique
For her farewells; oh! she was meek,
With yellow tresses down her cheek,
And blue eyes soft to see!

My love beheld her tender face,
Her little hands and gentle grace,—
How dared you give her my right place,
Basile Renaud?

I scoffed at her, I hated him;
And Marie said — “His eyes are dim;
Were't me — ” So ran thy requiem,
Basile Renaud!

We took our counsel, nor would show
More signs of vengeance than the snow
That hides a traveller far below
Its shining drift.

The winter nights came on too fast,
But they two did not hear the blast
That howled, and howled, and shivered past,
And muttered in the rift.

One night we were both grave and gay,
For Angelique had gone away,
And one was sad, but two would play,
Basile Renaud.

The firelight flickered in the hall,
The sconces burned with torches tall;
I, blinded, hunted to the wall
Basile Renaud.

“Will you be hunter?” Marie said;
She tied the kerchief round his head;
I had a knife—and it grew red—
But not with flame.

His brow bent down upon my arm.
I laughed to see the working charm.
He had no will to do us harm,
Nor breath to murmur blame.

They haled us to a prison high,
Where all day long thick shadows lie,
And in broad daylight we shall die,
Basile Renaud!

But I had vengeance! though there be
Only one sister left of three—
Angelique in the nunnery—
Basile Renaud!

THE DEATH OF TANKERFIELD.

THE death of holy Tankerfield,
That martyr of the Lord's,
And his great worth I do set forth
As seasonable words.

In young King Edward's blessed time,
A Papist vile was he;
Uncleansèd from the filthy slime
Of vain idolatry.

But when it pleased the Lord most high
To take the king away,
Unto his everlasting rest,
To be with him alway, —

When bloody Mary's reign began,
Wherein the flock of Christ
Did wander through the valleys low,
And stumble in the mist, —

Then, as he saw what cruel pains
From men they did endure,
And suffered pangs of many deaths
To make their glory sure —

His heart was moved and stirred within
To see their evil tide,
And that foul church which wrought the sin
He might no more abide.

But turned unto the sacred Word,
To light his darksome soul;
And learned to leave that faith abhorred
That would his mind control.

And did his feeble voice uplift
To make a protest bold,—
Renouncing all the devil's works,
To which he clave of old.

Thereat unto his house there came
A man of cruel mind,
By name one Byrd, who thought no shame
This godly youth to bind.

Before the judge they haled him then,
Who sent him back apace,
Unto a doleful prison-cell,
Where he remained a space.

But when before the court he came,
To answer for his faith,
Of Christ the Lord he was not shamed,
But owned him unto death.

So, when the summer-tide was come,
And all the fields were green,
And flowers upon the dewy meads
Were joyful to be seen,

They brought him from his dungeon-cell
Unto a certain Inn,
And bade him to remember well
The wages of his sin.

For that he never more should see
The rising of the sun.

“Then,” with a cheerful voice, quoth he,
“Good Lord, thy will be done!

“Now, bring me here a cup of wine,
Withal a wheaten cake,
To keep the Supper of the Lord,
Ere I my end do make.

“I may not have a minister
To break this bread to me,
But by thy passion, gracious Lord,
Lay not the sin to me!

“I fain would keep thy feast again
Before I drink it new,
To aid my flesh in deathly pain,
And keep my spirit true.”

So, giving thanks, he took the bread,
And drank the sacred wine,
Which now in heaven he doth partake
From chalices divine.

Then prayed he them to light a fire,
That he his strength might try;
The host did grant him his desire,
And stood amazed by:

For, lo! he stretched his naked foot
Into the scorching flame,
But bone and sinew quivering shrank,
And loud he spake in pain:—

“Ho, flesh! thou wilt not gladly burn,
But spirit shall endure;
Ho, sense! thou wouldst from glory turn,
But soul thou shalt make sure!”

Then, as the time drew on apace
That he by fire should die,
He kneeled again and prayed for grace
To bear his agony.

Then, with a calm and pleasant smile,
Saith he, — “However long
The day may seem, yet at the last
It rings for even-song.”

The sheriffs brought him to a green,
Hard by the abbey-wall,
And seeing there the fagots piled,
They spake aloud to all.

“A dinner sharp is mine to-day,”
Quoth he, with joyful faith,
“But I shall sup on heavenly cates,
And triumph over death.”

When he was fettered to the stake,
They heaped the pile full high,
And called a priest, with subtle words
To shake his constancy.

But loudly he denied the mass
And all the works of Rome,
So might not Babylonish tricks
Delay his passage home.

A certain knight, who stood thereby,
Laid hold upon his hand.
Quoth he, “Good brother in the Lord,
Be strong in Christ, and stand.”

“Oh, sir!” the martyr made reply,
“I give you thanks indeed.
May God be lauded, I am strong!”
With that they bade him heed.

And set the fire unto the pile:
When, as the flame shot high,
Unto the strong and mighty One
He powerfully did cry.

Yea, from the depths uplifted he
A cry for help to God,
And homeward then, on fiery wings,
Right joyfully he rode.

GENEVIÈVE.

A LEGEND OF THE MORVAN.

GENEVIÈVE the Nivernaise
Fell upon her evil days:
Seven children to be fed,
Only two to find them bread.
Sometimes in her heart she said,
“Would that I had never wed;
Would that some of these were dead!”
Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Wearily the days went by.
Drooping head and languid eye,
Crying babes and hungry sire,
Meagre food and scanty fire —
Life was torment drear and dire;
Riches were her heart's desire.

Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Fête-Dieu dawned serene and still.
Forth she wandered to the hill —
Wandered up the Fairy Way,
Carrying baby Désirée.
In the village church to-day
All the rest have gone to pray;
Blessed words she could not say.

Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Pink and sweet the roses wave,
Wreathed above the Fairy Cave.
'Tis to-day the fated hour
Fairy fetters lose their power.
Open door and haunted bower
Tempt her in to seek their dower

Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

From her arms the child she set
On a table carved of jet,
With an apple in her hold;
For the floor was strewed with gold
Gold and gems of price untold,

Gems and jewels manifold,
At her feet like pebbles rolled.
Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Suddenly she heard a knell.
Could it be the compline bell?
Ah! if once those rites were o'er,
Fairy spells would close the door;
She should never find it more.
Out she rushed with all her store.
Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Loud the bell for complines rung;
Loud the doors together swung.
"Ah, my baby! left behind!"
Nothing answered but the wind.
Key nor latchet could she find:
Then what anguish tore her mind!
Loud she raved at fate unkind
Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

From her garments' weighted fold
Down she scattered gems and gold.
"Oh, the little baby face!
Oh, the tender baby grace!
Evil soul, distract and base:
Worthless jewels in her place!"
Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Sore she wept and loud did pray,
Till the priest came up that way.

“Father! father! pray for me;
 Bid the saints look down to see
 All my dreadful misery;
 Curst my wish comes back to me.
 Cry for help, if help there be!”
 Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

“Mary, Mother, help!” he said;
 “Give thee both thy babe and bread.
 Seek the treasure night and day.
 When thou findest waif and stray,
 In the cave thy burden lay:
 So thy curse shall pass away.”
 Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Moonlit midnight, noon and morn
 Saw her at her search forlorn:
 On her knees in patient pain,
 Through the forest, brake, and plain,
 Now in snow, and now in rain—
 Never did she seek in vain;
 All at length she found again.
 Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Now the Fête-Dieu comes once more,
 And beside the cavern door
 With the treasure doth she wait,
 As a soul at heaven's dear gate,
 Meek, repentant, desolate;
 But one gift she asks of fate.
 Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

Suddenly the doors unclose.
Blooming like a tiny rose,
As the year were but a day,
On the table Désirée
With her apple sits at play.
Ah! who tears the child away!
Flings the treasure where it lay,
With but one wild word to say —
“Désirée! my Désirée!”
Geneviève! oh, Geneviève!

PENNA'S DAUGHTER.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

I TOOK my baby to the sands,
Undid her coats and swaddling bands;
I held her tight in tender hands
And dipped her in the sea:
Ah me! how pink her fair face showed!
Her ivory body blushed and glowed,
Her dimpled legs my arm bestrode,
She screamed with baby glee.

That summer sea, how soft it laves
The long and lonely shore of graves!
Her eyes were bluer than its waves,
 Her yellow curls flew free.
I looked at her with lips apart,
I kissed her with a hungry heart;
Out of my arms with sudden dart
 She leapt into the sea.

My voice died out, I could not shriek,
My helpless hands hung cold and weak;
Before my stiffened lips could speak
 The child came back to me!
Like any dancing spray of foam
That on the billows loves to roam,
She floated back to me and home,
 This baby of the sea.

Oh is she mine, or is she thine?
The lapping water made no sign.
She grew like rose-trees straight and fine,
 This creature from the sea.
Her hair was gay as golden thread;
From off her fair and haughty head,
Down to the ground it waved and spread,
 As bright as sunbeams be.

She grew to be a dainty maid,-
But never in the church she prayed,
And never in her home she stayed,
 To rock the babes for me.

But night and day, and day and night,
When morn was red or stars were bright,
She strayed beside her sole delight,
 The moaning, glittering sea.

Sometimes she smiled, sometimes she sung;
No laugh went rippling from her tongue;
As light from stone to stone she sprung
 As plovers flit and flee;
Or on a rock, with hair outspread
And lips like coral wet and red,
She bent to see her shining head
 Glassed in the shining sea.

Alas! alas! the day is long,
But dew-fall brings to even-song.
The squire's young heir was tall and strong,
 And well he loved the sea.
You saw his pinnace, when the gale
Went howling by through shroud and sail,
Fly o'er the billows fiery pale,
 As over blooms the bee.

Where wild and white the breakers pour,
His cheery shout above the roar
Came ringing to the frightened shore
 Like bells across the lea.
He saw my lass upon the beach,
He made good speed her side to reach,
He wiled her well with guileful speech,
 He whispered like the sea.

Oh saddest heart! oh tale to tell!
 My gold and milk-white lily-bell,
 Before the blast it bowed and fell,
 It fell and died by me.
 Her father's heart was hard and old,
 Her lover's lips were sneering cold;
 I wrapped her shroud in fold on fold
 And laid her by the sea.

Oh was she mine, or was she thine?
 The awful water gave no sign.
 I kissed the clay, my love was mine;
 The child was child to me.
 And he who killed her sailed away;
 He stayed a year, he stayed a day,—
 From God he could no longer stay,
 Nor from the hungry sea.

The revel lights had long been out,
 The revel songsters ceased to shout;
 He lost his path, he strayed about,
 And on the rock sat she.
 Her long hair in the moonlight shone,
 She called to him with piteous moan,
 "Ah love! my love! I weep alone.
 Come down beside the sea."

She clasped him close, she clasped him tight,
 She wrapped him in her tresses bright:
 "My breast shall be thy bed to-night,
 Thy curfew-bell the sea.

If Penna's daughter drooped and died,
Her tale is told; behold thy bride."
She clasped him to her icy side,
Nor sign nor sound made he.

When clouded red with blood and flame
The dawning day in tempest came,
In vain they called Lord Walter's name;
From tower nor town came he:
At night he tossed, a broken thing,
Flapped by the screaming sea-bird's wing,
Where sullen waters heave and swing,
Cast from the scornful sea.

THE LADY'S GHOST.

THE sweetest lady in the land
She sailed away from Britain's isle,
And kissed and waved her lily hand,
And sent across the waves a smile.

Ah woe is me! to sail the sea
This lovely dame was borne away,
With pipers piping merrily,
And silken pennons floating gay.

The wind blew high, the wind blew low
It lashed the sea to many a wave ;
But fast of flight, a deadlier foe,
Before the howling tempest drave.

A day and year, yet there nor here
The Dian touched at pier or shore,
No tidings came of hope nor fear,
Alas! that lady came no more.

“ Arise ! arise ! my brother's son
Go forth and search by sea and land,
My heart is dead my life is done
Unless I touch my lady's hand.

“ Ah woe is me ! how sweet to see
She waved to me her fond farewells ;
Her bride-ring glittered fair and free,
Her voice rang out like wedding-bells.

“ Oh dreadful doom ! oh woeful fate !
Oh cruel wreck of wounds and war !
That here I lie all desolate,
While she is tossed on seas afar.

“ Go forth, my brother's sturdy son !
Go take my ship beside the pier,
Take knights and sailors many a one,
And fetch my lovely lady here.”

The wind blew low, the wind blew high,
When young Sir Roger sailed the sea
A whirling tempest blurred the sky
And fast the gallant ship did flee.

On Sable's isle the breakers pile,
They heap and fall and rave amain
The ship that sailed a thousand mile
Shall never sail a rood again.

The valiant knights, the goodly crew,
Lie deep asleep 'neath ocean's roar :
But one alone the billows threw
A living man, along the shore.

He dragged him to a lonesome hut
A weary wight, to pray for sleep,
But scarce his heavy eyes were shut
Before he heard a lady weep.

With horrid chill his marrow crept,
But brave spoke out his heart so stout :
" 'Twas but the winds the roof that swept,
The storm is wild and fierce without !"

He saw the glimmer of a veil,
The waving of a garment white,
A face looked in most fair and pale,
And swift he followed through the night.

And follow, follow, through the sand,
And follow through the midnight drear ;
Behold that bleeding beckoning hand
Those eyes of dread, that face of fear !

In Sable's isle a lake there lies,
A gloomy lake with desert shore,
Above, the sea-gull screams and flies ;
Beyond, the angry breakers roar.

Straight on and on that dame has gone
And plunged beneath the sullen wave,
The sight has passed, the dream is done,
He only heard the tempest rave.

But lo ! within the lonesome cot
Again he saw that pallid face
It waved him from the haunted spot ;
But now the knight took heart of grace.

“ Speak out ! speak out ! my uncle's wife !
Why dost thou like a spectre stand ?
Say ! wert thou slain in mortal strife,
And who hath torn thy bleeding hand ? ”

As hollow as the mournful moan
That cries and creeps in ocean shell ;
As faint and far, as sad and lone,
As over seas a tolling bell.

So sounds the voice Sir Roger knows,
The voice that once rang sweet and clear, —
“ My bones beneath this sand repose,
My soul is spelled to wander here.

“ Alas! alas! woe worth the day,
I sailed away from Britain's shore,
Along the dreadful seas to stray,
To see my lord, my home, no more.

“ A pirate ship behind us came
With flying sails and fiends for crew ;
The Dian sank in blood and flame
The gold they took the men they slew.

“ Then rose a storm full loud and strong,
Their ship they lost, they saved their men ;
No tongue can tell what shame and wrong
They wrought within this dreadful den.

“ They tore away my bridal ring,
They mocked my cries of woe and fear,
A foul, dismayed, dishonored thing,
I plunged beneath the waters here.

“ My tale is done, my rest is won ;
Go range and rage across the sea
Till every pirate's race be run,
Avenge with blood my lord and me !”

She faded like the fading stars.
Full chill and wild the dawn wind blew
Along the horizon's level bars
The north-lights' quivering lances flew.

Sir Roger swore an oath of might
Before her fair and fading ghost.
To be that lady's loyal knight
To spoil and slay the pirate's host.

And far away in Britain's isle
The bells were knelled the death-mass said
For in the castle chapel's aisle
That night her lord lay cold and dead.

THE BRIDES OF FIRE.

A SYRIAN LEGEND.

DARK are the vaults of Istakhar ;
Of onyx black and porphyry,
Their lofty caverns rise so far
No eye the rock-ribbed roof may see.
Deep in the mountain's heart they be ;
So deep that never sun nor star,
Illumes their awful mystery.
Wall over wall, and cell on cell,
The Afreets, slaved by mighty spell,
Toiled ages long to hollow them ;
And ages more to hew the walls
Like facets of some precious gem.
But in those wide and lofty halls
No quivering splendors of the air,
No fiery spark, or moon-lit ray
Lit up the arches vast and bare ;
Till Zohank, Giamschid's dreadful son,
Made league and covenant with hell
That Eblis should uphold his throne,
Yield him the caves of Istakhar,
And grant him power of sign and spell,
To work perpetual miracle,
Deep hid where men nor angels are.

But from the blackness of his soul,
The price and penance of his sin,
Twin monsters of a dragon brood,
Fed day by day with human blood,
Sprang up those secret vaults within,
And mocked at Zohank's vain control,
Year after year, through all the land,
Were sire, and son, and wife, and maid,
And crying children hand in hand,
And infants smiling undismayed,
Borne to the Mount of Misery's breast
To still those serpents' fierce unrest.

Merab, the wondrous Persian sage,
Rose up at dawn from his divan.
His mighty beard was white with age,
But down its silvery fleeces ran
'Tears that had shamed a younger man ;
For hurrying slaves, with shrieks and cries,
Told how his daughters, sore bestead,
The light and glory of his eyes,
Were Zohank's prey. Oh! worse than dead,
Rapt to the vaults of Istakhar!
Seven sweet fair maids as e'er the moon
Kissed with her tranquil virgin ray
At night's serene and silent noon ;
And pure as heaven at dawning day.

Too true the tale ; that sister crowd,
With clinging arms, and faces bowed,

Shivering and cringing in despair
With tangled clouds of yellow hair
About their ivory shoulders falling;
And voices low as ring-doves calling,
Or as a child in sleep that speaks:
And dark eyes, soft as violets are:
Stood in the vaults of Istakhar,
Each like to each as star to star:
And down on every white cymar,
Sole garment of their loveliness,
The tears dripped fast o'er pallid cheeks,
That once were like the almond's bloom:
And sobbing breaths with faint perfume
Filled all the lofty darkened room:
Dark, yet alight with wavering glow.
Dark to such light were happiness,
That light from such dread source did flow.

For one vast sheet of adamant,
Thin as a rose-leaf's petal fine,
Clear as the clearness of the air,
Yet harder than the primal rock
Whose peaks a thousand tempests mock,
Kept guard before the serpents' haunt
And held them in their secret lair.
Secret no more, for every crest
Glowed with a tongue of lurid fire,
And coil on coil, both back and breast,
Gleamed with the gleam of torch-lit wine;
And, stirred with hunger or with ire

On every scale a diamond burned,
Till light in waves, like storm-tossed ocean,
Followed where'er they writhed and turned ;
Fires that with every sinuous motion
Faded, and flashed, and died again,
And flamed anew, and still displayed
Their horrid jaws, and tongues that quiver
To lap the hot and scarlet river
Throbbing in every maiden vein.

Wild with the sight, of death afraid,
Yet calling Azrael to their aid,
So might they such a death evade,
And swoon in terror's ecstasy
Unto the nether world of shade
E'er each the other's fate should see ; —
Twined in themselves, like clustered flowers
A sudden tempest beats together,
Or doves that some sharp stress of weather
Drives to the dove-cot in a crowd,
They dare not lift those faces, cowed
Before the terrors of their cell,
But waited silently and sad
As for some subtly working spell ;
For grief and agony were spent.
And now despair its stupor lent.
Not always breaks the thunder-cloud
On him who heavenly wrath awaiteth ;
There are no voices, low or loud,
But Allah hears. His head is bowed,-

The prayer of faith His stroke abateth ;
Whereat all Paradise is glad.

Soft rustling through that darkened prison
A stir of wings, a sudden bloom,
Dawned on the terrors of their doom.
Ah! were they Azrael's footsteps fleet?
That stealing light the daybreak sweet
Of heaven beyond the tomb?
"Leila, arise!" a voice, — a sigh, —
A subtle breath of destiny
Smote on her ear; her face uplifting
The maid arose, and overhead
Like motes across a sun-ray drifting
Saw, in the far dim air, a head,
Dark gleaming wings, a shape of splendor,
Eyes bent on hers, serene and tender,
As planets on the night arisen.
The spirit spake. — "Sweet mortal maid,
Be not of spirit sight afraid.
Azel am I, a Prince of Fire;
The king and lord of Ginnistan.
I would not own the rule of man,
Poor clay-born toy! Far rather reign
O'er realms beneath his tiny world;
Therefore by Allah was I hurled
Down the deep spaces of the air
To taste the depths of my desire.
Lo! Merab makes his daily prayer
Alike to Allah and to me,

Even as sunshine drinks the dew ;
And on those pinions broad and soft
The Prince and peers of Ginnistan
Bore far from home or haunt of man
Their fair young brides, to regions lonely
Lovelier than Eden, safe and far
From the dark vaults of Istakhar.

And as the years of Allah ran
Tireless and true, to Zohank's sway
Brave Feridoun put timely end,
And in the caves of Demavend
Prisoned him howling evermore :
And all the land from shore to shore
Clamored with joy.

Then Kurdistan .
Fell to new rule : from Tugrut's towers
Seven mighty youths as hunters came
With swarthy locks, and eyes of flame,
And ruled the land with equal powers,
And old-time Syrian legends say
Their mothers went from Persia's bowers
Through Istakhar to Ginnistan,
Brides to no sons of mortal man,
But wedded to the Kings of Fire
Who baffled Zohank's fell desire.

THE SQUIRE'S BOAR HUNT.

COME, gallop my masters! Come gallop my men!
 There's roaring and routing in Enderby Fen,
 Hark! hear the hounds' music! the boar is at bay.
 There'll be fun in the Fen before curfew to-day.

A squeal? there's the brood with the sow at their head.
 Hola! through the osiers how fleet they have fled!
 But the lord of the lair is not trotting beside. —
 Ride faster! spur deeper! the boar will abide.

Whoop! down in yon sallets his holt is. I see
 The glint of his eye past that pollarded tree.
 Now Ripper! Now Bolder! down! down from the
 bank!
 Now Brave, to his ear, sir! Now Stark to his flank!

Spur John o' the Garner. Rush on with your spear!
 The dogs will hold firm. Holy saints! he is clear!
 He has ripped up old Bolder from muzzle to stern,
 And Brave lies behind him; and Stark has his turn.

Loose Vixen and Badger! a sanglier is he
 Set the hounds on at force; send the relays to me!
 Am I hunting the boar like a damsel at play?
 Gogs ounds! shall he daunt me and 'scape me to-day?

Ho! Vixen hath seized him. Pst! to him, my lass!
Here comes the fresh relay. Now guard the morass!
Will he fight? will he flee? Holy Hubert! look here,
He's routing! he's charging! he's snapped my good
spear!

Well done! John o' Garner. I pattered a prayer,
Sure thought I he had me; and but you were there
I too had been slashed with the rip of his tusk.
Bless the rood! it is over. We're home-set by dusk.

Ha! here's my young master. Yes, look you, that boar
Had nigh served your Dad that you had me no more.
But John o' the Garner like fire-flaught came on,
Upright in the stirrup, his spear-point borne down;

His good charger volted; his stout arm made thrust;
Pricked right twixt the shoulders my lord tasted dust!
Look ye there, at those tushes! that wicked red eye!
That ear that Brave tore, when he tossed him to die!

A sanglier of hundreds! have off with his head!
Full nobly and bravely our hunting hath sped.
Come! Up from the Fen, and away o'er the moor!
We'll end with high revel this hunt of the boar.

MARY OF SCOTLAND.

"*Allons donc!*" she then said. "Let us go!" and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard she descended the great staircase to the hall.—FROUDE'S HISTORY.

"Go on!" To that imperial throne
 She made a glory and a shame?
 No. Mary Stuart stood alone,
 Her queenly crown an empty name.

"Go on!" She waved her royal hand.
 Go where? to that dear distant France
 The loved, the lost, the joyous land
 Where once she led the song and dance?

On to that home where once her child,
 Born to her grief, the heir of tears,
 Looked in his mother's face and smiled,
 Unconscious of her foes and fears?

Ah, no! her youth, her hope, were dead:
 Her boy a stranger, far away:
 The glamor of a crown was fled,
 This was her last, her dying day.

She stood so calm, so still, so proud,
 So firm amid a hundred foes,

So careless of that eager crowd,
So crowned anew with fatal woes,

So scornful of the cruel death
That waited, crouched beyond the door,
The ruthless jailors held their breath,
The mail-clad warriors spake no more.

“Go on!” — and on the grim Earls went.
There was the scaffold, — there the block;
The murderous axe against it leant.
They moved her not; her heart was rock.

The spirit of her kingly race
Inspired her soul and fired her eye;
A smile lit up her tranquil face
“You thought a queen would fear to die?”

She clasped the cross against her breast
“Oh Lord! thine arms upon the tree
Spread for the world; now give me rest:
Forgive! Redeem! I come to Thee.”

The maidens loosed her widow's veil
And laid the sable robe aside;
Their cheeks were wet, their lips were pale,
But hers were red with scorn and pride.

Fair in her blood-red gown she stood;
A rose against the stormy skies,

That in some garden solitude
Uplifts its stately head, — and dies!

“Weep not my Ladies; weep no more.
Farewell; farewell! we meet again.
Oh Lord amid my troubles sore
I trust in Thee, nor trust in vain.”

She laid her head upon the block,
And murmured low — “In Thee I trust.”
Down fell the axe with thundering shock,
Mary the Queen was common dust.

The beauteous face, the smiling lips,
Wrinkled and set in aged gloom!
So from some tree a tempest strips
In one brief gust, its leaf and bloom.

Leave her the peace that life denied:
Her sins and follies all are o'er;
A Queen she lived, a Queen she died,
Peace to her ashes! ask no more.

THE HONOR OF GUZMAN EL BUENO.

DON GUZMAN in Tarifa, heard Moorish cymbals
 sound ;
He saw the host advancing fast that compassed him
 around ;
The swarthy lips that cursed him, the red eyes fired
 with hate,
The voices hoarse that cried on him to open wide the
 gate.

He saw the turbaned army with banners floating far,
The green flag of Mahomet, the flag of ruthless war,
He saw the crescent glittering high, the tossing crowds
 below,
And smote upon his mighty breast, like one in mortal
 woe.

“ Come down, thou boasting Spaniard ! come down and
 meet the Moor !
Yield up Tarifa’s fortress, unbar that frowning door !
Look ! countless as the sea-sand our angry millions
 wait,
To raze thy lofty castle, and slay thee at the gate.”

“I will not yield Tarifa !” His voice rung like a horn,
 That challenges the breezes through wild sierras borne.
 Above the battlements he rose and showed his stately
 height,
 Tall as a pine-tree on the plain that mocks the
 tempest’s might.

“I will not yield Tarifa though all the Moors in Spain
 Set on me with their scimitars, as reapers cut the
 grain :
 No Moslem hound shall enter here ; no crescent,
 soon or late,
 Float over old Tarifa. I will not yield the gate !”

“Ha ! ha ! thou valiant Spaniard ; thou’rt scant of
 courtesy ;
 Look outward from thy turret, behold yon furious
 sea !
 Its waves are like our mighty host ; thy fortress like
 the sand,
 By Allah ! we will sweep it clean from off the Spanish
 land !

Duke Guzman of Medina whom all men called “the
 Good,”
 Looked down upon the dazzling plain, the surging
 Moorish brood,
 “See yonder !” then he called aloud, “old Calpe’s
 awful rock,
 Lo ! ever since God made the world it bides the
 ocean’s shock.

“So standeth here Tarifa in might and majesty :
It laughs to scorn your puny crowds, as Calpe scorns
the sea,
God for Castile and Leon! Fling out the cross on high!
I'll hold my tower for all your power; ye hosts of
heathenry!”

“Ha!” sneered the Moorish monarch: “we hold him
in our grip.
Here, bowmen of the guard, lead out your captive
from the ship.
Don Guzman, if the tower withstand, your heart's
best blood shall flow.
Look on this fettered stripling! Is that a face you
know?”

As lightning sears the lofty oak so horror seared his
brain,
A cloud be-dimmed his vision; Don Guzman looked
again;
There stood his son, his fair young son, a hostage to
the foe,
Was ever man in such a strait since first the world
did grow?

Again fierce Yussuf taunted him. “Come down, or
else he dies,
This darling of his mother, this light of Guzman's eyes!
One prick of Moslem dagger, one twang of Moslem
bow,
Will mar that beauteous visage and lay those ringlets
low!”

Even as a knight his courser reins, when maddened
by the fray

With pawing hoofs, and snortings proud, he fain
would tear away ;

So Guzman set his sturdy will against his rebel
heart.

“And dost thou think that Guzman could play a
traitor’s part ?

“I fling thee down my dagger, its blade is bright and
keen,

Slay thou my boy before my face, but look the thrust
is clean !

I will not yield Tarifa !—not though mine eyes behold
The red blood of mine only son spurt on thy mantle’s
fold !

“Thou heathen king! thou paynim Moor! how can
thy false heart know

The honor of Medina is more than joy or woe ?

The loyalty of Guzman is mightier than his love,

Farewell my boy! Oh! ease the stroke, ye martyr-
saints above !”

Hark! tis the shout of old Castile. “For God and
for Saint James !”

The gonfalon of Leon above the Moslem flames,

Alfonso to the rescue! the battle hath begun!

And all the sand runs red with blood before the day
is done.

Two hundred thousand Moslems strēw Tarifa's ruddy
plain,
But many a goodly Christian lies cold amid the slain ;
And Guzman el Bueno hath lost his fair young son,
But the honor of Medina at a priceless ransom won !

THE SPANIEL'S REVENGE.

“ Love me love my dog.”

A LEGEND.

THE lady's footsteps fall like snow upon the castle
floor,
The lady's fingers, small and white, can scarce unbar
the door,
Her light feet falter on the stair, her pulses faintly beat.
Dear heaven above ! — or earthly love — send aid to
Marguerite !

Lone leaning on the castle wall she looks far out to sea,
Oh for those sailing pinions whereon the sea-gulls flee !
Tear after tear, a torrid shower, in sparkling silence fell,
Seen by one wistful gazer, — her little dog Fidel.

A spaniel soft as thistle down, and clouded like the sky,
With hanging ears like silken curls, and fond looks in
his eye ;

One other thing the lady holds alone as dear as he,
The dread of all the house beside, — her bloodhound
Favori.

Fierce as the spotted panther that crouches in the wild,
Yet to the Countess Marguerite as gentle as a child,
The lackeys who purvey his food dare never venture
near,

But round his neck her white arms twine without a
thought of fear.

Ah! who will stroke his muzzle now? and feed him
from her hand?

In vain at morning and at night with eager eyes he'll
stand,

The lady to another bower hath sent her maiden train,
The turrets grey of Chatenaye she'll never see again.

Before her baby lips could speak her troth-plight had
been passed,

For she of all her ancient line was loveliest and last.
Her father on his bed of death has forced from her a
vow,

To wed with speed the cruel Count who waits at
Crècy now.

So she must leave the lordly towers that nursed her
gentle life,

To wed a fierce and evil man, to be Count Crècy's wife;

For seven days and nights to dwell beside her lady
aunt.

And then to leave for Crèçy's keep each loved and
lovely haunt.

Six sunny days have fled away like blossoms fair and
sweet,

Ah! is it so, that heaven nor earth can aid poor
Marguerite?

When high above, the summer sun the seventh day
did ride

She strayed along the greenwood path, Count Crèçy
at her side.

Out of the thicket as they passed rushed forth a
wounded doe,

And after her a little fawn with tottering steps and slow.
The parted hazels close behind, but ere their branches
met

A huntsman leapt before them, in liveried gold and jet.

The lady knew his colors, and shrieked, "Ah! spare
the doe!"

Count Crèçy stretched his gauntlet forth and felled
him at a blow.

"Ah cruel!" cried fair Marguerite, "he might have
killed the deer

Better than you had slain a man, and slain he is I fear."

"Hold there!" the rough Count muttered. "I did the
serf no harm:

Shall I not kill too, if I will?" and close he grasped
her arm,
So close that on the pallid wrist five crimson printings
stood,
And more in anger than in pain her cry rang through
the wood.

Fidel, the little Spaniel, heard; and for his lady's sake
Sprang upward in a fierce attempt Count Crècy's
throat to take,
But backward to the ground he fell and Crècy
laughed aloud:
"Methinks for such a maiden's pet thine aim is
wondrous proud."

Then angrily spake Marguerite — "Ah! might it
only be
In thy place, little weak Fidel, my bloodhound Favori,
I promise you, Sir Count, your laugh had been
another note,
If those white fangs had glittered keen against your
bearded throat!"

She whistled at her silver call, but nothing stirred beside,
"Fidel, who only loved me!" said to herself the bride.
No glance she gave her bridegroom, but when the
chapel
Rang out next morn for matins, it sounded like a knell.

The lady aunt came rustling stiff, and tapping for the
maid:

“The Count waits in the chapel, and thou not yet arrayed?”

Right hastily she drew the veil to hide her dropping tears,
And lingered on the winding stair as one oppressed with years.

She paused beside the oriel : was that a bloodhound's bay ?

Hasten sweet lady Marguerite ! the guests are on their way ;
Rank after rank of knight and dame, but thou must be the first,
And into that old chapel like summer sunshine burst.

She crossed the hall beside the priest, the portal softly swung,

But ere her eyes could note that plume before the altar flung,
There, trembling in his dumb delight, her little spaniel stood,
And leaping on her bridal dress has marked his paws in blood.

Ah me ! one step the father took — there lay Count Crècy, dead.

Thick blood welled on his broidered vest, and dyed his doublet red.
So had he died, before his bride had passed the chapel door,
And Favori who throttled him lay panting on the floor.

THE SAFFRON FLY.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

JUDOCK the sorcerer, Kakous born,
 Master of magic sign and spell,
 Skilled to measure the thought of man,
 Wise with the wisdom of lower hell,—

Judock, hated and mocked and feared,
 Hid in the shadow of Mont d'Yvé,
 High and scornful to men appeared,
 But the soul within him cursed all day.

Mad with the lust of gold was he,
 Thirsty for riches as sea for sands;
 Long he pondered the mystery
 Of hoarding spirits and hiding hands.

Morn and midnight he travailed well,
 Wrought with signet and spell of power,
 Till the Spirit of Sin in the rock that dwells
 He bound and tortured in evil hour.

Round and round, and seven times round,
 Him he bound with a mighty chain,

Till Debrua howled like a beaten hound,
And shook and shuddered in mortal pain.

Loud he yelled, "O master of men!
Set me free, and I will not lie!
Gold and jewels his hands shall fill
Who finds and catches the Saffron Fly.

"Weave of thy whitest hair a net,—
Weave it only with three times three;
Soak it in blood and wash in sweat,
So shall the Fly thy captive be."

Judock severed the mighty chain,
The sword of Solomon cleft it through;
With screech, and laughter, and yell of hate,
Back to the rocks old Debrua flew.

Judock wove the wondrous net,
Hunted the Fly by night and day;
Thorns and briers his path beset,
Tearing the flesh from his bones away.

Wild the black rocks over him frowned,
His blood ran cold, he was like to die,
Or ever above that haunted ground
Danced and glittered the Saffron Fly.

Seven long days, through mire and mud,
Well he followed its freakish flight,

Till overhead, on a peasant's hut,
He saw the glimmering wings alight.

His bones were stiff, his flesh was cold,
He could not climb a fathom higher;
For one more chance at the Fly of gold
He set the peasant's hut on fire.

Loud they shrieked who burned within.
What cared he, for the Fly, it flew!
Low he cursed and fast he ran,
Black the cinders after him blew.

Now it lights,—on a fennel-tree!
Flower of fennel no witch abides.
The greedy fingers grew numb and weak;
The Fly of fortune his chase derides.

By there wandered a shepherd lad;
Fair to see was the yellow Fly;
Slowly he reached his slender hand,
And safe within it did fortune lie.

Judock's dagger was keen and fine;
Deep to the shepherd's heart it sped.
Loud he laughed as he caught the Fly
Out of the fingers of the dead.

Fair is fortune, and evil too;
Close he grasped, and sharp it stung;

The hand that gathers with love nor ruth
Gathers sorrow for old or young!

Gold like pebbles his coffers filled;
Gorgeous garments and spreading lands,
Gems like the dews of morning spilled,
All were gathered by Judock's hands:

All! — and the blessing of Saint Sequire;
Cursèd blessing, that dries the heart.
His blood grew thick and his body spare,
He felt the life from his veins depart.

Light grew dark to his groping gaze,
Bitter was food, the wine cup dry;
In a year and a day he wasted away,
And his soul died cursing the Saffron Fly.

FRONTIER BALLADS.

I.

AFTER THE CAMANCHES.

SADDLE, saddle, saddle!

Mount and gallop away
Over the dim green prairie,
Straight on the track of day.
Spare not spur for mercy,
Hurry with shout and thong,
Fiery and tough is the mustang,
The prairie is wide and long.

Saddle, saddle, saddle!

Leap from the broken door
Where the brute Camanche entered
And the white-foot treads no more.
The hut is burned to ashes,
There are dead men stark outside,
But only a long dark ringlet
Left of the stolen bride.

Go, like the east-wind's howling!
Ride with death behind.
Stay not for food or slumber,
Till the thieving wolves ye find!
They came before the wedding,
Swifter than prayer or priest;
The bridemen danced to bullets,
The wild dogs ate the feast.

Look to rifle and powder!
Fasten the knife-belt sure;
Loose the coil of the lasso,
Make the loop secure;
Fold the flask in the poncho,
Fill the pouch with maize,
And ride as if to-morrow
Were the last of living days!

Saddle, saddle, saddle!
Redden spur and thong;
Ride like the mad tornado,
The track is lonely and long.
Spare not horse nor rider;
Fly for the stolen bride;
Bring her home on the crupper,
A scalp on either side!

II.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

OH, my baby, my child, my darling!
 Lost and gone in the prairie wild;
 Mad gray wolves from the forest snarling,
 Snarling for thee, my little child!

Lost, lost! gone forever!
 Gay snakes rattled and charmed and sung;
 On thy head the sun's fierce fever,
 Dewes of death on thy white lip hung!

Dead and pale in the moonlight's glory,
 Cold and dead by the black oak-tree;
 Only a small shoe, stained and gory,
 Blood-red, tattered, — comes home to me.

Over the grass that rolls, like ocean,
 On and on to the blue, bent sky,
 Something comes with a hurried motion,
 Something calls with a choking cry, —

“Here, here! not dead, but living!”
 God! Thy goodness — what can I pray?

Blessed more in this second giving,
Laid in happier arms to-day.

Oh, my baby, my child, my darling!
Wolf and snake and the lonely tree
Still are rustling, hissing, snarling;
Here's my baby come back to me!

III.

DONE FOR.

A WEEK ago to-day, when red-haired Sally
Down to the sugar-camp came to see me,
I saw her checked frock coming down the valley,
Far as anybody's eyes could see.
Now I sit before the camp-fire,
And I can't see the pine-knots blaze,
Nor Sally's pretty face a-shining,
Though I hear the good words she says,

A week ago to-night I was tired and lonely,
Sally was gone back to Mason's fort,
And the boys by the sugar-kettles left me only ;
They were hunting coons for sport.
By there snaked a painted Pawnee,
I was asleep before the fire ;
He creased my two eyes with his hatchet,
And scalped me to his heart's desire.

There they found me on the dry tussocks lying,
Bloody and cold as a live man could be ;
A hoot-owl on the branches overhead was crying,
Crying murder to the red Pawnee.
They brought me to the camp-fire,
They washed me in the sweet white spring ;
But my eyes were full of flashes,
And all night my ears would sing.

I thought I was a hunter on the prairie,
But they saved me for an old blind dog ;
When the hunting-grounds are cool and airy,
I shall lie here like a helpless log.
I can't ride the little wiry pony,
That scrambles over hills high and low ;
I can't set my traps for the cony.
Or bring down the black buffalo.

I'm no better than a rusty, bursted rifle,
And I don't see signs of any other trail ;

Here by the camp-fire blaze I lie and stifle,
And hear Jim fill the kettles with his pail.
It's no use groaning. I like Sally,
But a Digger squaw wouldn't have me!
I wish they hadn't found me in the valley,—
It's twice dead not to see!

IV.

BEE-HUNTING.

WHEN the sky is red and hazy,
And the winds are warm and lazy,
And the blackbirds chatter crazy,
Hurrah for the forest free!
The Summer days are over,
The bees have sucked the clover,
And the honey-birds call and hover
Over the hollow tree.

Catch the bee where you find him,
Follow on straight behind him,
Till home to his nest you've lined him,
Then sing for the match and axe.

Gather bark from the birches,
Moss where the screech-owl perches,
And when the fire smokes and smirches,
Chop till the tree-trunk cracks.

Ho, boys! stand from under!
Hear it topple and thunder;
Then rush in for the plunder;
Dripping from comb and chip;
Clear as sunlight shining,
It drops from the waxen lining,
Sugar that needs no fining,
Fit for a woman's lip.

Heap it in pail and kettle,
Never go off with a little,
Quick! or the bees will settle
On something beside the trees.
Off with the stolen treasure!
The bears may take their pleasure,
Where we have left good measure
For them and the drowsy bees.

When the sky is red and hazy,
And the winds are warm and lazy,
And the blackbirds chatter crazy,
Hurrah for the forest free!
The Summer days are over,
But we get the best of the clover,
Where the honey-birds call and hover:
Out of a hollow tree:

TRANSLATIONS

TRANSLATIONS.

THE MOURNING DOVE.

(From the Hebrew.)

ALAS! for I am flying
 Through deserts lone and dreary,
 In rocks and caverns lying,
 With downcast soul and weary;
 The tempest whirling o'er me,
 My fluttering wing repelling,
 The forest spread before me,
 One lonely bough my dwelling.

My God forsakes the altar
 Whereon His anger burneth,
 And where my weak steps falter,
 His wrath a whirlwind turneth;
 I pined for strange caresses, —
 For aliens madly yearning
 Betrayed the hand that blesses,
 And foes beheld my turning.

But since His love departed,
Mine eyes have failed with weeping,
My life is broken-hearted,
Its light in darkness sleeping.
Better the grave's dominion
Than thus forsaken flying,
And blessed death's shadowy pinion
To souls in anguish crying.

Behold the bird-mates greeting
With fond and tender kisses,
Where hearts caress, and, meeting,
Find Eden's purest blisses ;
Their rest is fixed forever,
Deep in the green boughs lying,
Where olive-branches quiver,
And lilies sweet are sighing.

But I am lost and weary,
No home for me remaining ;
Among the cleft rocks dreary,
With briers and thorns complaining.
My God forsakes the altar
Whereon his anger burneth ;
And where my weak steps falter,
His wrath a whirlwind turneth.

Fierce eagles, sunward turning,
Scream to their mates at even ;
But to the lone dove mourning,
Nor mate, nor home is given.

Earth with their rapine groaneth,
They rest in peace unheeding;
But when the just man moaneth,
The heavens refuse his pleading

Return, my God! my glory!
Thou, oh, my consolation!
Hear Thou the fearful story,
And rise for my salvation.
Unveil Thy love's clear shining,
Above mine anguish hover,
And when I lie repining,
My sins with mercy cover!

Thus in the night I hearkened
Grief like a hushed sea swelling;
Jehovah's fear hath darkened
On every human dwelling.
I know when man assaileth
The ear of heaven with moaning,
That mortal courage faileth,
My people's heart is groaning!

POUR ELISE FRISELL.

(Chateaubriand.)

THE coffin sinks, and sink the roses white,
 A father's tribute in his sorrowing hour :
 Earth, that bore both, now hiding from the light,
 Young girl, young flower !

Ah, ne'er return them to this world profane !
 This world where mourning, anguish, sorrow, lower.
 Winds bruise and scatter, sunbeams burn and stain,
 Young girl, young flower !

Thou sleep'st, poor child, unbowed by years of care,
 Fearing the task and heat of day no more ;
 Both just outlived their morning fresh and fair,
 Young girl, young flower !

Thy father bends above thy last repose,
 Pale are the lines that mark his temples hoar ;
 Around thy root, old oak, Time ruthless mows,
 Young girl, — young flower !

LA FLEUR ET LE PAPILLON.

(Victor Hugo.)

A FLOWER said to the butterfly of heaven,
Depart no more !
Ah ! see what diverse fates to us are given, —
I stand, you soar !

Yet we both love, and far from mortals dwelling
Pass the bright hours :
Like in ourselves, and as they still are telling,
We both are flowers.

Alas ! earth chains me, thou in air art flying, —
Stern destiny !
I would embalm thy flight with odorous sighing,
Breathed through the sky.

But no ! thou wanderest far, 'mid countless flowers,
On pinions fleet :
I watch my shadow through the weary hours
Turn at my feet.

Thou fliest, then returnest, still adorning
Thy various spheres ;

Still finding me with every new-born morning
Bathed in my tears.

Oh! that our love may still be true and tender,
My king divine!
Take root as I, or give me wings of splendor
Like unto thine!

LE JUIF ERRANT.

(Béranger.)

CHRISTIAN, to a suffering traveller
Give a draught of water at thy gate!
I am he, the ever-wand'ring Hebrew,
Hurried on by whirlwinds to my fate.
Never older, though surviving ages,
Toward the world's far end I turn mine eyes,
Every night I hope I will know no morrow,
Every morning sees the sun arise.
Evermore
Turns the earth I wander o'er;
Evermore, evermore!

Ah! for eighteen lingering cycles,
Over silent Greek and Roman ashes,
Over ruins of a thousand kingdoms,
Me the wild, unsparing whirlwind dashes.
I have seen the germ of virtue fruitless, —
I have seen how fruitful ill can be,
And to live beyond the old world's glory,
Two new worlds arising from the sea.
Evermore
Turns the earth I wander o'er ;
Evermore, evermore !

God for punishment hath changed me.
Love to all that die my worn heart bears.
But the wretch for whom a home is smiling,
Far from all the sudden whirlwind tears.
Many a beggar comes with eye imploring
For the boon wherewith alone I bless,
Who can find no pause to grasp, in passing,
Even the hand I long in his to press.
Evermore
Turns the earth I wander o'er ;
Evermore, evermore !

Underneath the tree in blossom,
On the turf, or where cool waves rejoice,
If I strive to soothe my lonely anguish,
Loud I hear the whirlwind's raging voice.
Ah! what matters it, thou angry heaven,
This short respite snatched from wrath divine ?

Is then all eternity sufficient
 To repose from such a toil as mine ?
 Evermore
 Turns the earth I wander o'er ;
 Evermore, evermore!

Sometimes bright and happy children,
 Of my own, retrace the imaged forms ;
 If the sight refresh my longing vision,
 Lo ! the whirlwind hurls its furious storms.
 Ah ! old men, what price untold could tempt ye
 Me to envy life's unsetting day ?
 These fair children whom I smile in greeting —
 Soon my feet shall brush their dust away.
 Evermore
 Turns the earth I wander o'er ;
 Evermore, evermore !

If the city of my fathers
 Not entirely to the dust has gone,
 And I strive to linger by its ruins,
 Still the fearful whirlwind thunders " On !"
 " On !" and also cries that voice of terror,
 " Rest remains when all beside shall die.
 Do not they who sleep among thy fathers
 In their tomb, thy place of rest deny ?"
 Evermore
 Turns the earth I wander o'er ;
 Evermore, evermore !

I outraged, with laugh inhuman,
 Thine expiring pangs, thou Son of God!
 Look! beneath my feet the road is flying —
 Hark! the whirlwind hurries me abroad. —
 Ye whose hearts to charity are strangers,
 Tremble at the awful doom I bear.
 'Tis not God's eternal nature,
 'Tis humanity avenged here!
 Evermore
 Turns the earth I wander o'er;
 Evermore, evermore!

MAUDIT PRINTEMPS.

(Béranger.)

I SAW her through my window-pane
 All Winter smiling at her own;
 Unknown I loved, was loved again,
 And kisses crossed that both had thrown.
 Through the old lime-trees' branches gray,
 Our sole delight, fond looks to turn;
 But now between us leaves will play.
 Why, hateful Spring, wilt thou return?

Ah! I shall lose her in their shade,
The lovely angel over there!
Who fed with crumbs, — dear, tender maid!
Poor birds that felt the frosty air.
She calls them, and the cares she shows
To lovers' silent signals turn.
Ah! what so fair as Winter's snows!
Why, hateful Spring, must thou return?

Depart, and I should see her now,
Rising, when sleep has passed away,
Fresh as they paint Aurora's brow,
Parting the curtains of the day.
And still my lips would breathe at night,
"Alas! my star has ceased to burn!"
She sleeps — no more I see her light." —
Why, hateful Spring, must thou return?

I pine till Winter comes again.
Would that I heard, with welcome sound,
Tinkling against the window-pane,
The hailstones rattle and rebound.
If all thine ancient realm were mine,
Thy gales, thy flowers, thy warmth I'd spurn,
Since here no more her smiles can shine.
Why, hateful Spring, must thou return.

LA SYLPHIDE.

(Béranger.)

E'EN reason is not always wise,
 Her torch-light is not always clear,
 For your existence she denies,
 Sylphs! charming people of the air!
 Thrusting her ægis dull aside,
 That rested on my curious eyes,
 Lately I saw a sylphide glide.
 Gay sylphs, be my divinities!

Your cradles are the roses' breasts,
 Of Zephyr and Aurora born;
 And in your brilliant changes rests
 The secret light of pleasure's morn.
 Our tears ye dry with gentle breath,
 Ye keep unstained the azure skies,
 My sylphide's charm demand my faith,
 Gay sylphs, be my divinities!

Ah! well I knew her dwelling-place,
 When, at the ball, or at the feast,
 I saw her childish form of grace
 Most lovely when arrayed the least,
 A ribbon lost, — a jewel gone, —
 More fair as each adornment flies,

Of all your race the loveliest one.
Gay sylphs, be my divinities!

She adds a thousand graces new
To your caprices sweet and wild;
A child that's spoiled, perhaps 'tis true,
But ah! 'tis sylphs have spoiled the child.
I see beneath that listless air
What dreaming love dwells in her eyes;
Ye who make tender hearts your care,
Gay sylphs, be my divinities!

But in her gentle childhood dwells
A mind arrayed in fairer light
Than e'er your dream-enchancing spells
Threw o'er the sleep of young delight.
From sparkling wit aloft she springs
And bears me with her to the skies;
Ye who possessed her borrowed wings,
Gay sylphs, be my divinities!

Ah! like a meteor's rapid train,
Too quickly to our eyes denied, —
Shall I behold her form again?
Perhaps some sylph has called her bride.
No! like the bees' mysterious queen,
In some strange land her empire lies;
Conduct me to that realm serene,
Gay sylphs, be my divinities!

LA MOUCHE.

(Béranger.)

AMID our frolic laughter's sound,
 'Mid tinkling cups and music gay,
 What murmuring insect hovers round
 Returning when 'tis chased away?
 Some Power, I think, who hovers near,
 Jealous of bliss it can't annoy;
 Permit it not to murmur here,
 To murmur at our joy!

Transformed into a hideous fly,
 My friends, it is — I know the guest —
 Reason, that scolding deity,
 Enraged at such a joyous feast!
 The thunder sounds, the storm draws near,
 Her dark frown threatens to destroy;
 Permit her not to murmur here,
 To murmur at our joy!

'Tis Reason, whispering low to me;
 "Thy years should calmer pleasures bring;
 Cease drinking, laughter, jollity,
 No longer love, no longer sing!"

Her belfry rings its peal of fear
At every flame of sweet alloy ;
Permit her not to murmur here,
To murmur at our joy !

'Tis Reason! ah! beware, Lisette!
On thee she longs her sting to prove :
Ye powers! in that fair neck 'tis set —
The red blood springs, haste every Love!
Pursue the wretch's flight of fear,
And with your blows her life destroy ;
Permit her not to murmur here,
To murmur at our joy !

Triumph! I see her drowning gasp
Deep in the cup Lisette hath poured, —
Triumph! to Pleasure's rightful grasp
Now let the sceptre be restored!
A zephyr shakes her crown with fear,
A fly can all our peace destroy, —
But fear no more its murmurs here,
Its murmurs at our joy !

THE END.

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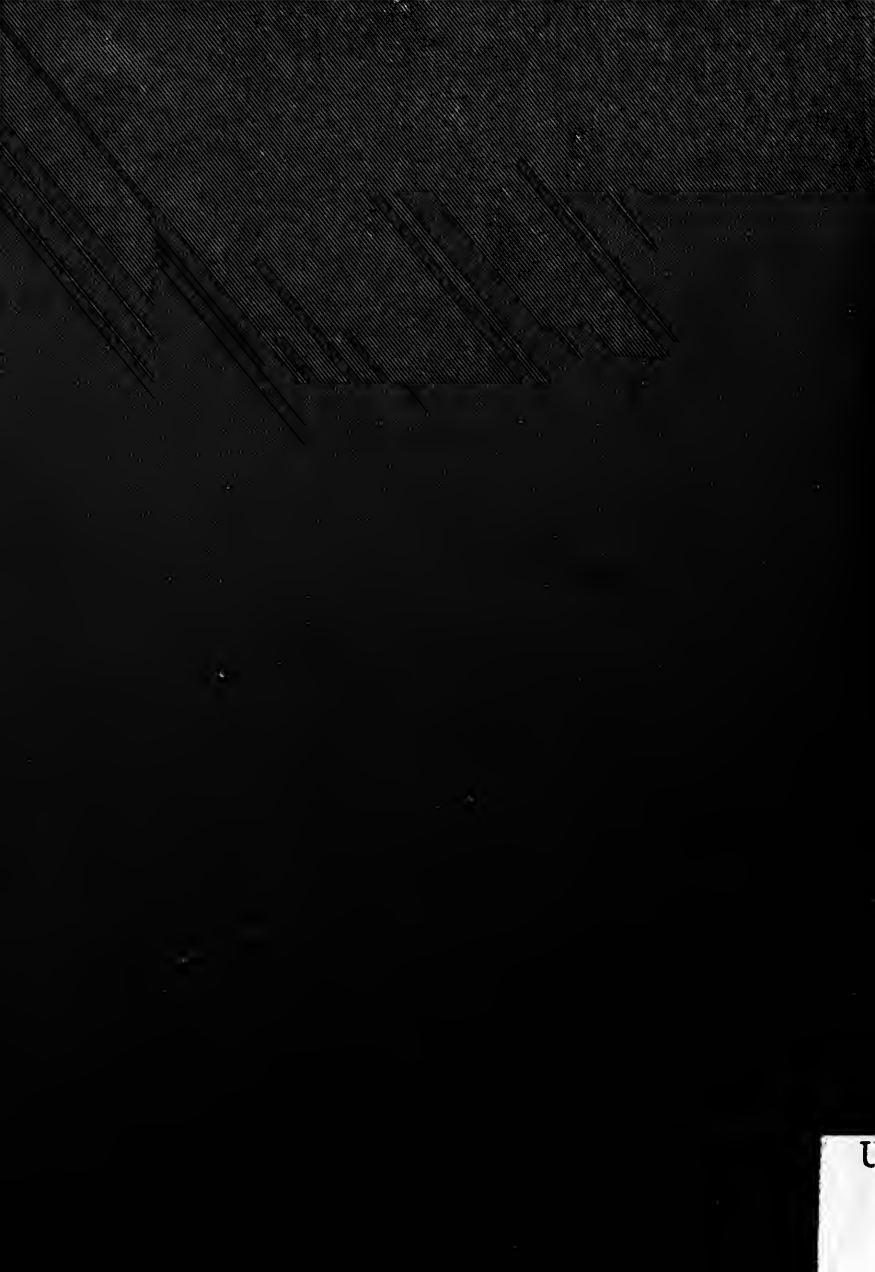
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